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# The Towneley Plays.

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Early English Text Society,

Extra Series, No. LXXI.

1897.

BERLIN: ASHER & CO., 13, UNTER DEN LINDEN.  
NEW YORK: C. SCRIBNER & CO.; LEYPOLDT & HOLT.  
PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

5. Philo.  
The Towneley Plays.

RE-EDITED FROM THE UNIQUE MS.

BY

GEORGE ENGLAND

WITH SIDE-NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

ALFRED W. POLLARD, M.A.

1840. 17  
18. 9. 23  
LONDON :

PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY  
By KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LIMITED,  
DRYDEN HOUSE, 43, GERRARD STREET, SOHO, W.

1897.

[Reprinted 1907.]

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no. 71

Extra Series, No. LXXI.

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BUNGAY.

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TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
William Morris,  
WHO LOVED THESE PLAYS,  
OUR SHARE IN THIS BOOK  
A. W. P., F. J. F.





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<sup>1</sup> Incomplete. Twelve leaves are out of the MS. between this play and the next.

## INTRODUCTION.

THE Towneley Plays were printed for the first time by the Surtees Society in 1836, with an introduction which is variously assigned to the Society's secretary, James Raine, and to J. Hunter. The text of the plays as printed in this Surtees edition is, on the whole, very creditably accurate, and is certainly far more free from serious blunders than that of the so-called 'Coventry' Plays, edited by Halliwell-Phillipps for the Shakespeare Society, or even than that of the Chester Plays, as edited by Thomas Wright. It was not, however, a transcript with which students of the present day could be content in the case of a unique manuscript, the ultimate destination of which is still, unhappily, uncertain. Under Dr. Furnivall's superintendence a new transcript was, therefore, made by Mr. George England, who, by the great kindness and liberality of Mr. Quaritch, the present owner of the manuscript, after the book had been placed at his disposal for some weeks at the British Museum, was allowed the use of it a second time at 15 Piccadilly to correct his proofs by the original.

To the text thus produced Dr. Furnivall himself added notes of the metres, and at his request the present writer supplied the usual sidenotes, an interesting and pleasant task in the case of a work of so great variety and literary value. Dr. Furnivall's further commands for the supply of an Introduction were far less agreeable. The Towneley Plays present many problems, more especially as to their language, which deserve to be dealt with by some learned professor, or at any rate by an editor of really wide reading and experience. The learned professor, however, could not be obtained. The difficulty of procuring an introducer threatened to postpone indefinitely the appearance of the new text (a consideration all the more serious since the Surtees edition has long been difficult to procure); and as texts are far more important than introductions, it seemed better to be content to draw attention to a few points of interest rather than further to delay publication.

Short as is the preface to the Surtees edition, it contains much

that is of real value, as being written by a local antiquary to whom the history and topography of the district to which the plays are assigned were thoroughly familiar. I cannot, therefore, make a better beginning than by quoting the most essential passages of what was written in 1836, since it has not yet been superseded :—

“The Manuscript Volume in which these Mysteries have been preserved formed part of the library at Towneley Hall, in Lancashire, collected by the family of Towneley; a family which, in the two last centuries, produced several remarkable men, through whom it becomes connected with the arts, with literature, and with science. The library was dispersed in two sales by auction, at Evans’ Rooms, in Pall Mall, the first in 1814, when there were seven days’ sale; the second in 1815, when the sale lasted ten days.”

“This manuscript, as well as the famous Towneley Homer, was in the first sale. It was bought by John Louis Goldsmid, Esq. From his possession it very soon passed to Mr. North, but before 1822 it had returned to the family in whose library it had for so many years found protection.”

“By what means the Towneley family became possessed of it, or at what period is not known. There is nothing known with certainty respecting any previous ownership. When, however, the catalogue of the Towneley books and manuscripts was prepared for the sale in 1814, Mr. Douce was requested to write a short notice, for insertion in it. In this notice, after assigning the composition of the Mysteries to the reign of Henry VI. or Edward IV.,<sup>1</sup> he says of the volume itself, that it is supposed to have formerly ‘belonged to the Abbey of Widkirk, near Wakefield, in the County of York.’”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There is a passage in the *Iudicium* which may assist in determining the period at which it was written. Tutivillus, in describing a fashionable female, tells his brother demons “she is hornyd like a kowe” (p. 312 [Surtees; p. 375, l. 267 in present edition]). He appears to allude to the same description of head dress which Stowe thus records: “1388, King Richard (the second) married Anne, daughter of Veselaus, King of Bohem. In her dayes, noble women used high attire on their heads, piked like hornes, with long trained gownes.”—*Surtees Note*.

<sup>2</sup> After returning into the possession of the Towneley family, as narrated above, the Plays were again sold, with the rest of the Towneley MSS., at Sotheby’s, on June 27, 28, 1883. The description of the lot was as follows:

202. TOWNELEY MYSTERIES. A most valuable collection of early English Mysteries, supposed to have been written at Woodkirk in the Cell there of Augustinian or Black Canons, for the Amusement

"This supposition, however, he appears to have subsequently considered as not worthy of much regard; for when Mr. Peregrine Edward Towneley, in 1822, printed, from this manuscript, the *Iudicium*, as his contribution to the Roxburgh Club, an introduction was written by Mr. Douce, in which he says that the volume is 'supposed to have belonged to the Abbey of Whalley,' and to have passed at the dissolution into the library of the neighbouring family of Towneley."

"On what foundation either of these suppositions rests we are not informed. The first, however, is that which has been most generally accepted, and the three principal collections of Mysteries now known have been usually quoted or referred to as those of Chester, Coventry, and Widkirk."

"In the absence of precise information, we may assume that the supposition of its having formerly belonged to 'the Abbey of Widkirk' was the Towneley tradition respecting it; and previously to any investigation it may be assumed, that if we are to trace the possession of such a volume as this in a period before the Reformation, next perhaps to the archives of some guild or other corporation in one of the cities or towns of England, we may expect to find it in the possession of some Conventual society. The question of that early possession is, in fact, the question of the composition of these Mysteries, as to the place and people. We shall now endeavour to determine it."

"The supposition that this book belonged 'to the Abbey of Widkirk, near Wakefield,' has upon it remarkably the characteristics of a genuine tradition. There is no distinct enunciation of the fact which the tradition proposes to exhibit, and yet out of the words of the supposition we may decisively and easily extract what the fact in it originally was. There is no place called Widkirk in the

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and Edification of Persons attending these Pageants. *Manuscript on Vellum, written circa 1388, in a bold hand, with initial Letters ornamented with the Pen, having the speeches separated by lines of red Ink, olive morocco extra, gold-tooling, tooled leather joints and gilt edges, by C. Lewis, back broken.* SAEC. XIV.

The lot was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch, in whose possession the manuscript has ever since remained. The date assigned to the plays by the cataloguer is clearly derived from the Surtees foot-note on the woman's head-gear satirized by Tutivillus; for a discussion of this, see p. xxiv. Whether the date given to the Plays is right or wrong, that assigned to the MS. is certainly three-quarters of a century too early.

neighbourhood of Wakefield, and neither there nor in any part of England was there ever an Abbey of Widkirk. But there is a place called Woodkirk in that neighbourhood, and at Woodkirk there was a cell of Augustinian or Black Canons, a dependence on the great house of St. Oswald, at Nostel. Whatever weight there may be attached to the supposition or tradition respecting the original possession, must, therefore, be given to the claim of this Cell of Canons at Woodkirk."

"Woodkirk is about four miles to the north of Wakefield. A small religious community was established there in the first half century after the Conquest, by the Earls Warren, to whom the great Lordship of Wakefield belonged, and they were placed in subjection to the house of Nostel. King Henry I. granted to the Canons of Nostel, a charter, for two fairs, to be held at Woodkirk, one at the Feast of the Assumption, the other at the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Mary. This grant was confirmed by King Stephen. These fairs, in a rural district, continued to attract a concourse of people to the time of the Reformation. In the *Valor* of King Henry VIII. the profit of the tolls and stallage was returned at £13 6s. 8d., which was more than one-fourth of the yearly revenue of the house. The buildings in which the few Canons resided have gradually disappeared. Some portions of the Cloisters were remaining not long ago. The Church still exists, on a retired and elevated site, and remains of large reservoirs for the Canons' fish in the vale below are still very conspicuous. (*Loidis and Elmete*, p. 240.)"

The writer of the Introduction inserts here a few paragraphs of no great value, pointing out resemblances between the language of the plays and the dialect spoken in his own day in the West Riding of Yorkshire. We may take advantage of his pause to note, that Professor Skeat, in a letter to the *Athenæum* of December 2, 1893, proved decisively that the difficulty as to the place called Widkirk, of whose existence the writer of the preface could find no trace, is only an instance of a variation of spelling, Widkirk being merely an older form of Woodkirk, and one which still survives in the mouths of the country people (cp. the parallel forms Wydeville and Woodville, for the name of the Queen of King Edward IV.).

After the philological remarks the Introduction proceeds:—

"Perhaps the supposition in the Towneley family, on whatever it



may have been founded, and the striking resemblance which there is between the language of several of these pieces and the language of the same class of society as it may still be heard on the hills and in the plains of Yorkshire, may be sufficient to render it at least a point of probability that the composition of these Mysteries, and the original possession of this volume, are to be attributed to the Canons of Woodkirk; or that the possession is to be traced to them, and the composition, perhaps, to some one of the Canons in the far larger fraternity at Nostel. But the manuscript itself contains that which connects it with Wakefield; and there are topographical allusions in one of the pieces, the *Secunda Pastorum*, which belong to the country near Wakefield and Woodkirk."

"Thus, at the beginning of the first is written in a large hand 'Wakefelde' and 'Berkers,' the meaning of which seems to be, that on some occasion this Mystery was represented at the town of Wakefield by the company or fellowship of the Barkers or Tanners. To the second is prefixed 'Glover Pag...' without the word Wakefield. The imperfect word is 'Pagina,' which appears to have been used as the Latin term for these kinds of exhibitions or pageants. The meaning appears to be that this was exhibited by the Glovers. At the head of the third, however, we find 'Wakefield' again, without the name of any trade. These are the only notices of the kind, except that at the head of the 'Peregrini,' the words 'Fysshier Pagent'<sup>1</sup> occur."<sup>2</sup>

"It is in the *Secunda Pastorum*, which is truly described by Mr. Collier as 'the most singular piece in the whole collection,' that the local allusions occur which tend so strongly to corroborate the claim of Woodkirk and its Canons to the production of these Mysteries. Intended in the first instance for the edification or the amusement of the persons in the immediate vicinity of the places in which these Pageants were to be exhibited, we may expect to find that there will be, when the subject fairly admitted of it, attempts to arrest their attention, and to interest their minds, by such a simple artifice as the introduction of the names of places with which they were familiar. Thus, in the Chester Mysteries, the River Conway is spoken of, and

<sup>1</sup> Mr. England notes that these words are in a later hand.—A. W. P.

<sup>2</sup> The words *Lytster Play* occur at the head of the *Pharao*. They were overlooked by the copyist, but the mistake is noticed in the errata.—*Surtees Note*.

Boughton is mentioned, a kind of suburb to Chester. In the *Secunda Pastorum*.

*Secundus Pastor.* Who shuld do us that skorne? that were a fowlle spott.

*Primus Pastor.* Some shrewe.

I have soght with my doges

All Horbery shroges

And of XV hoges

Fond I bot oone ewe.

"Horbury is the name of a village about two or three miles south-west from Wakefield. Shroges or Scroggs is a northern term applied to any piece of rough uninclosed ground more or less covered with low brushwood."

"The other local allusion is less decisive than this. When the two Shepherds appoint to meet, the place which they appoint is 'the crokyd thorne.' Now, though it cannot, perhaps, be shown that there was any place or tree then precisely so denominated, yet it can be shown that, at no great distance from Horbury, there was at that time a remarkable thorn tree which was known by the name of the Shepherd's Thorn. It stood in Mapplewell, near the borders of the two manors of Notton and Darton. A jury in the 20th of Edward IV., on a question between James Strangeways of Harlsey, and the Prior of Bretton, found that the Shepherd's Thorn 'was in Darton'; and in the time of Charles I., one John Webster of Kexborough, then aged 77, deposed that the inhabitants of Mapplewell and Darton had been accustomed to turn their sheep on the moor at all times, and that it extended southward to a place called 'The Shepherd's Thorn,' where a thorn tree stood. There must be here more than an accidental coincidence."

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Since the publication of the Surtees Society edition of the Towneley Plays in 1836, all the three other great cycles of English Miracle Plays have been printed, the so-called 'Coventry' cycle in 1841, the Chester in 1843, and the York Plays, admirably edited by Miss Toulmin Smith, in 1885. The publication of this last cycle revealed the fact that five of the York Plays were based, in whole or in part, on the same originals as five of the Towneley. The importance of this discovery for the study of Miracle Plays and of the conditions under which they were produced, is hardly to be over-estimated. There is no reason to believe that it is by a mere chance, some peculiarly malicious freak of

the arch-enemy Time, that, as far as I am aware, in no single case are there two early copies extant of any miracle play. Human nature, we may presume, was much the same in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as in our own, and the ordinary author, when he had written a poem or a chronicle, no doubt did everything in his power to multiply copies of it, since every fresh copy would increase his chance of obtaining the patronage or preferment which constituted the rewards of authorship in those days. But in the case of plays we can easily see that a wholly different motive would come into action. With the highly doubtful exception of the Chester cycle, not a single Miracle Play has the name of any author connected with it. The author's personality is wholly lost in that of the actors and their paymasters; and in the absence of any law of copyright or custom as to 'acting rights,' it was to the interest of these jealously to guard their book of the words, lest the popularity of their entertainment should suffer from unauthorized rivalry. Since many of the players probably could not read, even the multiplication of 'actors' parts' would be very limited, and fresh copies would only be made when the plays underwent revision. The apparent exception to this theory, the five copies extant of the Chester cycle, really only confirm it, for all of these were made between 1590 and 1607, and must owe their existence to the desire of literary antiquaries either simply for their preservation or, more probably, for their revival, at a time when miracle plays were almost gone out of fashion.

For the reason thus hazarded, opportunities for the study of the genesis of any given cycle of plays are extremely small. We know that a fragment of the old poem of the *Harrowing of Hell*, beginning, 'Harde gatys haue I gon,' is found imbedded in the 'Coventry' Play of the Resurrection, and, thanks once more to the industry of Miss Toulmin Smith, in the Brome 'Common-Place Book' we can now study a version of the Sacrifice of Isaac closely similar to that in the Chester cycle. But the relations of the five plays in the York and Towneley cycles are much more interesting and important than these, and it will be worth while to examine them with some minuteness.

The first of these five plays is that called by Miss Smith, 'the Departure of the Israelites from Egypt,' No. xi. in the York Cycle,<sup>1</sup> acted by the 'Hoseers,' No. viii. in the Towneley Cycle, where it is

<sup>1</sup> Printed, with the generous addition of the Towneley text at the foot of the page, on pp. 68—92 of Miss Smith's edition (*York Plays*. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Oxford at the Clarendon Press, 1885).

called *Pharao*, and where also the sidenote 'Litsters Pagonn' informs us that it is one of the plays acted by the Craft-Gilds of Wakefield.

In comparing the two texts, the first point we notice is, that while the York Play consists of 408<sup>1</sup> lines, divided with unbroken regularity into 34 twelve-line stanzas, the metrical scheme of the Towneley Play is far less orderly. At the outset, indeed, it is evident that the Wakefield reviser mistook the metre, for by the addition of a quatrain of mere surplusage, he has turned the first 12-line stanza into two octetts. After seven long stanzas (divided in this text into octetts and quatrains, 3—16), we find similar additions in ll. 113—117 and 127—133, turning two 12-line stanzas into four octetts. Everything then proceeds regularly till we come to Towneley stanza 49, when we find a line—

Als wele on myddyng als on more

—missing after l. 308.

Again in stanza 55 the two lines—

Lorde, was they wente than walde it sese,  
So shuld we save vs and oure seede

—are omitted after l. 340.

In stanzas 57, 58, ll. 355—359 appear in the Towneley MS. as—

*Primus Miles.* A, my lord !  
*Pharao.* hagh !  
*ijus Miles.* Grete pestilence is comyn ;  
It is like ful long to last.  
*Pharao.* In the dwilys name !  
then is oure pride ouer past.

—in place of the regular York text (ll. 344—348)—

*i Egip.* My lorde, grete pestelence  
Is like ful lange to last.  
*Rex.* Owe! come that in oure presence,  
Than is oure pride al past.

Lastly, we find that the Towneley text has added, or more probably retained, twelve lines at the end of the play which do not appear in the York edition.

If now we turn our attention to single lines, we shall find numerous instances in which the Towneley text exhibits an unmetrical corruption of the York. Here are a few—

<sup>1</sup> Numbered by Miss Smith as 406, but the last couplet is really a quatrain, and might with advantage have been so printed.

That wold my fors down fell (T. 32)  
That wolde aught fand owre forse to fell (Y. 23)  
That shall euer last (T. 39)  
They are like and they laste (Y. 34)  
I shall sheld the from shame (T. 189)  
I sall the saffe from synne and shame (Y. 176)  
What, ragyd the dwyll of hell, alys you so to cry (T. 304)  
What deuyll ayles you so to crye (Y. 291) (cp. T. 337 and 415,  
Y. 334 and 403)

On the other hand, T. 106—

And euer elyke the leyfes are greyn

—is plainly better than Y. 102—

And the leues last ay in like grene

—and T. 216, 217—

God graunt you good weyndyng,  
And euermore with you be

—both for their sense and the purity of the rime to ‘kyng’ are better  
than Y. 203, 204—

God sende vs gude tythingis  
And all may with you be.

Lastly we may take a pair of lines—

My lord, bot if this menyne may remeve (T. 270)  
Lord, whills ve [*sic*] with this menyhe meve (Y. 277)

—in which we may reasonably suspect that both texts are corrupt  
forms of some such original as—

My lord, bot if this menyne meve.

The inevitable conclusion from these notes is, that the Towneley text of *Pharao* is a corrupted and edited version of the York play of ‘The Hoseers’ in a slightly purer form than we have it at present. I think we may also say that the majority of the corruptions in the Towneley text are of the kind which would most naturally arise in oral transmission, rather than from the blunders of a scribe.

Turning now to the second play in which the two cycles partly agree, *The Play of the Doctors* (Towneley xviii.; York xxii., played by the ‘Sporiers and Loriners’), we find that the Towneley text, which lacks the opening speech of ‘Primus Magister,’ begins in its present form with twelve quatrains which are quite different from the York version, and then follows closely the York twelve-line stanzas to the end, only interrupting them to substitute a longer

exposition of the Ten Commandments, for which again quatrains are used. In some instances, as before, the Towneley text is better than the York, but we cannot doubt that the nearly homogeneous<sup>1</sup> York play represents the original on which the Towneley playwright incorporated his variations in a different metre.

A comparison of the third pair of plays—the York play of the *Sadilleres* (No. xxxvii.) and Towneley No. xxv.—representing the *Extraccio Animarum* or *Harrowing of Hell*, yields still more striking results. The York play, as usual quite regular, consists of 34 twelve-line stanzas, and it is clear that the Towneley playwright had these in his mind all the way through, though sometimes, perhaps from failure of memory on the part of his informants, he can do no more than imbed a few York lines into new stanzas of his own, while elsewhere he makes intentional additions.

Summarizing the result of these changes, we find that the first twenty-four lines of Towneley reproduce ten from York; then we have York stanzas 4—10 with interpolations between 4 and 5, 8 and 9, and the omission of the last quatrain of 5. Stanzas 11 and 12 are represented by ll. 115—147, but only nine lines are preserved. Stanzas 13—15 are intact; stanza 16 is docked of its first quatrain; then we have an interpolation of twelve lines; then the first quatrain of 17, the second and third being expanded into twelve lines. Stanzas 18—28 are only interrupted by an interpolation (ll. 314—322) between 25 and 26. In 29 there is a substitution of a new third quatrain for four lines in the octett, the effect being so good that we may doubt whether in this case we have not really a preservation of an older text. Then come stanzas 30 and 31, and eight lines of 32, and with two substituted quatrains the Towneley play reaches its rather abrupt end.

In the fourth pair of plays, treating of 'The Resurrection' (York xxxviii. 'The Carpenteres': Towneley xxvi.), the resemblance begins four lines earlier than Miss Toulmin Smith has noted, T. 41—44 answering to Y. 31, 32, 35, 36, while the 'rybaldys' of T. 42 is a better reading than the York 'rebelles.' In the preceding speech of Pilate we may note how the Towneley adaptor altered the York metre by lengthening the last line of the first four stanzas from two beats to three. We find the same difference in the added stanzas 9—11 (ll. 51—73), while five (or rather seven) lines tacked on to the

<sup>1</sup> There is a slight disturbance, in which Towneley agrees, in York, stanzas 19, 20 (ll. 216—240) and Towneley, stanzas 44—46 (ll. 204—228).



last of these are outside the metrical scheme altogether. Stanzas 12 and 13 have half their lines as in York and half new. Stanzas 14—22, though with many corruptions, reproduce York 11—22. Stanza 23 is added; 24 (which should have been printed as in four lines) agrees with York 20, omitting the two opening lines; 25, save in its third line, is the same as York 21. In stanza 26 some of the York phrases are retained, but every line has been changed, and the bad rimes 'emang' and 'stand' show the work of a botcher. After this, with various corruptions, too numerous to mention, stanzas 27—35 reproduce York 23—31, but there is nothing in the York play to answer to ll. 214—333 (stanzas 36—55). The first ten of these 120 lines continue the talk of the soldiers, the rest is made up of the monologue of the risen Christ. The metre continues regular; with a few exceptions, the origin of which can easily be seen, the last line of each stanza remains quadrisyllabic, instead of being lengthened as in the added stanzas at the beginning of the play, and I think there can be no doubt that this speech of Christ once formed part of the York Cycle, but was subsequently omitted. Similar speeches occur in the 'Coventry' and Chester cycles, and in the last-named there are some positive resemblances which, in case they have not been noticed before, I set forth in a footnote.<sup>1</sup>

It will be noticed that this play falls naturally into three parts, of which Christ's monologue is the centre; and it is much easier to

<sup>1</sup> Towneley, ll. 226—231.

Erthly man, that I haue wrought  
Wightly wake, and slepe thou noght!  
With bytter bayll I hane the boght,  
To make the fre;  
Into this dongeon depe I soght  
And all for luf of the.

ll. 322—327.

ffor I am veray prynce of peasse,  
And synnes seyr I may release,  
And whoso will of synnes seasse  
And mercy cry,

I grauntt theym here a measse  
In brede myn awn body.

Chester, vol. 2, p. 89. (Sh. Soc. ed.)

*Eirthly man that I have wroughte,  
Awake out of thy slepe;  
Eirthly man that I have bought,  
Of me thou have no kepe.  
From heaven man's soule I soughte  
Into a dongion depe  
My dere lemon from thense I broughte  
For ruthe of her I weepe.  
I am vereye prince of peace,  
And kinge of free mereye;  
Who will of synnes have release  
On me the call and crye.  
And yf the will of synnes cease  
I graunte them peace trewlye,  
And therto a full rich messye,  
In brede my owne bodye.*

The verbal resemblances here seem almost too close to be explained by a common original. If there has been direct transmission, it must have been southwards.

believe that in some process of amalgamating or dividing the different parts, this speech was omitted from the York manuscript, than that so important a feature in the plays was not represented in the cycle.

After l. 333 in Towneley, etc., agreement between the two cycles is resumed, and continues, with the usual verbal variations, to l. 561, the agreement of the stanzas being as follows—

Towneley.		York.		Towneley.		York.
56—66	=	32—42		88 partly	=	67
67	=	parts of 43, 44		89	=	68
68—85	=	45—62		90—93	=	70—73
86, 87	=	64, 65				

Stanzas 63, 66 and 69 of York are unrepresented. L. 562 in Towneley is extra metrum, and cuts short the rather wearisome talk of Pilate which lasts in the York play for another eighteen lines. The scene between Christ and S. Mary Magdalene, which follows in the Towneley cycle, forms a separate play (No. xxxix.) in the York, and there are no textual resemblances. It will be noticed that of the first eight of the eleven stanzas into which it is divided, every one has a different metre—a sure sign, I think, of the hasty work rendered necessary by an incident which could not be omitted having to be tacked on to a different play.

The case of the last of the five parallel texts, that of the play of the Last Judgment (Towneley xxx. *Judicium*; York xlviii. acted by the ‘Merceres’), is again very striking and interesting. The Towneley play, unfortunately, lacks some lines (the speech of ‘Primus Malus’) at the beginning, and the first sixteen lines which have been preserved to us, written in two different metres, are additions to the York text. The next three stanzas, with the exception of the last half of the fourth, are founded on York stanzas 19—21, then we have an inserted speech by ‘Quartus Malus’ (32 lines), then two more York stanzas, then the broad comedy of the Demons (stanzas 16—48, ll. 89—384), which takes the place of a short passage in York (ll. 185—228), the greater part of which is occupied by the speeches of Christ and the Apostles. After l. 385 the borrowings begin again, and for the whole of the Judgment-scene proper (Towneley, st. 49—67, ll. 386—531 = York, st. 30—47, ll. 229—372), the regular 8-line stanzas of the York dramatist are only interrupted by a single insertion of four lines (st. 65). But between

the final dooming of the damned and the thanksgiving of the saved (l. 612—620), the Towneley play-wright inserts a long passage in which the fiends gloat over their victims, and this is all his own. Where the last stanza was taken from we cannot say. It is quite different from the York text, and bears more resemblance to the Towneley ending of the *Extraccio Animarum* (p. 305).

The foregoing conspectus of the points of agreement and disagreement between the Towneley and York texts of these five plays has probably been found almost as tedious to read as it certainly was to compile. But it was worth while to work it out in full, since the most cursory perusal of it must suffice to show that, in the circumstances under which the borrowings took place, it was practically impossible for a play to pass from one cycle to another without showing signs of the process in marked disturbances of metre and frequent corruptions both of sense and rhyme. It follows from this that wherever we find a play (not merely a fragment) the metre of which is uniform, or is obviously varied only in correspondence with the character of the speakers, while at the same time the rhymes are regular and the text good, in the absence of positive evidence to the contrary we are not only entitled, but bound, to assume that the play was composed for the place and the cycle to which it now belongs. A play full of obvious corruptions need not be a borrowed play, because corruptions may have arisen in many other ways; but a play which is creditably free from corruptions can hardly by any possibility have been borrowed.

Now if we apply this canon to the Towneley Plays, it will enable us to set some limit to the amount of imported work which we can safely recognize as existing in the cycle as it has come down to us. Long before the publication of the York Plays, the composite character of the Towneley was recognized by its first editor, though the reasons he assigned were less happy than his surmise itself,<sup>1</sup> and later writers have not failed to enlarge on the point. It thus becomes interesting to see how much of the cycle we can claim on sure evidence as composed especially for it. It is no bad beginning to be able to say at once, at least one-fourth, and this the fourth which contains the finest and most original work. The evidence for

<sup>1</sup> *c. g.* He says that there are no Yorkshireisms in the *Pharao*, which we now know to be mainly borrowed from the York cycle, and remarks "*Cesar Augustus* is plainly by the same hand as *Pharao*. The heroes in both swear by 'Mahowne'"—a habit shared by most potentates in miracle plays.

this is irresistible. We find the Wakefield or Woodkirk editor interpolating two broadly humorous scenes, the one containing 297 lines, the other 81, on the impressive York play of the Judgment. These scenes are written in a complex metre, a 9-line stanza riming *aaaa beccb*, with central rimes in the first four lines (I should prefer to write it  $\frac{aaaa}{bbbb} cdddc$ ), and we find this same metre used with admir-

able regularity throughout five long plays, viz.—

III. Processus Noe cum filiis	558 lines
XII. Prima Pastorum	502 (2 lines lost)
XIII. Secunda Pastorum <sup>1</sup>	754 (2 lines lost)
XIV. Magnus Herodes	513
XXI. Coliphizacio	450

—or, including the two passages in the *Judicium*, in no less than 3155 lines, occupying in this edition almost exactly 100 pages out of 396. If any one will read these plays together, I think he cannot fail to feel that they are all the work of the same writer, and that this writer deserves to be ranked—if only we knew his name!—at least as high as Langland, and as an exponent of a rather boisterous kind of humour had no equal in his own day. We may also be sure that the two other plays, *Flagellacio* (No. xxii.) and *Processus Talentorum* (No. xxiv.), contain about the same proportion of his work as does the *Judicium*. They are closely akin to the *Coliphizacio*, and contain the one 24, the other 8 of his favourite stanzas.

For one other play which it is very tempting to assign to the same hand, the *Mactacio Abel* (No. ii.), we lack the evidence of identity of metre; in fact, the frequent changes from one metrical form to another would make us suspect that we had here an instance of editing, if it were not quite impossible to isolate from the present text any underlying original. But the extraordinary boldness of the play, and the character of its humour, make it difficult to dissociate it from the work of the author of the *Shepherds' Plays*, and I cannot doubt that this also, at least in part, must be added to his credit.

When the work of this man of real genius has been eliminated, the search for another Wakefield, or Woodkirk, author becomes distinctly less interesting. It will be worth while, however, now to pass the whole cycle in review, adding what notes we can to each play, especially as to their metres.

<sup>1</sup> This play is further stamped as especially composed for the Wakefield district by the allusion to 'Horbury' noted above, p. xiv.

- I. *Creation*. Couplets (aa<sup>4</sup>) and stanzas, mostly aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>a<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>. Connected with Barkers of Wakefield.
- II. *Abel*. Metres very confused. Apparently a bold rehandling of an earlier and simpler play. Connected with [Wakefield] Glovers.
- III. *Noah*. 9-line stanza  $\frac{aaaa^2}{bbbb^2}$  c<sup>1</sup>ddd<sup>2</sup>e<sup>2</sup>. Connected with Wakefield.
- IV. *Abraham*. abababab<sup>4</sup>. Cp. No. XIX.
- IV. *Isaac*. Fragments of 35 couplets (aa<sup>4</sup>).
- V. *Jacob*. Fragments of 71 couplets (aa<sup>4</sup>).
- VIII. [VII.] *Pharaoh*. abababab<sup>4</sup>c<sup>1</sup>ded<sup>3</sup>, with many corruptions. Connected with Litsters of Wakefield. Based on York XI.
- VII. [VIII.] *Processus Prophetarum*. aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>cc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>, less often aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>
- IX. *Caesar Augustus*. aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>.
- X. *Annunciation*. Couplets (aa<sup>4</sup>) and stanzas aa<sup>3</sup>b<sup>3</sup>cc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>.
- XI. *Salutation*. aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>cc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>.
- XII. *Prima Pastorum*. 9-line stanza, as III.
- XIII. *Secunda Pastorum*. As XII.
- XIV. *Magi*. aaa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>a<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>, with four disturbances. Alliterative.
- XV. *Flight into Egypt*. ababaabaab<sup>3</sup>c<sup>1</sup>b<sup>3</sup>c<sup>2</sup>. Alliterative.
- XVI. *Herod*. 9-line stanza as III., etc.
- XVII. *Purification*. aaa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>ccc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup> and aa<sup>4</sup> b<sup>3</sup>cc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>.
- XVIII. *Doctors*. abababab<sup>4</sup>c<sup>1</sup>ded<sup>3</sup>, with corruptions and interpolations. Based on York XXIII.
- XIX. *John the Baptist*. abababab<sup>4</sup>. Cp. No. IV.
- XX<sup>a</sup>. *Conspiracio*. abababab<sup>4</sup>c<sup>1</sup>ded<sup>3</sup>. Speech of Pilate prefixed in 9-line stanzas.
- XX<sup>b</sup>. *Capcio*. Couplets and quatrains (aa<sup>4</sup> and abab<sup>4</sup>) with interpolations.
- XXI. *Coliphizacio*. 9-line stanza, as III., &c.
- XXII. *Flagellacio*. Mixed metres. About half the play in 9-line stanzas.
- XXIII. *Processus Crucis*. Much edited and interpolated from an original basis of aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>cc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>.
- XXIV. *Processus Talentorum*. Metres very confused. Much interpolation.
- XXV. *Extraccio Animarum*. abababab<sup>4</sup>c<sup>1</sup>ded<sup>3</sup>, with additions and corruptions. Based on York XXXVII.
- XXVI. *Resurrection*. aaa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>a<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>, with many corruptions and interpolations. Based on York XXXVIII.
- XXVII. *Peregrini*. aaa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>a<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>, with corruptions and interpolations.
- XXVIII. *S. Thomas*. aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>cc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup> followed by a<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>a<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>.
- XXIX. *Ascension*. Metres very confused.
- XXX. *Judgment*. Based on abababab<sup>4</sup> of York XLVIII., with interpolations of abababab<sup>3</sup> and 8-line stanzas.
- Lazarus*. Couplets with stanzas in several different metres.
- Suspensio Iude*. Fragment in aaa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>a<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>. [Cp. xxvi., xxvii.]

In this conspectus, besides the plays written in the 8-line stanza, we may note that we have two fragments (Nos. iv. and v.) written in couplets on the history of *Isaac* and *Jacob*; two plays, the *Creation* (No. i.) and *Annunciation* (No. x.), in which couplets are joined with a 6-line stanza rhyming aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>cc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>, or aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>, and three plays,



the *Processus Prophetarum* (No. vii.; it should of course change places with the *Pharaoh*, No. viii.), the *Caesar Augustus* (No. ix.) and *Salutation* (No. xi.), written throughout in this stanza, which is also employed for parts of the plays of the *Purification* (No. xvii.), *Processus Crucis* (No. xxiii.), and *S. Thomas of India* (xxviii.).

As to the two fragments (iv. and v.) the late Professor Ten-Brink wrote<sup>1</sup>—

“About a generation—but hardly much more—separates this oldest extant English drama [*i. e.* the *Harrowing of Hell*, ‘composed shortly after the middle of the thirteenth century’] from the next. The play of *Jacob and Esau*, as we take the liberty of calling it, appears to have been composed not far from the mouth of the Humber, and probably to the north of the dialect line. The influence of the East Midlands is seen in the choice of subject, which was not popular on the earlier stage elsewhere, and the manner of treatment also reminds us of the districts and the century which produced the poems of *Genesis* and *Exodus*.”

“In *Jacob and Esau* the dramatic art is still of a low standard; the situations are not made much use of; the characteristics show little depth or originality. The poet is full of reverence for his subject, and dramatizes faithfully what seems to him its most important traits, without putting to it much of his own originality,” etc.

In his Appendix (vol. iii. p. 274), Prof. Ten-Brink supported this view of the play with the following note—

“This play has been handed down in the Towneley Collection: unfortunately it is mutilated at the beginning, and also divided into two parts: *Isaac* and *Jacob*. However, it originally formed, and, in fact, still forms, one drama, which was produced independently without regard to any cycle of mysteries, and indeed earlier than most of the others, probably than all the other parts of the cycle in which it was subsequently incorporated. All this can easily be proved by means now at the disposal of philology, but this is not the place for entering into the subject. Less certain is the local origin of the piece. The assumption that few of the rhyming words have been altered in their transmission could, for instance, allow of the supposition that the drama might have been produced in the north of the East-Midland territory, rather than in the southern districts of Northumbria, a supposition which would coincide very well with many other peculiarities of the work.”

I have quoted these passages from Prof. Ten-Brink in full, because the opinion of the writer who has produced the only really good history of our early literature, is a thousand times more important than my own. But my difficulties in accepting his theory in

<sup>1</sup> *History of English Literature* (English edition), vol. ii. p. 244.



its entirety are both numerous and great. The *Harrowing of Hell* itself seems to me—as it has seemed to my betters before me—rather a dramatic poem than a Miracle Play properly so called, and I cannot conceive on what occasion, or by whom, an isolated play on *Jacob and Esau* could come to be acted in the vernacular. In a cycle, the presence of a play on Abraham might easily suggest a continuation dealing with his immediate descendants, and its simpler and more archaic form might be partly accounted for by the nature of its subject. I should prefer, also, to attribute differences of dialect to the removal from one district to another of a play-writing monk, rather than to the acceptance in one district of a play which had been composed for another many years before. It is obvious, however, that these two fragments do belong to a period, whether prae-cyclic or cyclic, at which the narrative and didactic interest of the representation was uppermost, and before the constantly increasing importation of external attractions had produced a distaste for the simpler and more exclusively religious form of drama. We know from Chaucer's allusions, as well as from the evidence of the York plays, that by the last quarter of the fourteenth century Noah and his quarrelsome wife and the ranting Herods and Pilates were already stock characters, and we may thus well believe that the cycle 'of matter from the beginning of the world' in its simplest form, must have been in existence during the first half of that century. The fact that this play has only come to us in fragments, is probably good evidence that it was considered antiquated at the time our manuscript was written, and that only a few speeches from it were used.

I must confess, however, that I cannot find anything either in the style or the language of these fragments which need compel us to separate them from the couplets in the play of the *Creation* and the *Annunciation*; and I incline strongly to believe that in these plays, and the others which I have mentioned as written wholly or partly in the aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>cc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup> stanza, we possess part of an original didactic cycle, of much the same tone as the Chester Plays, on to which other plays, mostly written in a more popular style, have been tacked from time to time. In any case I do not think it can be doubted that the four plays, vii., ix., x., and xi., are the work of the same writer, and the rest seem to me to go with them.

The plays of the *Magi* (xiv.) and of the *Flight into Egypt* (xv.) are marked off from this group by their much greater use of alliteration,

and seem to me—though my opinion on questions of dialect is worth very little—to have been written by an author of somewhat different speech. The *Abraham* and *John the Baptist* again are in a totally different metre, and may belong to the period when the York plays were being incorporated into the cycle. As regards these York plays, enough has already been said; but it is worth noting that the predominant metre of the *Conspiracio* (xx<sup>a</sup>.) is the same as that of three out of the five plays connected with York (the *Pharaoh*, *Doctor*, and *Extraccio Animarum*), and may possibly be based on a lost alternative to the extant York play on this subject. A similar guess may be hazarded as to the play of the *Peregrini* (xxvii.), the metre of which is the same as that of the *Resurrectio* (xxvi., York xxxviii.), while the obvious corruptions and interpolations of the text may well lead us to doubt its being indigenous. The fragment of the *Suspensio Iude*, printed at the end of the cycle, but which would naturally come immediately before the *Resurrectio*, is in the same metre, and subject to the same hypothesis.

As regards the work of the one real genius of the Towneley cycle, the author of the two plays of the *Shepherds*, and of the others written in the same metre, the converse of the arguments of which we admitted the force as regards the *Isaac* and the *Jacob*, will naturally lead us to assign to them as late a date as possible.

As noted by the Surtees editor, the allusion in the *Judicium* to the head-gear which could make a woman look ‘horned like a cow,’ enables us to be sure that this play-wright was a younger contemporary of Chaucer. We must not, indeed, like the cataloguer of the auction-room, argue that because Stow writes that in the days of Anne of Bohemia ‘noble women used high attire on their heads, piked like hornes,’ therefore these plays may be assigned approximately to the date of her arrival in England. I imagine that in those days as in these the fashions in the Yorkshire countryside were apt to be a little behind those of London; the piked head-gear is found in manuscripts as late as about 1420 (*e. g.* Harl. 2897, f. 188<sup>b</sup>, and Harl. 4431, f. 2, kindly pointed out to me by Sir E. M. Thompson),<sup>1</sup> and the other allusions of these plays, *e. g.* the reference to tennis (*Sec. Past.* 736), the frequent

<sup>1</sup> See also Lydgate’s 15th century ‘Dyté of Womenhis Hornys’ in his *Minor Poems*, Percy Soc. p. 46-9, and Harl. MSS. 2255, 2251, etc. Horns were in fashion in the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries; see Fairholt’s *Costume in England*, ed. Dillon, 1885, ii. 224-5, and Planché’s paper therein named.—F. J. F.

and rather learned talk about music (*Sec. Past.* 186—89, 656—60, *Judicium* 537, 538), and the general talk of Shepherds and Devils about the state of the country<sup>1</sup>—all agree very well with the early years of the fifteenth century. In a writer so full of allusions, the absence of any reference to fighting tends, I think, to show that the plays were not written during the war with France, and thus everything seems to point to the reign of Henry IV. as the most likely date of their composition. The date of our text is probably about half a century later, but the example of the York Plays shows us that in its own habitat the text of a play could be preserved in tolerable purity for a longer period than this. In the direction of popular treatment it was impossible for any editor, however much disposed towards tinkering, to think he could improve on the play-wright of the 9-line stanzas, while it is reasonable to presume that the hold of these plays on the Yorkshire audience was sufficiently strong to resist the intrusion of didactics.

As regards the only plays not yet mentioned in the survey, the *Capcio* (xx<sup>b</sup>.), *Processus Talentorum* (xxiv.), *Ascension* (xxix<sup>b</sup>.) and *Lazarus*, there has been so much editing and interpolating, and the consequent mixture of metres is so great, that it is difficult to arrive at any clear conclusion about them.<sup>2</sup> But, subject to such corrections as the survey of the dialect now being undertaken by Dr. Matthews may suggest, I think we may fairly regard this Towneley cycle as built up in at least three distinct stages. In the first of these we find the simple religious tone which we naturally assign to the beginning of the cyclical religious drama, the majority of them being written in one of the favourite metres of the fourteenth-century romances which were already going out of fashion in Chaucer's day.<sup>3</sup> In the second

<sup>1</sup> Note especially the allusions to 'maintenance' in *Let. Past.* l. 35, and the claim of Tutivillus to be a 'master lollar' in *Jud.* 213.

<sup>2</sup> The *Lazarus*, for instance, seems to be built up in three layers, the last of them the grim passage on death being strikingly in the style of some of the 9-line stanzas.

<sup>3</sup> A curious reminiscence of these romances is preserved in stanza 26 of the *Processus Prophetarum*:

*Now haue I songen you a fytt ;  
loke in mynd that ye haue it,  
I rede with my myght ;  
He that maide vs with his wytt,  
Sheld vs all from hell pytt,  
And graunt us heuen lyght*

—which might have come straight out of a romance.

stage we have the introduction by some playwright, who brought the knowledge of them from elsewhere, of at least five—possibly seven or eight—of the plays which were acted at York, and the composition of some others in the same style. In the third stage a writer of genuine dramatic power, whose humour was unchecked by any respect for conventionality, wrote, especially for this cycle, the plays in the 9-line stanza which form its backbone, and added here and there to others. Taken together, the three stages probably cover something like half a century, ending about 1410, though subsequent editors may have tinkered here and there, as editors will, and much allowance must be made for continual corruption by the actors.

It may be as well to note here that whatever weight we may be disposed to attach to the tradition that the cycle belonged to the Woodkirk monks and was acted at Woodkirk Fair, it is impossible to believe that the plays noted in the MS. as connected with Wakefield form in any way a group by themselves. The Barkers' play of the Creation, however much edited, belongs in its origin to our first stage; the *Pharaoh*, played by the Wakefield Litsters, but based on York xi., to our second, to which also I should assign the *Peregrini* played by the Fishers, written in the metre of the York *Resurrectio*. Lastly, the *Noah*, against which Wakefield is written, is in the 9-line stanza of the Shepherds' Plays, and the Glovers' play of *Abel*, whether re-written by the same author or not, is, in its present form, certainly late work. With the exception of the *Fishers*, we might say, without much exaggeration, that all the three crafts named, Dyers, Tanners, and Glovers, had some connection with the sheep, their hides and wool, which were probably the chief commodities sold at the Woodkirk fair,<sup>1</sup> and so might have taken a special interest in any pageant likely to bring customers to it. But we are bound to remember that the connection with Woodkirk is a mere tradition, and that it is quite possible that the whole cycle belongs to Wakefield, which is the only place with which it is authoritatively connected.

To bring literary criticism to bear on a cycle built up, even approximately, in the manner which I have suggested, is no easy

<sup>1</sup> If the Fishers, as at York, were allied with the Mariners, they too might be dragged in as concerned with the export trade. If they were *Fishers*, 'purs et simples,' one is tempted to say that they may have lent a hand at play-acting for the lack of sufficient employment in an inland town!

task. The plays were not written for our reading, but for the edification and amusement of the uncritical audience of their own day; and we can certainly say of them that, whatever effect the playwright aimed at, he almost always attained. Of the simply devotional plays the *Annunciation* seems to me the finest. The whole of this play, indeed, is full of tenderness; and there are touches in it in which Rossetti, if he knew it, must have delighted. The reconciliation between Joseph and the Blessed Virgin is delightful; and the passage in which Joseph describes his enforced marriage is really poetically written. One verse is especially quotable:

Whan I all thus had wed hir thare,  
We and my madyns home can fare,  
That kyngys daughters were;  
All wroght thay sylk to find them on,  
*Marie wroght purpyll, the oder none*  
*bot othere colers sere.*

If this touch had been entirely of the dramatist's own invention he must, indeed, have been Rossetti's spiritual forbear; but it is needless to say that it comes from the apocryphal gospel of Mary, though he deserves all credit for bringing together two widely separated verses.<sup>1</sup>

The plays which I have put into my second group are on the whole very dull. The dramatist of the *Abraham* could not fail to attain to some pathos in the treatment of the scene between Isaac and his father; but though he avoids the mistake of the York playwright who represented Isaac as a man of thirty, his handling of the scene is distinctly inferior to that of the Brome Play and the Chester cycle. The general characteristic, indeed, of the group is, that the playwright plods perseveringly through his subject, but never rises above the level of the honest journeyman.

Between the dull work and the abounding humour and constant

<sup>1</sup> Chap. vi. 7: "But the Virgin of the Lord, Mary, with seven other virgins of the same age, who had been appointed to attend her by the priest, returned to her parents' house in Galilee;" and Chap. iv. 1—4: "And it came to pass, in a council of the priests it was said, 'Let us make a new veil for the temple of the Lord.' And the high-priest said, 'Call together to me seven undefiled virgins of the tribe of David.' And the servants went and brought them unto the temple of the Lord; and the high-priest said unto them, 'Cast lots before me now, who of you shall spin the golden thread, who the blue, who the scarlet, who the fine linen, and who the true purple.' Then the high-priest knew Mary, that she was of the tribe of David; and he called her, and the true purple fell to her lot to spin, and she went away to her own house." (Hone's *Apocryphal Gospels*, 1820.)



allusiveness of the author of the plays in the 9-line stanza, the distance can only be measured by the two words respectability and genius. It is all the more pleasant to use the first to denote the dull level from which he keeps aloof, in that I have a strong suspicion that during his life the author of our 9-line stanza plays may have been censured for the lack of this very quality. His sympathy with poor folk, and his dislike of the "gentlery men" who oppressed them, seem something more than conventional; and his satire is sometimes as grim as it is free. From his frequent allusions to music, his scraps of Latin and allusions to Latin authors, his dislike of Lollards, and the daring of some of his phrases, which seems to surpass what would have been permitted to a layman, it is probable that he was in orders; and the vision of the Friar Tuck of Peacock's *Maid Marian* rises up before me as I read his plays. As a dramatist it is difficult to praise him too highly, if we remember the limitations under which he worked, and the feeble efforts of his contemporaries and successors.

The *Secunda Pastorum*, the survival of which "in Archie Armstrong's Aith" Prof. Kölbing has so pleasantly illustrated (see his Appendix), is really perfect as a work of art; and if in the *Prima Pastorum* our author was only feeling his way, and in the *Noah*, *Herod*, etc., was cramped by the natural limitation of his subject, we have the more reason to regret that a writer of such real power had no other scope for his abilities than that offered by the cyclical miracle play. Even within these limits, however, he had room to display other gifts besides those of dramatic construction and humour. The three speeches of the Shepherds to the little Jesus are exquisite in their rustic tenderness, and even if we may not attribute to him the really terrific picture of corruption in the *Lazarus*, there is contrast enough between these and the denunciation of the usurers and extortioners in the *Judicium*. Without his aid, the Towneley cycle would have been interesting, but not more interesting than any of its three competitors. His additions entitle it to be ranked among the great works of our earlier literature.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

## APPENDIX.

THE *SECUNDA PASTORUM* OF THE TOWNELEY PLAYS (p. 116 ff.) AND  
ARCHIE ARMSTRANG'S AITH.

By PROF. E. KÖLBING, PH.D.

So far as I know, nobody has yet discovered that the leading incident in the Second Play of the Shepherds is repeated in quite another department of English Literature, viz. in *Archie Armstrong's Aith*, by the Rev. John Marriott, printed in 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' 5th ed. vol. iii. Edinb., 1821, p. 481 ff. Archie Armstrong was, as we learn from the Notes of this poem, p. 487 f., "a native of Eskdale, and contributed not a little towards the raising his clan to that pre-eminence which it long maintained amongst the Border thieves . . . and there distinguished himself so much by zeal and assiduity in his professional duties, that at length he found it expedient to emigrate. . . . He afterwards became a celebrated jester in the English Court. . . . He was dismissed in disgrace in the year 1637. . . . The exploit detailed in this ballad has been preserved, with many others of the same kind, by tradition, and is at this time current in Eskdale."

The story runs as follows :—

Archie has stolen a sheep, and is pursued by the shepherds, but manages to reach his house, where, with the assistance of his wife, he skins the sheep, throws its entrails and hide into the river, and stuffs the body into a child's cradle. Then he sits down by it and sings a lullaby. At this very moment the pursuers enter the house and declare him to be the thief. But Archie protests, wants them to be quiet, because his child is dying, and swears an oath, that, if he has ever lessened the herds of his neighbour, he will eat the flesh that is now lying in the cradle. Besides, he gives them leave to ransack every corner of his house in order to find the sheep which they say he has stolen. So they search—naturally without result,—and the shepherds conclude that it was either the devil himself, that they saw running off with the sheep, or that they mistook the culprit, and that Maggie Brown is the real thief. As to Archie, when the shepherds are gone, he piques himself not a little on his ability in representing a nurse ; and, at the same time, says that nobody is entitled to call him a perjurer, for he really eats up the sheep in the cradle.

We see at once the striking point in the story, that the thief and his wife hide the stolen sheep from the suspicious shepherds in a cradle, is common to both versions. Besides, I ask my readers to compare the following single passages.

When the thief returns to his house, his wife is afraid that he will be discovered and tied up; he wants her to be quiet and to help him. *Towneley*, p. 126—

*Uxor*: By the nakyd nek art thou lyke for to hyng.

*Mak*: Do way . . . .

*Uxor*: It were a fowth blott to be hanged for the ease.

*Mak*: I have skapyd, Jelott, oft as hard a glase.

*Uxor*: Bot so long goys the pott to the water, men says

At last

Comys it home broken.

*Mak*: WeH knowe I the token,

Bot let it never be spoken,

Bot com and help fast.

I wold he were slayn, etc.

corresponds to *Archie Armstrong's Aith*, st. 6 ff.

And oh! when he stepp'd o'er the door,

His wife she look'd aghast.

“A, wherefore, Archie, wad ye slight

Ilk word o' timely warning?

I trow ye will be ta'en the night,

And hangit i' the morning.”

“Now hawd your tongue, ye prating wife,

And help me as ye dow;

I wad be laith to lose my life

For ae poor silly yowe.”

In *Town.*, p. 130, the thief's wife gives the following advice—

Harken ay, when thay calle: thay will com anone.

Com and make redy alle, and syng by thyn oone,

Syng lullay thou shalle . . . .

Syng lullay on fast,

When thou heris at the last.

According to *Archie Armstrong's Aith*, st. 13 f., Archie performs this skilful service—

And down sat Archie daintillie,

And rock'd it wi' his hand;

Siccan a rough nourice as he

Was not in a' the land.

And saftlie he began to croon,

“Hush, hushabye, my dear.”

He hadna sang to sic a tune,

I trow, for mony a year.



For the rhyme *croon : tune* we may compare the following lines in the conversation of the shepherds in front of Mak's hut (p. 131)—

*Tertius Pastor* : Wið ye here how thay hak ? Oure syre, lyst, *croyne* !

*Primus Pastor* : Hard I never none crak so clere out of *toyne*.

In *Towneley*, p. 133, Uxor says—

I pray to God so mylde,  
If ever I you begyld,  
That I ete this chylde,  
That lygys in this credyð.

Likewise in *Archie Armstrong's Aith*, st. 18, the husband—

If e'er I did sae fause a feat,  
As thin my neebor's faulds,  
May I doom'd the flesh to eat  
This vera cradyl halds !

In both versions the shepherds, not having found anything, believe they have made a mistake ; *Town.*, p. 134—

*Primus Pastor* : We have merkyd amys : I hold us *begyld*.

*Archie Armstrong's Aith*, st. 22—

Or aiblins Maggie's ta'en the yowe,  
And thus *beguiled* your e'e.

The principal difference between the two versions of the same story is, that in the play the thief, in spite of this trick, is finally discovered and punished by lynch-law, whilst according to the ballad the thief and his wife succeed in their plot, and the suspicion falls upon another. It is in harmony with this difference that the seemingly not realizable oath is only of a secondary interest in the play, while in the ballad it forms the centre of the whole.

Now the only MS. of the Towneley Plays seems to have been written in the beginning of the fifteenth century, whilst Archie Armstrong's Aith, belonging to the "Imitations of the ancient ballad," was scarcely composed long before 1802, in which year the 'Minstrelsy' made its first appearance in the literary world. It is most unlikely that John Marriott,—who, according to Allibone's Dictionary, was Curate of Broad Clift, Devon, and Rector of Church Liford, Warwickshire, and in 1820 and 1836 published some collections of sermons,—borrowed this story from the then unprinted MS. of the Towneley Plays and transferred it, of his own authority, to Archie Armstrong, so that the whole of his notes were a forgery.<sup>1</sup> It is much

<sup>1</sup> It is perhaps worth noting that the *Secunda Pastorum* was printed in the *Collection of English Miracle Plays* published at Basel in 1838 by a Dr. William Marriott, who may possibly have been a relation of the Rev. John Marriott of Prof. Kölbing's ballad.—A. W. P.

more credible that this funny tale was preserved by oral traditions, possibly in a metrical form. The tale was first brought into the Christmas story by the author of the Towneley Play, and afterwards, in the seventeenth century, transferred to the famous thief and jester, Archie Armstrong.

Whether the happy or unhappy end of the story is to be considered as the original one, is a question, which, in the want of other materials, we shall perhaps never be able to solve with any certainty.<sup>1</sup>

This little paper is englisht from the original in the *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte*, herausgegeben von M. Koch. Neue Folge. Elfter Band, p. 137 ff.—E. K.

<sup>1</sup> As “bang went saxpence” would have been the result of the Shepherds kissing the babe in the cradle, I suggest that Scotch shepherds, at any rate, would never have thought of incurring such an awful liability.—F. J. F.

# THE TOWNELEY PLAYS.

## (I.)

[267 lines, in stanzas and couplets. Stanzas 12—15 have 10 (aaba aaba), 7 (aab ab ab), 5 and 5 (aaba) lines respectively, the rest 6 (aab ccb).]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Deus.</i>		<i>Angeli Mali</i> 1 et 2. <sup>1</sup>		<i>Demones</i> 1 et 2. <sup>1</sup>
<i>Cherubyn.</i>		<i>Angeli Boni</i> 1 et 2.		<i>Adam.</i>
<i>Lucifer.</i>				<i>Eua.</i> ]

IN dei nomine amen.

Assit Principio, Sancta Maria, Meo. Wakefeld.

[SCENE I. Heaven.]

[*Deus*]

(1)

*BARKERS.* [Fol. 1, a.]  
God declares  
His nature  
& might.

**E**go sum alpha et o,  
I am the first, the last also,  
Oone god in mageste;  
Meruelus, of myght most,  
ffader, & son, & holy goost,  
On god in trinyte.

3

6

(2)

I am without begynnyng,  
My godhede hath none endyng,  
I am god in trone;  
Oone god in persons thre,  
Which may neuer twynnyd be,  
ffor' I am god alone.

9

12

(3)

AH maner thyng is in my thocht,  
Withoutten me ther may be noght,  
ffor' ah is in my sight;  
hit shaH be done after my wilH,  
that I haue thocht I shaH fulfifH  
And manteyn with my myght.

15

18

Nothing may  
exist with-  
out Him.

<sup>1</sup> These may be the same.

## (4)

God begins  
the work of  
creation.  
The 1st day:  
the parting  
of darkness  
& light.

At the begynnyng of oure dede  
make we heuen & erth, on brede,  
and lyghtys fayre to se, 21  
ffor it is good to be so ;  
darknes from light we parte on two,  
In tyme to serue and be. 24

## (5)

Darknes we call the nyght,  
and liht also the bright,  
It shaH be as I say ; 27  
after my wiH this is furth broght,  
Euen and morne both ar thay wroght,  
and thus is maid a day. 30

## (6)

The 2nd day:  
the firma-  
ment divides  
the waters.

In medys the water, bi oure assent,  
be now maide the firmament,  
And parte ather from othere, 33  
Water aboue, I-wis ;  
Euen and morne maide is this  
A day, [so was] the tothere. 36

## (7)

The 3rd day:  
the division  
of earth &  
sea.

Waters, that so wyde ben spred,  
be gedered to geder in to one stede,  
that dry the erth may seym ; 39  
that at is dry the erth shaH be,  
the waters also I call the see ;  
this warke to me is queme. 42

## (8)

The earth to  
bring forth  
fruit.

Out of the erth herbys shal spryng,  
Trees to florish and frute furth bryng,  
thare kynde that it be kyd. 45  
This is done after my wiH ;  
Euen & morn maide is ther til  
A day, this is the thryd. [MS. thyrde.] 48

## (9)

The 4th day:  
creation of  
sun & moon.

Son & moyne set in the heuen,  
With starnes, & the planetts seuen,  
To stand in thare degre ; 51

The son to serue the day lyght,  
 The moyne also to serue the nyght;  
 The fourte day shaH this be. 54

(10)

The water to norish the fysh swymand,  
 The erth to norish bestys crepeand,  
 That fly or go may. 57  
 Multiplie in erth, and be  
 In my blyssyng, wax now ye;  
 This is the fyft day. 60

The 5th day :  
 the creation  
 of fish &  
 "creeping  
 beasts that  
 may fly or  
 go." [Cp.  
 ll. 162, 163.]

(11)

*Cherubyn*. Oure lord god in trynyste,  
 Myrth and lovyng be to the,  
 Myrth and lovyng ouer al thyng;  
 ffor thou has made<sup>1</sup>, with thi bidyng,  
 Heuen, & erth, and aH that is,  
 and giffen vs Ioy that neuer shaH mys.  
 Lord, thou art fuH mych of myght,  
 that has maide lucifer so bright; 68  
 we loue the, lord, bright ar we,  
 bot none of vs so bright as he :  
 He may weH light lucifere,  
 ffor lufly light that he doth bere. 72  
 He is so lufly and so bright  
 It is grete ioy to se that sight;  
 We lofe the, lord, with aH oure thoght,  
 that sich thyng can make of noght. 76

[Fol. 1, b.]  
 Cherubim  
 praise God.

He has made  
 all of them  
 bright, but  
 Lucifer  
 brightest.

*hic deus recedit à suo solio & lucifer sedebit in eodem solio.*

(12)

*Lucifer*. Certys, it is a semely sight,  
 Syn that we ar aH angels bright,  
 and euer in blis to be;  
 If that ye wiH behold me right,  
 this mastre longys to me. 77  
 I am so fare and bright,  
 of me commys aH this light,  
 this gam and aH this gle; 81

Lucifer  
 prides him-  
 self on his  
 brightness &  
 strength.

<sup>1</sup> The words "has made" are in a later hand, the originals having been obliterated.

Agans my grete myght<sup>t</sup>  
<sup>1</sup> may [no]thyng<sup>t</sup> stand [ne] be. 86  
 (13)

And ye weH me behold  
 I am a thowsand fold<sup>t</sup>  
 brighte<sup>r</sup> then<sup>n</sup> is the son<sup>n</sup>;  
 my strengthe may not be told,  
 my myght may no thyng<sup>t</sup> kou<sup>n</sup>;

Who shall be  
 above him in  
 heaven?

In heuen, therfor<sup>t</sup>, wit I wold<sup>t</sup>  
 Above me who shuld won<sup>n</sup>. 93  
 (14)

ffor<sup>t</sup> I am lord of blis,  
 ouer aH this warld<sup>t</sup>, I-wis,  
 My myrth is most of aH;  
 the[r]for<sup>t</sup> my wiH is this,  
 master<sup>t</sup> ye shaH me caH. 98  
 (15)

He is so  
 seemly he  
 will take  
 God's throne  
 as King of  
 bliss.

And ye shaH se, fuH sone onone,  
 How that me semys to sit<sup>t</sup> in trone  
 as kyng<sup>t</sup> of blis;  
 I am<sup>n</sup> so semely, blode & bone,  
 my sete shaH be ther<sup>t</sup> as was his. 103  
 (16)

[He seats  
 himself &]  
 asks the  
 angels how  
 he looks.

Say, felows, how semys now me  
 To sit in seyte of trynyte?  
 I am so bright<sup>t</sup> of ich<sup>n</sup> a lym<sup>n</sup>  
 I trow me seme as weH as hym<sup>n</sup>. 107

The bad  
 praise, and  
 the good  
 warn him.

*primus angelus malus.* Thou art<sup>t</sup> so fayre vnto my  
 syght,  
 thou semys weH to sytt on<sup>n</sup> hight<sup>t</sup>;  
 So thynke me that thou doyse.  
*primus bonus angelus.* I rede ye leyfe that vanys  
 royse, 111

ffor<sup>t</sup> that<sup>t</sup> seyte may non<sup>n</sup> angeH seme  
 So weH as hym<sup>n</sup> that aH shaH deme.

*Secundus bonus angelus.* I reyde ye sese of that ye sayn<sup>n</sup>,  
 ffor<sup>t</sup> weH I wote ye carpe in vayne; 115  
 hit semyd hym<sup>n</sup> neuer, ne neuer shaH,  
 So weH as hym<sup>n</sup> that has maide aH.

<sup>1</sup> MS. may thyng<sup>t</sup> stand then<sup>n</sup> be.

*Secundus malus angelus.* Now, and bi oght that I can witt,  
 he semys full weH theron to sytt; 119  
 He is so fayre, withouten les,  
 he semys full weH to sytt on des.  
 therfor, fellow, hold thi peasse,  
 and vmbithynke the what thou sayse. 123  
 he semys as weH to sytt there  
 as god hymself, if he were here.  
*Lucifer*<sup>1</sup>. leyf fellow, thyнк the not so? 126  
*primus malus angelus.* Yee, god wote, so dos othere mo. [Fol. 2, a.]  
*primus bonus* [*Angelus*]. Nay, forsoth, so thyнк not vs.  
*lucifer*<sup>1</sup>. Now, therof a leke what rekys vs?  
 Syn I my self am so bright  
 therfor wiH I take a flyght.<sup>1</sup> 131

The bad  
angels think  
him as fit to  
sit in God's  
seat as God  
Himself.

Lucifer says  
he will take  
a flight.<sup>1</sup>

*Tunc exhibunt demones clamando, & dicit primus,*

[SCENE II. *Hell.*]

*primus demon*<sup>1</sup>. Alas, alas, and wele-wo!  
 lucifer, whi feH thou so? The devils  
 We, that were angels so fare, reproach  
 and sat so hie aboue the ayere, Lucifer.  
 Now ar' we waxen blak as any coyH, 135  
 and vgly, tatyrd as a foyH.  
 What alyd the, lucifer, to fall?  
 was thou not farist of angels aH? 139  
 Brightist, and best, & most of luf  
 With god hym self, that syttys aboyf?  
 thou has maide [neyn,<sup>2</sup>] there was [ten,<sup>3</sup>]  
 thou art fouH comyn from thi kyn; 143  
 thou art fallen, that was the teynd,  
 ffrom an angeH to a feynd.  
 thou has vs doyn a vyle dispyte,  
 and broght thi self to sorow and sitt. 147  
 Alas, ther is noght els to say  
 bot we ar tynt for now and ay. 149

They are  
waxen black  
as coal.

He has made  
nine where  
there were  
ten [i.e. a  
tenth part  
of each order  
of angels has  
fallen. Cp.  
ll. 256, 257].

*Secundus demon.*—Alas, the ioy that we were In  
 haue we lost, for oure syn.

<sup>1</sup> A scribe has mistaken Lucifer's boastful flight for his fall. One or more stanzas containing either a speech of Deus (cp. *Chester* and *Coventry Plays*) or the exclamations of the devils as they fall (cp. *York Plays*) must have been omitted.

<sup>2</sup> MS. ix.

<sup>3</sup> MS. x.

alas, that euer cam pride in thoght,  
ffor' it has broght vs aH to noght. 153

We were in myrth and Ioy enoghie  
When lucifer to pride drogh.

We may  
curse our  
wicked  
pride: "so  
may ye all  
that stand  
beside."

Alas, we may warrie wikkyd pride,  
so may ye aH that standys be side; 157

We held with hym ther' he saide leasse,  
and therfor' haue we aH vnpeasse.

Alas, alas, oure Ioye is tynt,  
We mon' haue payne that neuer shaH stynt. 161

[SCENE III. *Earth.*]

(17)

God pro-  
ceeds to  
make man.

*Deus.*—Erthly bestys, that may crepe and go,  
bryng ye furth and wax ye mo,

I se that it is good; 164

now make we man to oure liknes,  
that shaH be keper of more & les,

of fowles, and fysH in flood. *Et' tuncq' eum.* 167

(18)

spreyte of life I in the blaw,  
good and iH both shaH thou knaw;

rise vp, and stand bi me. 170

AH that is in water or land,

It shaH bow vnto thi hand,  
and sufferan' shaH thou be; 173

(19)

He gives  
him know-  
ledge,  
strength, the  
government  
of the world,  
& paradise  
to dwell in.

I gif the witt, I gif the strenght,  
of aH thou sees, of brede & lengthe;

thou shaH be wonder wise. 176

Myrth and Ioy to haue at wiH,

AH thi likyng to fulfiH,  
and dweH in paradise. 179

(20)

This I make thi wonnyng playce,

ffuH of myrth and of solace,

and I seasse the therin. 182

It is not good to be alone,

to walk here in this worthely wone,

In aH this welthly wyw; 185



(21)

therfor, a rib I from the take,  
therof shaH be [maide] thi make,

God makes  
woman to  
be man's  
helping.

And be to thi helpyngt.

188

Ye both to gouerne that here is,  
and euer more to be in blis,

ye wax in my blissyngt.

191

(22)

ye shaH have Ioye & blis therin,  
whils ye wiH kepe you out of syn,

I say without[ten] lese.

194

Ryse vp, myn angeH cherubyn),

[Fol. 2, b.1]

And bids an  
angel lead  
them to  
paradise.

Take and leyd theym both in,

And leyf them there in peasse.

197

*Tunc capit cherubyn adam per manum, & dicit eis  
dominus,*

(23)

Heris thou adam, and eue thi wife,

I forbede you the tre of life,

God forbids  
Adam and  
Eve the  
tree of life.

And I commaund, that it be gat,

Take which ye wiH, bot negh not that.

201

Adam, if thou breke my rede,

thow shaH dye a dulfuH dede.

*Cherubyn.* Oure lord, oure god, thi wiH be done ;

I shaH go with theym fuH sone.

205

ffor soth, my lord, I shaH not sted

tiH I haue theym theder led.

we thank the, lord, with fuH good chere,

that has maide man to be oure feere. [*Exit Deus.*]

209

Com furth, adam, I shaH the leyd ;

take tent to me, I shaH the reyde.

The Angel  
instructs  
Adam.

I rede the thynk how thou art wroght,

and luf my lord in all thi thoght,

213

That has maide the thurgh his wiH,

angels ordir to fulfiH.

Many thyngys he has the giffen,

and maide the master of all that liffen ;

217

He has forbed the bot a tre ;

look that thou let it be,

ffor' if' thou breke his commaundment,  
thow skapys not' bot' thou be shent. 221

Weynd here in to paradise,  
and luke now that' ye be wyse,  
And kepe you' weH, for' I must' go  
vnto my lord, ther' I cam' fro. [*Exit Cherubyn.*] 225

Adam and  
Eve con-  
gratulate  
themselves  
& thank  
God.

*Adam*<sup>1</sup>. Almyghty lord, I thank' it the  
that' is, and was, and shaH be,  
Of thi luf' and of thi grace,  
ffor' now is here a mery place ; 229  
Eue, my felow, how thynk the this ?

*Eua*. A stede me thynk of' Ioye and blis,  
Tha' god has giffen' to the and me ;  
Withoutten' ende blissyd be he. 233

*Adam*<sup>1</sup>. Eue, felow, abide me thore,  
ffor' I wiH go to viset more,  
To se what trees that' here been' ;  
here ar' weH moo then' we have seen', 237  
Gresys, and othere smaH floures,  
that' smeH fuH swete, of seyr' coloures.

*Eua*. Gladly, *sir*, I wiH fuH fayne ;  
When' ye haue sene theyn', com' agane. 241

Adam bids  
Eve keep  
away from  
the Tree of  
Life.

*Adam*<sup>1</sup>. Bot' luke weH, eue, my wife,  
that' thow negh' not the tree of' life ;  
ffor' if' thow do he bese ih' paide ;  
then be we tynt', as he has saide. 245

*Eua*. Go furth' and play the aH aboute,  
I shaH not' negh' it' while thow art' oute ;  
ffor' be thou sekyr' I were fuH loth  
ffor' any thyng that' he were wroth. [*Exeunt Adam & Eve.*]

[SCENE IV. *Hell.*]

The tenth  
order of  
angels is  
fallen.

*Lucifer*<sup>1</sup>. Who wend euer this tyme haue seyn' ?  
We, that in sich myrth' haue beyn',  
That we shuld suffre so mych' wo ?  
Who wold euer trow it' shuld be so ? 253  
[<sup>1</sup> Ten] orders in heuen were  
of' angels, that' had offyce sere ;  
Of ich' order', in thare degre,  
the [<sup>2</sup> teynd] parte feH downe with me ; 257

<sup>1</sup> MS. X.

<sup>2</sup> MS. x.

ffor' thay held *with* me that tyde,  
 and mantenyd me in my pride;  
 Bot herkyns, felows, what I say—  
 the Ioy that we haue lost for ay, 261  
 God has maide man *with* his hend,  
 to haue that blis *with*outten end,  
 The <sup>1</sup> neyn ordre to fulfitt,  
 that' after' vs left, sich is his wiH. 265  
 And now ar' thay in paradise;  
 bot' thens thay shaH, if we be wise. 267

God has  
made man  
to fill its  
place.

The MS. has apparently lost 12 leaves here, containing (no doubt) the Temptation of Eve and the Expulsion of her and Adam from Paradise.

(II.)

Mactacio abel. Secunda pagina.

[Fol. 3, a.]

[473 lines in thirteens (aaab ceeb bbbd, no. 1), twelves (aaab ceeb bdbd, no. 3), elevens (aab ceeb, no. 2—or aaab ccb, no. 7—bddd), nines, eights (aaab bebe, no. 6, or ceeb, no. 10; aaa bbb ce, no. 14), sevens (aaab ccb, no. 4; aab ab ce, no. 16), sixes, fives (aa bbb, no. 5), fours (ab ab, no. 13), threes and twos.]

[Dramatis Personae.

Garcio.

Cayn.

Abel.

Deus.]

Garcio.

(1)

Glover Pag.<sup>2</sup> ..

**A**H hayH, aH hayH, both blithe and glad,  
 ffor' here com I, a mery lad;  
 be peasse youre dyn, my master' bad,  
 Or' els the dwiH you spede.

Garcio  
makes a  
ranting  
speech.

4

Wote ye not I com before?

Bot who that' Ianglis any more  
 He must' blaw my blak hoiH bore,  
 both behynd' and before,

TiH his tethe blede.

9

ffelows, here I you forbede

To make nother nose ne cry;

Who so is so hardy to do that' dede

The dwiH<sup>3</sup> hang hym vp to dry.

13

<sup>1</sup> MS. ix.

<sup>2</sup> In a later hand.

<sup>3</sup> MS. dewill; the "e" having been overlined by a later hand.

(2)

His master  
is a good  
yeoman :

Gedlyngis, I am a fuhle grete wat,

A good yoman my master' hat,

ffuH weH ye aH hym ken ;

16

ill to quarrel  
with.Begyn he *with* you for to stryfe,

certis, then mon ye neuer thryfe ;

Bot I trow, bi god on life,

Som oft you ar' his men.

20

Bot let' youre lippis couer youre ten,

harlottis, euerichon !

ffor if' my master' com, welcom' hym then.

ffareweH, for' I am gone.

[*Exit* Garcio.] 24[*Enter* Cain, ploughing.]

(3)

Cain calls to  
his mare.*Cayn*!. Io furth, greyn-horne ! and war' oute, gryme !

Drawes on ! god gif you iH to tyme !

Ye stand as ye were fallen in swyme ;

What ! wiH ye no forther', mare ?

28

Pull on a bit,  
you shrew.

War ! let' me se how down' wiH draw ;

Yit', shrew, yit', puH on a thraw !

What ! it' semys for' me ye stand none aw !

I say, donnyng, go fare !

32

A, ha ! god gif the soro &amp; care !

Io ! now hard she what I saide ;

now yit' art thou the warst mare

You're the  
worst mare  
I ever had  
in plough.

In plogh that' euer I haide.

36

(4)

He calls the  
Boy.

How ! pike-harnes, how ! com heder belife !

[*Enter* Garcio.]They  
wrangle.*Garcio*. I fend, godis forbot, tha' euer thou thrife !*Cayn*. What, boy, shal I both hold and drife ?

39

heris thou not how I cry ?

*Garcio*. Say, maH and stott, wiH ye not' go ?

Lemyng', moreH, white-horne, Io !

now wiH ye not se how thay hy ?

43

(5)

*Cayn*!. Gog gif the sorow, boy ; want' of mete it gars.*Garcio*. thare prouand, *sir*, for' thi, I lay behynd thare ars,

And tyes them fast bi the nek's,

With many stans in thare hek's.

'Fol. 3, b.]

*Cayn*!. That' shaH bi thi fals chek's.

48

(6)

*Garcio.* And haue agane as right.

49 Cain offers  
to fight him.

*Cayn.* I am thi master, wilt thou fight?

*Garcio.* Yai, with the same mesure and weghit  
That I bore wiH I qwite.

52 The Boy is  
quite ready.

*Cayn.* We! now, no thyngt, bot' caH on tyte,  
that we had ployde this land.

*Garcio.* harrer, moreH, iofurth, hyte!  
and let the plogH stand.

56

[Enter Abel.]

(7)

*Abel.* God, as he both may and can,  
Spede the, brother', & thi man.

57 Abel bids  
them God  
speed.

*Cayn.* Com kis myne ars, me list not ban,  
As welcom standis ther' oute.

60 Cain tells  
him he isn't  
wanted.

Thou shuld haue bide til thou were cald;  
Com nar', & other' drife or' hald,  
and kys the dwillis toute.

63

Go grese thi shepe vnder' the toute,  
ffor that' is the moste lefe.

*Abel.* broder', ther' is none here aboute  
that' wold the any grefe;

67

(8)

bot', leif' brother', here my sawe—

It is the custom of oure law,

AH that' wyrk as the wise

shaH worship god with sacrifice.

Abel exhorts  
him to come  
& make  
burnt-offer-  
ings of his  
tenths of  
corn &  
cattle.

71

Oure fader' vs bad, oure fader' vs kend,  
that' oure tend shuld be brend.

Com furth, brothere, and let vs gang

To worship god; we dweH fuH langt;

75

Gif' we hym parte of oure fee,

Corne or' cataH, wheder it be.

77

(9)

And therfor', brother', let vs weynd,

And first' clens vs from the feynd

or' we make sacrifice;

Then blis withoutten end

get we for' oure seruyce,

82

(10)

Of hym that is oure saulis leche. 83

Cain will  
none of his  
sermoning.

*Cayn*! How! let furth youre geyse, the fox wið preche;

How long wilt thou me appech

With thi sermonyng? 86

Hold thi tong, yit I say,

Euen ther' the good wife strokid the hay;

Or sit downe in the dwið way,

With thi vayn carpyng. 90

(11)

He won't  
leave his  
plough & his  
work. God  
only gives  
him sorrow  
& woe.

Shuld I leife my plogh & aH thyng

And go with the to make offeryng?

Nay! thou fyndys me not so mad!

Go to the dwið, and say I bad! 94

What gifys god the to rose hym so?

me gifys he noght bot soro and wo. 96

[Fol. 4, a.]

(12)

*AbeH*. Caym, leife this vayn carpyng,

ffor' god giffys the aH thi lifyng.

*Cayn*! Yit boroed I neuer a farthyng 99

of hym, here my hend.

Abel says  
their elders  
have told  
them they  
must tithe &  
make burnt-  
offering.

*AbeH*. Brother, as elders haue vs kend,

ffirst shuld we tend with oure hend,

and to his losyng sithen be brend. 103

(13)

*Cayn*! My farthyng is in the preest hand  
syn last tyme I offyrd.

*AbeH*. leif brother, let vs be walkand;

I wold oure tend were profyrd. 107

(14)

Cain replies  
he is worse  
off each year.

*Cayn*! We! wherof shuld I tend, leif brothere?

ffor' I am ich yere wars then othere,

here my trouth it is none othere; 110

My wynnyngeis ar' bot meyn,

No wonder if that I be leyn;

ffuH long tiH hym I may me meyn, 113

ffor' bi hym that me dere boght,

I traw that he wiH leyn me noght. 115

(15)

AbeH. Yis, aH the good thou has in wone  
Of godis grace is bot a lone.

Cayn. Lenys he me, as com thrift' upon the so?

ffor' he has euer yit' beyn my fo ;

119 God has  
always been  
his foe.

ffor' had he my freynd' beyn,

Other' gatis it' had beyn seyn.

When aH mens corn was fayre in feld' ✓

Then was myne not' worth a neld<sup>1</sup> ;

123 His own  
corn is the  
worst of  
anybody's.

When I shuld saw, & wantyd seyde,

And of corn had fuH grete neyde,

Then gaf' he me none of' his,

No more with I gif hym of' this.

127

hardely hold me to blame

bot' if' I serue hym of the same.

AbeH. Leif' brother', say not' so,

bot let vs furth' togeder go ;

131

Good brother, let vs weynd sone,

no longer' here I rede we hone.

Cayn. Yei, yei, thou langyls waste ;

the dwiH me spede if' I haue hast,

135 He is in no  
haste to give.

As long as I may lif,

to dele my good or' gif

Ather to god or' yit' to man,

of' any good that' euer I wan ;

139

ffor' had I giffen away my goode,

then myght I go with a ryffen hood,

And it is better' hold that' I haue

then go from doore to doore & craue.

143 If he had  
given away  
his good he  
might go  
with a torn  
hood.  
Better keep,  
than beg.

AbeH. Brother', com furth', in godis name,

I am fuH ferd' that' we get blame ;

Hy we fast' that' we were thore.

Cayn. We ! ryn on, in the dwiHs nayme Before ! 147

Wemay, man, I hold the mad !

wenys thou now that' I list gad

To gif' away my warldis aght' ?

[Fol. 4, b.]  
He thinks  
Abel mad.

the dwiH hym spede that me so taght !

151

what' nede had I my traueH to lose,

to were my shoyne & ryfe my hose ?

<sup>1</sup> MS. an eld.

Abel doesn't  
want to go  
without him.

*AbeH.* Dere brother', hit were grete wonder  
that I & thou shuld go in sonder', 155  
Then wold oure fa'ler haue grete ferly ;  
Ar' we not brether', thou & I ?

*Cayn*. No, bot' cry on, cry, whyls the thyнк good ;  
Here my trowth, I hold the woode ; 159  
Wheder that' he be blithie or' wroth  
to dele my good is me full lothie.  
I haue gone oft' on softer' wise  
ther' I trowed som prow wold rise. 163

I see I must  
come then.  
Go on be-  
fore.

Bot' weH I se go must' I nede ;  
now weynd before, iH myght' thou spede !  
syn that' we shaH algat's go.

*AbeH.* leif' brother', whi sais thou so ? 167

Let us go  
together,  
says Abel.

Bot' go we furth both togeder ;  
blissid' be god we haue fare weder.

*Cayn*. lay downe thi trusseH apon this hiH.

*AbeH.* fforsoth broder, so I wiH : 171

Gog of' heuen, take it' to good.

You tithe  
first, says  
Cain.

*Cayn*. Thou shaH tend first if thou were wood.

*AbeH.* God that' shope both erth and heuen),  
I pray to the thou here my steven), 175  
And take in thank, if thi wiH be,  
the tend that I offere here to the ;  
ffor' I gif' it' in good entent'  
to the, my lord, that aH has sent. 179

Abel burns  
his tithes.

I bren it now, with stedfast thoght,  
In worship of' hym that' aH has wroght.

Cain begins  
tithing.

*Cayn*. Ryse ! let' me now, syn thou has done ;  
lord of' heuen, thou here my boyne ! 183  
And ouer, god's forbot', be to the  
thank or' thew to kun me ;  
ffor', as browke I thise two shankys,  
It is full sore, myne vnthankys, 187  
The teynd that' I here gif' to the,  
of' corn, or' thyng, that' newys me ;  
Bot' now begyn wiH I then,  
syn I must' nede my tend to bren. 191  
Oone shefe, oone, and this makys two,  
bot' nawder of' thise may I forgo :



- Two, two, now this is thre,  
 yei, this also shaH leif with me : 195 He chooses  
 ffor I wiH chose and best haue, & keeps the  
 this hold I thrift of aH this thrafe ; best for  
 Wemo, wemo, foure, lo, here ! himself,  
 better groved me no this yere. 199 grumbling  
 all the time.
- At yere tyme I sew fayre corn,  
 yit was it sich when it was shorne,  
 Thystyls & brerys, yei grete plente,  
 And aH kyn wedis that myght be. 203 Cain keeps  
 on counting.  
 [The repeti-  
 tion of the  
 numbers  
 may mean  
 that he  
 counts 20  
 sheaves as  
 10, so as to  
 pay a 20th  
 instead of a  
 10th.]
- ffoure shefis, foure, lo, this makis fyfe—  
 deyH I fast thus long or I thrife—  
 ffye and sex, now this is sevyn,  
 bot this gettis neuer god of heuen ; 207  
 Nor none of thise foure, at my myght,  
 shaH neuer com in godis sight.  
 Sevyn, sevyn, now this is aght,  
 AbeH. Cain, brother, thou art not god betaght. 211  
 Cayn. We ! therfor is it that I say,  
 ffor I wiH not deyle my good away :  
 Bot had I gyffen hym this to teynd  
 Then wold thou say he were my Freynd ; 215 [Fol. 5, a.  
 Sig. C. 1.]
- Bot I thynk not, bi my hode,  
 To departe so lightly fro my goode.  
 we ! aght, aght, & neyn, & ten is this,  
 we ! this may we best mys. 219 We may best  
 do without  
 this one.
- Gif hym that that ligis thore ?  
 It goyse agans myn hart fuH sore. 221

(16)

- AbeH. Cam ! teynd right of aH bedeyn.  
 Cayn. we ! lo twelve, fyfteyn, sexteyn <sup>1</sup>  
 AbeH. Caym, thou tendis wrang, and of the warst. Abel tells  
 him he is  
 tithing  
 wrongly &  
 of the worst
- Cayn. we ! com nar, and hide myne een ;  
 In the wenyand wist ye now at last, 226  
 Or els wiH thou that I wynek ?  
 then shaH I doy no wrong, me thynk. 228

(17)

- let me se now how it is—  
 lo, yit I hold me paide ;  
 I teyndyd wonder weH bi ges,  
 And so euen I laide. 232

<sup>1</sup> MS. xij, xv, xvi.

(18)

*AbeH.* Came, of god me thynke thou has no drede.Devil speed  
me if he get  
a sheaf more.*Came.* Now and he get more, the dwiH me spede !

As mych as oone reepe,  
ffor' that cam hym fuH light chepe ; 236

Not as mekiH, grete ne smaH,  
as he myght wipe his ars with aH.  
ffor' that, and this that lyys here,  
haue cost me fuH dere ; 240

I had many  
a weary back  
in getting  
this.

Or' it was shorne, and broght in stak,  
had I many a very bak ;  
Therfor' aske me no more of this,  
ffor' I haue giffen that my wiH is. 244

*AbeH.* Cam, I rede thou tend right  
ffor' drede of hym that sittis on hight.

Never you  
mind how  
I'm tithing.

*Cayn.* How that I tend, rek the neuer a deiH,  
bot' tend thi skabbid shepe wele ; 248  
ffor' if thou to my teynd tent take,  
It bese the wars for' thi sake.

Here are two  
sheaves, and  
that must  
do.

Thou wold I gaf hym this shefe, or' this sheyfe ;  
na, nawder of thise [two<sup>1</sup>] wil I leife ; 252  
Bot take this, now has he two,  
and for' my sauH now mot' it go,  
Bot' it gos sore agans my wiH,  
and shal he like fuH iH. 256

*AbeH.* Cam, I reyde thou so teynd  
that god of heuen be thi freynd.

*Cayn.* My freynd ? na, not' bot' if he wiH !  
I did hym neuer yit' bot' skiH. 260  
If he be neuer so my fo,  
I am avisid gif hym no mo ;  
Bot' chaunge thi conscience, as I do myn,  
yit' teynd thou not' thi mesel swyne ? 264

*AbeH.* If thou teynd right thou mon' it fynde.

*Cayn.* Yei, kys the dwiHs ars behynde ;  
The dwiH hang the bi the nek !  
how that I teynd, neuer thou rek. 268

Cease your  
jangling.

WiH thou not' yit hold thi peasse ?  
of this Ianglyng I reyde thou seasse.  
And teynd I weH, or' tend I iH,  
bere the euen & speke bot' skiH. 272

Bot now syn thou has teyndid thyne,  
Now wiȝ I set fyr' on myne.

[Fol. 6, a.  
Sig. C. 2.]<sup>1</sup>

He sets fire  
to his offer-  
ing.

We! out! haro! help to blaw!

It wiȝ not bren for me, I traw;

276

Puf! this smoke dos me mych shame—  
now bren, in the dwiȝys name!

A! what dwiȝ of heȝ is it?

Almost had myne breȝ beyn dit.

280

had I blawen oone blast more

I had beyn choked right thore;

It stank like the dwiȝ in heȝ,

that longer ther' myȝht I not dweȝ.

284

*Abeȝ.* Cam, this is not worth oone leke;

thy tend shuld bren withouten smeke.

Abel says it  
is no good.

*Caym.* Com kys the dwiȝ right in the ars,

for the it brens bot the wars;

288

I wold that it were in thi throte,

ffyr', & shefe, and iȝh a sprote..

[*God appears above.*]

*Deus.* Cam, whi art thou so rebeȝ

Agans thi brother' abeȝ?

292

Thar' thou nowther' flyte ne chyde,

if thou tend right thou gettis thi mede;

And be thou sekir', if thou teynd fals,

thou bese alowed ther' after als.

[*Exit Deus.*] 296

(19)

*Caym.* Whi, who is that hob-ouer-the-waȝ?

we! who was that that piped so smaȝ?

Com go we hens, for perels aȝ;

God is out of his wit.

300

Com furth, abeȝ, & let vs weynd;

Me thynk that god is not my freynd,

on land then wiȝ I flyt.

303

(20)

*Abeȝ.* A, Caym, brother', that is it done.

Abel is  
shocked.

*Caym.* No, bot go we hens sone;

<sup>1</sup> The writer of MS. has by mistake continued his lines on Fol. 6 a, instead of fol. 5 b, and has made a note in red ink on top of fol. 5 b. as follows;—" [M]ȝ that this syde of the leyfe [sh]uld folow the other next syde [ac]cording to the tokyns here maide, [an]ȝ then after al stondys in ordre."

And if I may, I shaH be  
ther' as god shaH not me see. 307

He says he  
will go to his  
beasts.

*Abel.* Dere brother, I wiH fayre  
on feld ther' oure bestis ar',  
To looke if thay be holgh or' fuH.

Cain stops  
him and  
says it is  
time to pay  
Abel what  
he owes him.

*Caym.* Na, na, abide, we haue a crow to puH; 311  
Hark, speke with me or' thou go;  
what! wenys thou to skape so?  
we! na! I aght the a fowH dispyte,  
and now is tyme that I hit qwrite. 315

*Abel.* Brother, whi art thou so to me in Ire?

Why did  
your tithe  
burn & not  
mine?

*Caym.* we! theyf, whi brend thi tend so shyre?  
Ther' myne did bot' smoked  
right as it wold vs both haue choked. 319

*Abel.* Godis wiH I trow it were  
that myn brended so clere;  
1 If thyne smoked am I to wite?

I will take  
your life for  
it with this  
cheek bone.

*Caym.* we! yei! that shal thou sore abite; 323  
with cheke bon, or' that I blyn,  
shal I the & thi life twyn; [*Cain kills Abel.*]  
So lig down ther' and take thi rest,  
thus shaH shrewes be chastysed best. 327

(21)

Abel cries  
for venge-  
ance.

*Abel.* Veniance, veniance, lord, I cry!  
for' I am slayn, & not' gilty.

*Caym.* Yei, ly ther' old shrew, ly ther', ly! 330

(22)

If any one  
thinks he  
did amiss,  
Cain will  
make things  
worse.

And if any of' you thynk I did amys  
I shal it amend wars then it is,  
that aH men may it se: 333

weH wars then it is  
right so shaH it be. 335

(23)

[Fol. 5, b.]

But now  
that Abel is  
brought to  
sleep he  
would fain  
creep into a  
hole for 40  
days.

Bot' now, syn he is Broghit on Slepe,  
Into Som hole fayn wold I crepe;  
ffor ferd I qwake and can no rede,  
ffor be I taken, I be bot dede; 339

1 Originally written "I am not to wite"; "I" and "not" have been struck out with red ink, and "I" placed after "am."

here wiH I lig thise fourty dayes,

And I shrew hym that me fyrst rayse.

*Deus.* Caym, Caym!

[*God appears above.*]

God calls to Cain.

*Caym.*

who is that that callis me?

I am yonder, may thou not se?

343

*Deus.* Caym, where is thi brother' abeH?

Where is thy brother?

*Caym.* what askis thou me? I trow at heH:

At heH I trow he be—

who so were ther' then myght he se—

347

Or' somewhere fallen on slepyng;

Cain answers he may be in hell or asleep.

when was he in my kepyng?

*Deus.* Caym, Caym, thou was wode;

The voyce of thi brotheris blode

351

That thou has slayn, on fals wise,

from erth to heuen venyance cryse.

God curses him.

And, for' thou has broght thi brother' downe,

here I gif the my malison.

355

*Caym*<sup>1</sup>. Yei, dele aboute the, for' I wiH none,

or' take it the when I am gone.

Syn I haue done so mekiH syn,

that I may not thi mercy wyn,

359

And thou thus dos me from thi grace,

I shaH hyde me fro thi face;

And where so any man may fynd me,

Let hym slo me hardely;

363

And where so any man may me meyte,

Ayther' bi sty, or' yit' bi strete;

And hardely, when I am dede,

bery me in gudeboure at the quareH hede,

367

ffor', may I pas this place in quarte,

bi aH men set I not a fart.

If any man find him, let him slay him: and bury him "in gudeboure at the quarell head."

*Deus.* Nay, caym, it' bese not so;

I wiH that no man other' slo,<sup>1</sup>

371

ffor' he that sloys yong or' old

It shaH be punyshid sevenfold.

[*Exit Deus.*]

God will not let him be slain.

*Caym*<sup>1</sup>. No force, I wote wheder I shaH;

In heH I wote mon be my staH.

375

It is no boyte mercy to craue,

Cain knows that hell will be his place.

ffor' if I do I mon none haue;

377

<sup>1</sup> Opposite this line a later hand has added in the margin, "& that shaH do thy boddy der."

He wants to  
hide the  
body. Bot' this cors I wold were hid, 378  
ffor som man myght com at vngayn,  
' ffe fals shrew,' wold he bid,

If Pike-  
harnes were  
there they  
would bury  
it together. And weyn I had my brother' slayn. 381  
Bot' were pike-harnes, my knafe, here,  
we shuld bery hym both in fere.

How, pyke-harnes, scape-thryft! how, pike-harnes, how!  
*Garcio.* Master', master'! 385

Cain calls  
Pyke-  
harnes and  
hits him *Cayn'*. harstow, boy? ther' is a podyng' in the pot:  
take the that, boy, tak *the that*!

*Garcio.* I shrew thi baH vnder thi hode,  
If thou were my syre of flesh & blode; 389  
AH the day to ryn and trott',  
And euer amang thou strykeand,  
Thus am I comen bofettis to fott.

to keep his  
hand in. *Cayn'*. Peas, man, I did it bot to vse my hand; 393

(24)

[Fol. 6, b.]  
He tells him  
he has slain  
Abel. Bot Harke, boy, I haue a counseH to the to Say—  
I slogh my brother' this same day;  
I pray the, good boy, and thou may,  
to ryn away *with* the bayn. 397

The boy  
cries out  
upon him. *Garcio.* We! out apon the, thefe!  
has thou thi brother' slayn?  
*Caym.* Peasse, man, for' god's payn! 400

(25)

I saide it' for' a skaunce.

We shall  
come off ill  
if the bailies  
catch us. *Garcio.* Yey, bot' for ferde of grevance  
here I the forsake;  
we mon haue a mekiH myschaunce  
and the bayles vs take. 405

(26)

Cain pro-  
mises to cry  
his peace. *Caym'*. A, sir, I cry you mercy; seasse!  
and I shaH make you a releasse.

*Garcio.* what, wilt thou cry my peasse 408

(27)

thrughtout this land?

*Cayn'*. Yey, that I gif god a vow, belife.

*Garcio.* how wiH thou do long or' thou thrife?

*Caym'*. Stand vp, my good boy, belife,  
and thaym peasse both man & [w]ife; 412

(28)

And who so wiH do after me  
ffuH slape of thrift then shal he be.  
Bot thou must be my good boy,  
and cry oyes, oyes, oy!

He bids him  
cry *Oyez*.

*Garcio*. Browes, browes, to thi boy. 417

(29)

*Caym*<sup>1</sup>. I commaund you in the kyngis nayme,  
*Garcio*. And in my masteres, fals Cayme,  
*Caym*<sup>1</sup>. That no man at thame fynd fawt ne blame.  
*Garcio*. Yey, cold rost is at my masteres hame. 421

Cain makes  
proclama-  
tion of  
pardon for  
himself &  
his boy.  
The boy  
mocks him  
in audible  
'asides.'

(30)

*Caym*<sup>1</sup>. Nowther with hym nor with his knafe,  
*Garcio*. What, I hope my master rafe.  
*Caym*<sup>1</sup>. ffor thay ar trew, fuff many fold;  
*Garcio*. My master suppy no coyle bot cold. 425  
*Caym*<sup>1</sup>. The kyng wrytis you vntil.  
*Garcio*. Yit ete I neuer half my fiH. 427

(31)

*Caym*<sup>1</sup>. The kyng wiH that thay be safe,  
*Garcio*. Yey, a draght of drynke fayne wold I hayfe.  
*Caym*<sup>1</sup>. At thare awne wiH let tham wafe;  
*Garcio*. My stomak is redy to receyfe. 431

(32)

*Caym*<sup>1</sup>. Loke no man say to theym, on nor other;  
*Garcio*. This same is he that slo his brother. 433  
*Caym*<sup>1</sup>. Byd euery man thaym luf and lowt,  
*Garcio*. Yey, iH spon weft ay comes foule out.  
*Caym*<sup>1</sup>.<sup>1</sup> long or thou get thi hoyse and thou go thus  
about. 436

(33)

Byd euery man theym please to pay.

*Garcio*. Yey, gif don, thyne hors, a wisp of hay.

*Caym*<sup>1</sup>. we! com downe in twenty dwiH way,

The dwiH I the betake;

440

ffor bot it were abeH, my brothere,

yit knew I neuer thi make.

442

Cain curses  
the boy.  
He has never  
known his  
equal since  
Abel.

[Fol. 7, a.  
Sig. C, 3.]

<sup>1</sup> This line should probably be *Garcio*'s.



(34)

The boy  
wishes the  
spectators  
the blessing  
God gave  
Cain.

*Garcio.* Now old and yong<sup>r</sup>, or<sup>t</sup> that ye weynd, 443

The same blissyng withoutten end<sup>r</sup>,

AH sam then shaH ye haue, 445

That god of heuen my master has giffen<sup>r</sup>;

Browke it weH, whils that ye liffen<sup>r</sup>,

he voweche it fult weH safe. 448

(35)

Cain makes  
the boy go  
to the  
plough.

*Caym<sup>r</sup>.* Com downe yit in the dwiH<sup>r</sup>s way,

And angre me no more;

And take yond plogh<sup>r</sup>, I say,

And weynd the furth fast before; 452

And I shaH, if I may,

Tech the another<sup>r</sup> lore;

I warn the lad, for<sup>t</sup> ay,

firo now furth<sup>r</sup>, euer<sup>r</sup>more,

That thou greue me noght; 457

If he angers  
him he will  
hang him  
on it.

fior<sup>r</sup>, bi God<sup>r</sup>s sydis, if thou do,

I shaH hang the apon this plo,

with this rope, lo, lad, lo!

By hym that me dere boght. 461

(36)

Now fayre weH, felows aH,

fior I must ned<sup>r</sup>s weynd,

And to the dwiH be thraH,

wark<sup>r</sup> withoutten end<sup>r</sup>. 465

His own  
place must  
be in hell.

Ordand ther<sup>r</sup> is my staH,

with sathanas the feynd,

Euer iH myght hym befaH

that theder me commend<sup>r</sup>,

This tyde. 470

ffare weH les, & fare weH more,

fior now and euer more,

I wiH go me to hyde. 473

*Explicit Mactacio AbeH.*

*Sequitur<sup>r</sup> Noe.*

(III.)

Processus Noe cum filiis. Wakefeld.

[Fol. 7, b.]

[In 62 nine-line stanzas, aaaabcecb, with central rymes in aaaa, markt here by bars.]

[Dramatis Personae.

Noe.		Primus filius.		Prima Mulier.
Deus.		Secundus filius.		Secunda Mulier.
Vxor Noe.		Tercius filius.		Tercia Mulier.]

Noe. (1)

**M**yghtfuH god veray / Maker of aH that is,  
Thre persons withoutten nay / oone god in  
endles blis,  
Thou maide both nyght & day / beest, fowle,  
& fysh,

Noah praises  
God for His  
work of  
creation.

AH creatures that lif may / wroght thou at thi wish,

As thou wel myght ; 5

The son, the moyne, verament,

Thou maide ; the firmament,

The sternes also fuH feruent,

To shyne thou maide ful bright. 9

(2)

Angels thou maide ful euen / aH orders that is,

To haue the blis in heuen / this did thou more & les,

ffuH mervelus to neuē / yit was ther' vnkyndnes,

More bi foldis seuē / then I can weH expres ;

ffor' whi ? 14

Of aH angels in brightnes

God gaf lucifer' most lightnes,

Yit prowldy he flyt his des,

And set hym euen hym by. 18

(3)

He thought hymself as worthi / as hym that hym made,

In brightnes, in bewty / therfor' he hym degrade ;

put hym in a low degre / soyn after, in a brade,

hym and aH his menye / wher' he may be vnglad

ffor euer. 23

and the fall  
of Lucifer.

shaH thay neuer wyn away

hence vnto domysday,

Bot burne in bayle for' ay,

shaH thay neuer dysseuer. 27

(4)

Noah recalls  
the creation  
of Adam &  
Eve

Soyne after that gracyous lord / to his liknes maide  
man, 28

That place to be restord / euen as he began),  
Of the trinite bi accord / Adam & eue that woman),  
To multiplie without discord / In paradise put he thaym),  
And sithen to both 32  
Gaf in commaundement,  
On the tre of life to lay no hend ;  
Bot yit the fals feynd  
Made hym with man wroth, 36

(5)

and their  
Fall.

Entysyd man to glotony / styrd him to syn in pride ;  
Bot in paradise securly / myght no syn abide,  
And therfor man fuH hastely / was put out, in *that* tyde,  
In wo & wandreth for to be / In paynes fuH vnrid  
To knawe,<sup>1</sup> 41  
ffyrst in ertH, in sythen in heH  
with feyndis for to dweH,  
Bot he his mercy meH  
To those that wiH hym trawe. 45

(6)

[Fol. 6, a.  
Sig. C, 4.]

All living  
people now  
sin boldly.

Oyle of mercy he Hus hight / As I haue Hard red,  
To enery lifyng wight / that wold luf hym and dred ;  
Bot now before his sight / enery lifyng leyde,  
Most party day and nyght / syn in word and dede  
ffuH bold ; 50  
Som in pride, Ire, and enuy,  
Som in Couet[yse]<sup>2</sup> & glotyny,  
Som in slotH and lechery,  
And other wise many folk. 54

(7)

So that he  
dreads God's  
vengeance.

Therfor I drede lest god / on vs will take veniance,  
ffor syn is now alod / without any repentance ;  
Sex hundreth yeris & od / haue I, without distance,  
In ertH, as any sod / liffyd with grete grevance  
AH way ; 59

<sup>1</sup> MS. knowe.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Couetous.

And now I wax old,  
seke, sory, and cold,  
As muk apon mold  
I widder away ;

Noah him-  
self is old.

63

(8)

Bot yit wiH I cry / for mercy and caH ;  
Noe thi seruant, am I / lord ouer aH !  
Therfor me and my fry / shal wiH me faH ;  
saue from velany / and bryng to thi haH

He calls to  
God for  
mercy.

68

In heuen ;  
And kepe me from syn,  
This warld within ;  
Comly kyng of mankyn,

I pray the here my stevyn ! [God appears above.]

(9)

Deus. Syn I haue maide aH thyng / that is lifland,  
Duke, emperour, and kyng / wiH myne awne hand,  
ffor to haue thare likyng / bi see & bi sand,  
Euery man to my bydyng / shuld be bowand

God solilo-  
quizes. He  
has made all  
men & they  
should love  
Him &  
repent.

ffuH feruent ;

77

That maide man sich a creatoure,  
ffarest of favioure,  
Man must luf me paramoure,  
by reson, and repent.

81

(10)

Me thoght I shewed man luf / when I made hym to be  
aH angels abuf / like to the trynyte ;  
And now in grete reprufe / fuH low ligis he,  
In erth hymself to stuf / wiH syn that displeasse me

But they lie  
sunk in sin,  
for which He  
will take  
vengeance.

Most of aH ;

86

Veniance wiH I take,  
In erth for syn sake,  
My grame thus wiH I wake,  
both of grete and smaH.

90

(11)

I repente fuH sore / that euer maide I man),  
Bi me he settis no store / and I am his soferan ;  
I wiH distroy therfor / Botli beest, man, and woman,  
aH shaH perish les and more / that bargan may thay  
ban,

He repents  
He ever  
made man.

[Fol. S, b.]

The earth is  
full of sin. That iH has done. 95  
In ertH I se right nought  
Bot syn that is vnsoght;  
Of those that weH has wroght  
ffynd I bot <sup>1</sup> a fone. 99

(12)

God will  
destroy it  
with floods, Therfor shaH I fordo / AH this mediH-erd  
with floodis that shaH flo / & ryn with hidous rend;  
I haue good cause therto / ffor me no man is ferd,  
As I say shal I do / of veniance draw my swerd,  
& make end  
of every  
thing living, And make end 104  
save Noah  
& his wife. of all that beris life,  
Sayf noe and his wife,  
ffor thay wold neuer stryfe  
With me [ne] me offend. [MS. then.] 108

(13)

He will  
warn Noah  
quickly. hym to mekiH wyn / hastily wiH I go,  
To noe my seruand, or I blyn / to warn hym of his wo.  
In ertH I se bot syn / reynand to and fro,  
Emang both more & myn / ichon other fo;  
With aH thare entent; 113  
AH shaH I fordo  
with floodis that shall floo,  
wirk shaH I thaym wo,  
That wiH not repent. [God descends & comes to Noah.]

(14)

God bids  
Noah build  
a ship Noe, my freend, I thee commaund / from cares the to  
keyle, 118  
A ship that thou ordand / of nayle and bord ful wele.  
Thou was alway weH wirkand / to me trew as stele,  
To my bydyng obediand / frendship shal thou fele.  
To mede; 122  
of lennthe thi ship be  
Thre hundredth cubettis, warn I the,  
Of heght euen thirte,  
of fyfty als in brede. 126

(15)

800 cubits  
long,  
80 high,  
50 broad. Anoynt thi ship with pik and tar / without & als within,  
The water out to spar / this is a noble gyn;

<sup>1</sup> MS. bot.

look no man the mar' / thre chese<sup>1</sup> chambres begyn,  
 Thou must spend many a spar' / this wark or' thou wyn  
 To end fully.

How the ark  
 is to be  
 fitted.

131

Make in thi ship also,  
 parloures oone or' two,  
 And houses of offyce mo,

ffor' beest's that ther must be.

135

(16)

Oone cubite on hight / A wyndo shal thou make ;  
 on the syde a doore with slyght / be-neyth shal thou take ;  
 With the shal no man fyght / nor' do the no kyn wrake.  
 When aH is doyne thus right / thi wife, that is thi make,

Take in to the ;

140

[Fol. 9, a.]  
 Noah is to  
 take his  
 wife, his  
 three sons &  
 their wives,

Thi sonnes of good fame,  
 Sem, Iaphet, and Came,  
 Take in also hame,

Thare wif's also thre.

144

(17)

ffor' aH shal be fordone / that lif' in land bot' ye,  
 with flood's that from abone / shal faH, & that plente ;  
 It shaH begyn fuH sone / to rayn vncessantle,  
 After dayes seuen be done / and induyr' dayes fourty,  
 withoutten fayH.

to escape the  
 rain that  
 shall last  
 40 days.

149

Take to thi ship also  
 of ich kynd beest's two,  
 MayH & femayH, bot no mo,

Or' thou puH vp thi sayH.

153

He is to take  
 in the ark  
 two beasts  
 of every  
 kind,

(18)

ffor' thay may the awayH / when al this thyng is wroght ;  
 Stuf' thi ship with vitayH, / ffor' hungre that ye perish  
 noght ;

and to  
 victual it  
 well.

Of beest's, fouH, and catayH / ffor' thaym haue thou in  
 thoght,

ffor thaym is my counsayH / that som socour' be sought,

In hast ;

158

Thay must haue corn and hay,  
 And oder' mete alway ;

Do now as I the say,

In the name of' the holy gast.

162

<sup>1</sup> MS. "chefe." Compare line 231.

(19)

Noah asks  
who it is  
who speaks.      *Noe.* A! benedicite! / what art thou that thus      163  
Tellys afore that shaH be? / thou art fuH mervelus!  
TeH me, for charite / thi name so gracijs.

God declares  
Himself.      *Deus.* My name is of dignyte / and also fuH glorijs  
To knowe.<sup>1</sup>      167  
I am god most myghty,  
Oone god in trynty,  
Made the and ich man to be;  
To luf me weH thou awe.      171

(20)

Noah thanks  
Him for  
appearing to  
a simple  
knave like  
himself, &  
begs His  
blessing.      *Noe.* I thank the, lord, so dere / that wold vouch sayf  
Thus low to appere / to a symple knafe;  
Blis vs, lord, here / for charite I hit crafe,  
The better may we stere / the ship that we shaH hafe,  
Certayn.      176

God blesses  
him.      *Deus.* Noe, to the and to thi fry  
My blyssyng graunt I;  
Ye shaH wax and multiply,  
And fiH the erth agane,      180

(21)

When aH thise floodis ar past / and fully gone away.

Noah says  
he will go  
tell his wife.      *Noe.* lord, homward wiH I hast / as fast as that I may;  
My [wife] wiH I frast / what she wiH say, [*Exit Deus.*]  
And I am agast / that we get som fray

Betwixt vs both;      185  
ffor she is fuH tethee,  
ffor litiH oft angre,  
If any thyng wrang be,  
Soyne is she wroth.      *Tunc perget ad uxorem.*      189

(22)

[Fol. 9, b.]      God spede, dere wife / how fayre ye?  
Vxor. Now, as euer myght I thryfe / the wars

She wants to  
know what  
he has been  
doing.      I thee see;  
Do teH me belife / where has thou thus long be?  
To dede may we dryfe / or lif for the,  
ffor want.      194

<sup>1</sup> MS. knowe.



When we swete or<sup>s</sup> swynk,  
thou dos what thou thynk,  
Yit of mete and of drynk  
haue we veray skant.

We sweat  
while you  
play.

198

(23)

Noe. Wife, we ar<sup>s</sup> hard<sup>s</sup> sted / with tythyngis new.

Noah has  
bad news.

Vxor<sup>s</sup>. Bot<sup>s</sup> thou were worthi be cled / In stafford blew ;  
ffor<sup>s</sup> thou art alway adred / be it fals or<sup>s</sup> trew ;  
Bot god knowes I am led / and that<sup>s</sup> may I rew,  
ffuH ih ;

His wife says  
he should be  
"clad in  
stafford  
blew," for  
he is always  
afraid.

203

ffor I dar<sup>s</sup> be thi borow,  
ffrom euen vnto morow,

Thou spekis euer of<sup>s</sup> sorow ;

God send the onys thi fiH !

207

(24)

We women may wary / aH ih husbandis ;

I haue oone, bi mary ! / that lowsyd me of my bandis ;

If he teyn I must tary / how so euer it standis,

With seymland fuH sory, / wryngand both my handis

ffor drede.

Women may  
curse all ill  
husbands,  
but she  
knows how  
to pay out  
hers.

212

Bot yit other while,

What with gam & with gyle,

I shaH smyte and smyle,

And qwrite hym his mede.

216

(25)

Noe. We ! hold<sup>s</sup> thi tong, ram-skyt / or I shaH the stiH.

Vxor<sup>s</sup>. By my thryft, if<sup>s</sup> thou smyte / I shal turne the  
vntiH.

Noe. We shaH assay as tyte / haue at the, giH !

Apon the bone shal it byte. /

Vxor<sup>s</sup>. A, so, mary ! thou smytis ih !

Noah bids  
her hold her  
tongue.  
She dares  
him. He  
strikes her.

221

Bot I suppose

I shal not in thi det,

fflyt<sup>s</sup> of<sup>s</sup> this flett !

Take the ther<sup>s</sup> a langett

To tye vp thi hose !

She hits  
back,

225

(26)

Noe. A ! wilt thou so ? / mary, that<sup>s</sup> is myne.

Vxor<sup>s</sup>. Thou shal thre for two / I swere bi godis pyne.

& promises  
three blows  
for two.

Noah pro-  
mises to pay  
her back.

Noe. And I shaH qwyte the tho / In fayth or' syne. 228

Vxor'. Out' apon the, ho ! /

Noe. Thou can both byte and whyne,  
with a renk ; 230

ffor aH if' she stryke,

There is no  
wife like her  
on earth.

yit' fast' wiH she skryke,  
In fayth I hold' none slyke

In aH mediH-erck ; 234

(27)

Bot' I wiH kepe charyte / ffor' I haue at do.

She says she  
will go spin.

Vxor'. Here shal no man tary the / I pray the go to !

ffuH weH may we mys the / as euer haue I ro ;

To spyn wiH I dres me. /

Noe. We ! fare weH, lo ;

Noah bids  
her pray for  
him.

Bot wife, 239

Pray for me besele,

To eft I com vnto the.

Vxor. Euen as thou prays for' me,

As euer myght' I thrife. [Exit Vxor.] 243

(28)

[Fol. 10, a.]  
Noah begins  
work on the  
ark,

Noe. I tary fuH Lang / Fro my warke, I traw ;

Now my gere wiH I fang / and thederward draw ;

I may fuH iH gang / the soth for to knaw,

Bot if god help amang / I may sit' downe daw

To ken) ; 248

Now assay wiH I

first invok-  
ing the  
Trinity.

how I can of wrightry,

In nomine patris, & filii,

Et spiritus sancti, Amen. 252

(29)

He gets the  
ark of the  
right  
dimensions.

To begyn of this tree / my bonys wiH I bend,

I traw from the trynyte / socoure wiH be send ;

It fayres fuH fayre, thynk me / this wark to my hend ;

Now blissid be he / that this can amenck.

lo, here the lenght, 257

Thre hundreth cubettis euenly,

of' breed lo is it fyfty,

The heghit is euen thyrtty

Cubettis fuH strenght. 261

(30)

Now my gowne wiH I cast / and wyrk in my cote, 262 Takes off his  
Make wiH I the mast / or I flyt oone foote, gown to  
A ! my bak, I traw, wiH brast ! / this is a sory note ! mast, but  
hit is wonder that I last / sich an old dote finds it hard  
work for his  
old bones.

AH dold, 266  
To begyn sich a wark !  
My bonys ar so stark,  
No wonder if thay wark,  
ffor I am full old. 270

(31)

The top and the sayH / both wiH I make, He makes  
The helme and the casteH / also wiH I take, top & sail,  
To drife ich a nayH / wiH I not forsake, helm &  
This gere may neuer fayH / that dar I vndertake castle, &  
drives in the  
nails.  
Onone. 275

This is a nobuH gyn,  
Thise nayles so thay ryn,  
Thoro more and myn,  
Thise bordis ichon ; 279

(32)

wyndow and doore / euen as he saide, He makes  
Thre ches chambre / thay ar weH maide, window &  
Pyk & tar full sure / ther apon laide, door, &  
This wiH euer endure / therof am I paide ; three rooms.  
ffor why ? 284

It is better wroght  
Then I coude haif thoght ;  
hym that maide aH of noght  
I thank oonly. 288

(33)

Now wiH I hy me / and no thyng be leder', Then comes  
My wife and my meneye / to bryng euen heder. to his wife  
Tent hedir tydely / wife, and consider, & bids her  
hens must vs fle / AH sam togeder flee.

In hast. 293  
Vcorl. Whi, syr', what alis you ?  
Who is that asalis you ? [Fol. 10, b.]  
To fle it aualis you, She asks  
what ails  
him.  
And ye be agast. 297

(34)

Noah tells  
his wife of  
the coming  
flood.

Noe. Ther is garū on the reyH / other, my dame. 298

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. TeH me that ich a deyH / els get ye blame.

Noe. He that cares may keiH / blissid be his name!  
he has for oure seyH / to sheld vs fro shame,

And sayd, 302

AH this world aboute

With floodis so stoute,

That shaH ryn on a route,

ShaH be ouerlaide. 306

(35)

All are to be  
slain save  
themselves,  
their sons,  
and their  
son's wives.

he saide aH shaH be slayn / bot oonely we,  
Oure barnes that ar' bayn / and thare wifis thre;  
A ship he bad me ordayn / to safe vs & oure fee,  
Therfor' with aH oure mayn / thank we that fre

Beytter of' bayH; 311

hy vs fast, go we thedir'.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. I wote neuer whedir',

She is afraid  
at his tale.

I dase and I dedir

tfor' ferd of that tayH. 315

(36)

Noah bids  
wife & sons  
help get  
together  
their goods.  
They all  
promise.

Noe. Be not aferd, haue done / trus sam oure gere,  
That we be ther' or none / without more dere.

primus filius. It shaH be done fuH sone / brether', help  
to bere.

Secundus filius. ffuH long shaH I not hoyne / to do my  
devere,

Brether sam. 320

Tercius filius. without any yelp,

At my myght shaH I help.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Yit for drede of a skelp

help weH thi dam. 324

(37)

The gear  
must be got  
into the ark.

Noe. Now ar' we there / as we shuld be;

Do get in oure gere / oure cataH and fe,

In to this vesseH here / my chylder fre.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. I was neuer bard ere / As euer myght I the,

In sich an oostre as this. 329

In fath I can not fynd  
 which is before, which is behynd ;  
 Bot shaft we here be pynd,  
 Noe, as haue thou blis ?

The wife  
 complains of  
 the ark.  
 She can't  
 tell fore from  
 aft.

333

(38)

Noe. Dame, as it is skiH / here must vs abide grace ;  
 Therfor, wife, with good wiH / com into this place.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Sir, for Iak nor for giH / wiH I turne my face  
 TiH I haue on this hiH / spon a space

She won't go  
 in till she  
 has done  
 some  
 spinning.

338

on my rok ;

WeH were he, myght get me,

Now wiH I downe set me,

Yit reede I no man let me,

ffor drede of a knok.

342

(39)

Noe. Behold to the heuen / the cateractes aH,

That are open fuH euen / grete and smaH,

And the planetts seuen / left has thare staH,

Thise thoners and levyn / downe gar' faH

Noah sees  
 the heavens  
 are threaten-  
 ing.

ffuH stout,

347

Both halles and bowers,

[Fol. 11, a.]

Castels and towres ;

ffuH sharp ar' thise showers,

that renys aboute ;

351

(40)

Therfor, wife, haue done / com into ship fast.

and bids her  
 come in.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Yei, noe, go cloute thi shone / the better wiH  
 thai last.

prima mulier<sup>l</sup>. Good moder, com in sone / ffor' aH is ouer  
 cast,

Her sons'  
 wives  
 entreat her.

Both the son and the mone. /

Secunda mulier<sup>l</sup>. and many wynd blast

ffuH sharp ;

356

Thise floodis so thay ryn,

Therfor moder come in.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. In fayth yit wiH I spyn ;

AH in vayn ye carp.

She says she  
 will spin on.

360

(41)

Tercia Mulier<sup>l</sup>. If ye like ye may spyn / Moder, in the  
 ship.

"Why not  
 spin in the  
 ship?"

She will  
spin out her  
spindle on  
the hill  
where she is.

Noe. Now is this twyys com in / dame, on my frenship.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Wheder I lose or I wyn / In fayth, thi felow-  
ship,

set I not at a pyn / this spyndiH wiH I slip

Apon this hiH,

365

Or I styr' oone fote.

Noe. Peter! I traw we dote ;  
without any more note

Come in if ye wiH.

369

(42)

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Yei, water nyghlys so nere / that I sit not dry,  
Into ship with a byr' / therfor' wiH I hy  
ffor' drede that I drone here. /

Noe. dame, securly,

It bees boght fuH dere / ye abode so long by  
out' of ship.

374

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. I wiH not, for thi bydyng,  
go from doore to mydyng<sup>r</sup>.

Noah  
threatens  
her with the  
whip.

Noe. In fayth, and for' youre long taryyng

Ye shal lik on the whyp.

378

(43)

She defies  
him,

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Spare me not, I pray the / bot euen as thou  
thynk,

Thise grete wordis shaH not flay me. /

Noe.

Abide, dame, and drynk,

ffor' betyn shaH thou be / with this staf to thou stynk ;

Ar' strok's good? say me. /

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. what say ye, wat wynk?

383

Noe. speke!

Cry me mercy, I say!

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Therto say I nay.

Noe. Bot thou do, bi this day,

Thi hede shaH I breke.

387

(44)

& wishes she  
were a  
widow. She  
wouldn't  
grudge a  
penny dole  
for his soul  
then, & sees  
other wives  
who think  
the same.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Lord, I were at ese / and hertely fuH hoylle,  
Might I onys haue a measse / of wedows coyH ;

ffor' thi sauH, without lese / shuld I dele penny doyH,  
so wold mo, no frese / that I se on this sole

of wifis that ar' here,

392

ffor the life that thay leyd,  
Wold thare husbandis were dede,  
ffor, as euer ete I brede,

Wives have  
such a bad  
life.

So wold I oure syre were.

396

(45)

Noe. Yee men that has wifis / whyls they ar' yong,  
If ye luf youre lifis / chastice thare tong :  
Me thynk my hert ryfis / both levyr' and long,  
To se sich stryfis / wedmen emong ;

Noah bids  
husbands  
chastise  
their wives'  
tongues  
early.

Bot I,

401

As haue I blys,  
shaH chastyse this.

[Fol. 11, b.]  
He will set  
an example.

Vxor'. Yit may ye mys,

NichoH nedy !

405

(46)

Noe. I shaH make þe stiH as stone / begynnar' of  
blunder' !

He threaten  
& beats her.

I shaH bete the bak and bone / and breke aH in sonder'.

[*They fight.*]

Vxor'. Out, alas, I am gone ! / oute apon the, mans  
wonder !

She cries out  
& beats him  
back.

Noe. Se how she can grone / and I lig vnder ;

Bot, wife,

410

In this hast let vs ho,  
ffor my bak is nere in two.

Vxor'. And I am bet so blo

That I may not thryfe. [*They enter the Ark.*] 414

(47)

Primus filius. A ! whi fare ye thus ? / ffader and moder  
both !

Their sons  
reproach  
them.

Secundus filius. Ye shuld not be so spitus / standyng  
in sich a woth.

Tercius filius. Thise ar' so hidus / with many a cold coth.

Noe. we wiH do as ye bid vs / we wiH no more be  
wroth,

Dere barnes !

419

Now to the helme wiH I hent,  
And to my ship tent.

Noah takes  
the helm.

Vxor'. I se on the firmament,

Me thynk, the seven starnes.

423



(48)

The flood  
rises.*Noe.* This is a grete flood / wife, take hede. 424*Vxor'.* So me thoght, as I stode / we ar' in grete  
drede ;

Thise wawghes ar' so wode. /

Noah calls  
on God.*Noe.* help, god, in this nede !

As thou art' stere-man good / and best, as I rede,

Of aH ; 428

Thou rewle vs in this rase,

As thou me behete hase.

*Vxor'.* This is a perlous case :

help, god, when we caH ! 432

(49)

Noah bids  
his wife take  
the helm  
while he  
sounds.*Noe.* Wife, tent the stere-tre / and I shaH asay

The depnes of the see / that we bere, if' I may.

*Vxor'.* That shaH I do ful wysely / now go thi way,  
ffor' upon this flood haue we / flett many day,

with pyne. 437

*Noe.* Now the water wiH I sownd :

A ! it is far to the grownd ;

This traueH I expownd

had I to tyne. 441

(50)

The waters  
are 15 cubits  
above the  
hills, but  
now they  
will abate,  
after the 40  
days' rain.

Aboue aH hillys bedeyn / the water is rysen late

*Cubettis fyfiteyn*,<sup>1</sup> / bot in a higher state

It may not be, I weyn / for this weH I wate,

This forty dayes has rayn beyn / lt' wiH therfor' abate

FuH lele. 446

This water in hast,

eft wiH I tast ;

He sounds  
again.

Now am I agast,

It is wanyd a grete dele. 450

(51)

Now are the weders cest / and cateractes knyrt,

Both the most and the leest. /

The wife sees  
the sun  
shining in  
the east.*Vxor'.* Me thynk, bi my wit,

The son shynes in the eest / lo, is not yond it'?

we shuld haue a good feest / were thise floodis flyt

So spytus. 455

Noe. we haue been here, aH we,  
thre hundreth<sup>1</sup> dayes and fyfty.

They have  
now been  
350 days in  
the ark.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Yei, now wanyis the see ;  
lord, weH is vs !

459

(52)

Noe. The thryd tyme wiH I prufe / what depnes we  
bere.

[Fol. 12, a.]  
Noah takes  
soundings a  
third time, &  
touches  
ground.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Now long shaH thou hufe / lay in thy lyne there.

Noe. I may towch with my lufe / the grownd evyn  
here.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Then begynnys to grufe / to vs mery chere ;  
Bot, husband,

464

What grownd may this be ?

Noe. The hyllys of armonye.

They are on  
the hills of  
Armenia.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Now blissid be he

That thus for vs can ordand !

468

(53)

Noe. I see toppys of<sup>t</sup> hyllys he / many at a syghit,  
No thyng to let me / the wedir<sup>s</sup> is so bright.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Thise ar of<sup>t</sup> mercy / tokyns full right.

Noe. Dame, thi counseH me / what fowH best myghit,

Noah asks  
his wife what  
bird will fly  
away &  
soonest  
bring back  
a token of  
mercy.

And Cowth,

473

with flight of wyng

bryng, without taryying,

Of mercy som tokynyng

Ayther<sup>s</sup> bi north or southe ?

477

(54)

ffer this is the fyrst day / of the tent moyne.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. The ravyn, durst I lay / wiH com agane sone ;

She suggests  
the raven.

As fast as thou may / cast hym furth, haue done,

He may happyn to day / com agane or<sup>s</sup> none

With grath.

482

Noe. I wiH cast out also

Dowfys oone or<sup>s</sup> two :

Go youre way, go,

He lets loose  
a dove or  
two also.

God send<sup>t</sup> you som wathe !

486

(55)

Now ar<sup>s</sup> thise fowles flone / Into seyr<sup>s</sup> countre ;

Pray we fast ichon / kneland on our kne,

- Noah and  
his family  
pray to God  
that the  
birds may  
return with  
good news.
- To hym that is alone / worthiest of degre, 489  
That he wold send anone / oure fowles som fee  
To glad vs. 491  
*Vxor*<sup>l</sup>. Thai may not fayH of land,  
The water is so wanand.  
*Noe*. Thank we god aH weldand,  
That lord that made vs. 495
- (56)
- He wonders  
why they  
tarry so  
long.
- It is a wonder thyng / me thynk sothle,  
Thai ar so long taryyng / the fowles that we  
Cast out in the mornyng. /  
*Vxor*<sup>l</sup>. Syr, it may be  
Thai tary to thay bryng. /  
*Noe*. The ravyn is a hungrye  
AH way ; 500  
He is *with*out any reson,  
And he fynd any caryon,  
As *per*aventure may befon,  
he wiH not away ; 504
- (57)
- He hopes  
most from  
the dove.  
The wife sees  
her coming  
with an  
olive-branch  
in her bill.
- The dowfe is more gentiH / her trust I vntew,  
like vnto the turtiH / for she is ay trew.  
*Vxor*<sup>l</sup>. hence bot a litiH / she *commys*, lew, lew !  
she bryngys in her biH / som novels new ;  
Behald ! 509  
It is of an olif tre  
A branch, thynkys me.  
*Noe*. It is sothi, perde,  
right so is it cald. 513
- (58)
- [Fol. 12, b.]  
Noah blesses  
the dove.
- Doufe, byrd fuH blist / ffayre myght the befaH !  
Thou art trew for to trist / as stou in the waH ;  
FuH weH I it wist / thou wold com to thi haH,  
*Vxor*<sup>l</sup>. A trew tokyn ist / we shaft be sauyd aH :  
ffor whi ? 518  
The water, syn she com,  
Of depnes plom,  
Is fallen a fathom,  
And more hardely. 522
- Her return  
is a true  
token they  
shall be  
saved.

(59)

*Primus filius.* Thise floodis ar' gone / fader, beholdt.

*Secundus filius.* Ther' is left right none / and that be ye boldt.

*Tercius filius.* As stiH as a stone / oure ship is stold.

*Noe.* Apon land here anone / that we were, fayn I wold ;

My childer dere, 527

Sem, Japhet and Cam,

with gle and with gam,

Com go we aH sam,

we wiH no longer abide here. 531

Noah's sons  
exclaim that  
the floods  
are gone &  
the ark rests  
quietly.

Noah bids  
them come  
all together  
out of the  
ark.

(60)

*Vxor'.* here haue we beyn / noy long enogh,

with tray and with teyn / and dreed mekiH wogh.

*Noe.* behaldt on this greyn / nowder cart ne plogh

Is left, as I weyn / nowder tre then bogh,

Ne other thyngt, 536

Bot aH is away ;

Many castels, I say,

Grete townes of aray,

flitt has this flowyngt. 540

There is  
neither cart  
nor plough,  
tree nor  
bough, to be  
seen on the  
land. Castles  
& towns are  
all swept  
away.

(61)

*Vxor'.* Thise floodis not afright / aH this worldt so wide  
has mevid with myght / on se and bi side.

*Noe.* To dede ar' thai dyght / prowdist of pryde,

Euer-ich a wyght / that euer was spyde,

With syn, 545

AH ar' thai slayn,

And put vnto payn.

*Vxor'.* ffrom thens agayn

May thai neuer wyn ? 549

The proudest  
of pride are  
slain and in  
torment,

(62)

*Noe.* wyn ? no, I-wis / bot he that myght hase

Wold myn of thare mys / & admytte thaym to grace ;

As he in bayH is blis / I pray hym in this space,

In heven hye with his / to purvaye vs a place,

That we, 554

never to  
escape  
thence, save  
God admit  
them to  
grace.

May God  
bring Noah  
& his family  
to heaven  
with His  
saints!

with his *santis* in sight,  
And his angels bright,  
May com to his light:  
Amen, for charite.

558

*Explicit processus Noe, sequitur Abraham.*

(IV.)

Sequitur Abraham.

[Fol. 13, a.  
Sig. D. 1.]

[*Incomplete. 35½ eight-line stanzas, ab ab ab ab.*]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

*Abraham.*  
*Primus Puer.*

*Deus.*  
*Isaac.*

*Secundus Puer.]*

*Abraham.*

(1)

Abraham  
prays to God  
for mercy.

A

donay, thou god veray,  
Thou here vs when we to the caH,  
As thou art he that best may,  
Thou art most socoure and help of aH;  
MightfuH lord! to the I pray,  
Let onys the oyle of mercy faH,  
ShaH I neuer abide that day,  
Truly yit I hope I shaH.

4

8

(2)

Mercy, lord omnipotent!

long syn he this warld has wrought;  
Wheder ar' aH oure elders went?

This musys mekiH in my thoght.  
ffrom adam, vnto eue assent,

Ete of that appyH sparid he noght,  
ffor aH the wisdom that he ment

ffuH dere that bargan has he boght,

12

16

(3)

ffrom paradise thai bad hym gang;

He went mowrnyng with symple chere,

And after liffyd he here fuH lang,

More then *thre hundreth*<sup>1</sup> yere,

20

Adam lived  
long in  
sorrow.

<sup>1</sup> MS. ccc.

In sorow and in traueH strang, And euery day he was in were ; his childre angred <sup>d</sup> hym amang ; Caym slo abeH, was hym fuH dere.	Cain slew Adam's dear son Abel.	24
(4)		
Sithen Noe, that was trew and good, his <sup>1</sup> and his chyldre thre, was saued when aH was flood :	Noah was saved from the Flood	
That <sup>t</sup> was a wonder thyng to se.		28
And loth fro sodome when he yode, <sup>2</sup> Thre cytees brent, yit eschapyd <sup>d</sup> he ; Thus, for thai manged my lordis mode, he vengid syn through his paustè.	and Lot from Sodom.	32
(5)		
when I thynk of oure elders aH, And of the mervels that has been), No gladnes in my hart may faH, M[y] comfort goys away fuH cleyn.	Abraham himself is sad at heart.  [Fol. 13, b.]	36
lord, when shaH dede make me his thraH ? An <i>hundreth</i> <sup>3</sup> yeris, certis, haue I seyn) ; Ma fa ! sone I hope he shaH, ffor' it were right hie tyme I weyn).	He is an hundred years old. When will death take him ?	40
(6)		
Yit adam is to heH gone, And ther' has ligen many a day, And <sup>4</sup> aH oure elders, euerychon, Thay ar gone the same way, Vnto god wiH here thare mone ; Now help, lord, adonay ! ffor', certis, I can no better wone, And ther' is none that better may.	His fore- fathers lie in hell till God release them.     He can do no better.	44     48
(7)	[God appears above.]	
<i>Deus.</i> I wiH help adam and his kynde, Might I luf and lewte fynd ; Wold thay to me be trew, and blyn Of thare pride and of thare syn : My seruand I wiH found & frast, Abraham, if he be trast ;	God desires to help Adam and his kind. He will prove Abraham's faith.	52

<sup>1</sup> Query "he."

<sup>3</sup> MS. c.

<sup>2</sup> MS. yede.

<sup>4</sup> MS. And and.

On certan wise I wiȝ hym proue,  
If he to me be trew of louf. 56

(8)

God calls  
to Abraham.

Abraham! Abraham! 57

*Abraham.* Who is that? war! let me se!

I herd oone neven my name.

*Deus.* It is I, take tent to me, 60

That fourmed thi fader adam,

And euery thyng in it degre.

*Abraham.* To here thi wiȝ, redy I am,

And to fulfiȝ, what euer it be. 64

(9)

He has heard  
his prayers,  
& now bids  
him take his  
son Isaac to  
'the land of  
Visyon' &  
there sacri-  
fice him.

*Deus.* Of mercy haue I herd thi cry,

Thi devoute prayers haue me bund;

If thou me luf, look þat thou hy

Vnto the land of Visyon;

And the thryd day be ther', bið I, 68

And take *with* the, Isaac, thi son,

As a beest to sacryfy,

To slo hym look thou not shon, 72

(10)

And bren hym ther' to thyn offerand.

Abraham  
cheerfully  
promises  
obedience.

*Abraham.* A, lovyd be thou, lord in throne!

hold ouer me, lord, thy holy hand,

ffor certis thi bidyng shaft be done. 76

Blissyd be that lord in euery land

wold viset his seruand thus so soyn.

ffayn wold I this thyng ordand,

ffor it profettis noght to hoyne; [*Exit Deus.*] 80

(11)

He must  
obey God  
whatever it  
costs him,  
even if he be  
bidden to  
slay wife and  
child.

This commaundement must I nedis fulfiȝ,

If that my hert wax hevy as leyde;

Shuld I offend my lordis wiȝ?

Nay, yit were I leyffer my child were dede. 84

What so he biddis me, good or iȝ,

That shaft be done in euery steede;

Both wife and child, if he bid spiȝ;

I wille not do agans his rede. 88



(12)

Abraham  
calls Isaac.

wist Isaac, wher' so he were,

he wold be abast now,

how that he is in dangere.

Isaac, son, wher art' thou?

92

Isaac. AH redy, fader, Lo me here;

Now was I commyng vnto you;

I luf' you mekiH, fader dere.

Abraham. And dos thou so? I wold wit how

96

[Fol. 14, a.  
Sig. D. 2.]  
Isaac comes  
to him. 'I  
love you  
much, dear  
father.'

(13)

lufis thou me, son, as thou has saide.

Isaac. Yei, fader', with aH myn hart,

More then aH that euer was maide;

God hold' me long youre life in quart!

100

Abraham. Now, who would not be glad that had

A child so lufand as thou art'?

Thi luffly chere makis my hert glad,

And many a tyme so has it gart.

104

Abraham  
rejoices in  
his son's  
love,

(14)

Go home, son; com sone agane,

And teH thi moder I com ful fast;

[*hic transsiet Isaac à patre,*

and bids him  
tell his  
mother he is  
coming  
quickly.

So now god the saif and sayne!

Now weH is me that he is past!

108

Alone, right here in this playn,

Might I speke to myn hart brast,

I wold' that aH were weH ful fayn,

Bot' it' must' nedis be done at last';

112

Now he is  
alone he  
could speak  
till his heart  
break.

(15)

And it' is good that I be war',

To be avised fuH good it were.<sup>1</sup>

The land of' vision is ful far',

The thrid day end must I be there;<sup>1</sup>

116

Myn ase shaH with vs, if' it thar',

To bere oure harnes les & more,

ffor' my son may be slayn no nar';

A swerd must' with vs yit therfore,

120

But he must  
prepare for  
his three  
days'  
journey.

<sup>1</sup> The rhyme needs 'wore, thore.'

Abraham  
will start  
this night,  
for God's  
will must be  
done.

(16)

And I shaH founde to make me yare ; 121

This nyght wiH I begyn my way,  
þof Isaac be neuer so fayre,

And myn awn son, the soth to say, 124

And thof he be myn right haire,

And aH shuld weld after my day,

God's bydyng shaH I not spare ;

shuld I that ganstande ? we, nay, ma fay ! 128

(17)

Isaac !

He calls  
Isaac, & tells  
him to pre-  
pare for a  
journey to  
sacrifice in a  
far country.  
He is to take  
wood & fire.

*Isaac.*—sir !

*Abraham.*—luke thou be bowne ;

ffor certan, son, thi self and I,

we two must now weynd furth of towne,

In far country to sacrifice,

ffor certan skyllys and encheson. 132

Take wod and fyere with the, in hy ;

Bi hillys and dayllys, both vp & downe,

son, thou shal ride and I wiH go bi.

Isaac shall  
ride & he  
will walk.

136

(18)

looke thou mys noght þat thou shuld nede ;

Do make the redy, my darlyng !

Isaac is  
ready at his  
word.

*Isaac.* I am redy to do this dede,

And euer to fulfiH youre bydyng.

140

*Abraham.* My dere son, look thou haue no drede,

We shal com home with grete lovyng ;

Both to & fro I shal vs lede ;

Com now, son, in my blyssyng.

144

(19)

Ye two here with this asse abide,

[*To the Servants.*

ffor Isaac & I wiH to yond hiH ;

It is so hie we may not ride,

therfor ye two shal abide here stiH.

148

*primus puer*<sup>1</sup>. sir, ye ow not to be denyed :

we ar redy youre bydyng to fulfiH.

*secundus puer*<sup>1</sup>. What so euer to vs betide

To do youre bidyng ay we wiH.

152

[They come  
near the hill  
of sacrifice.]  
Abraham  
tells the  
servants to  
stay behind.

(20)

*Abraham.* God's blyssyng<sup>t</sup> haue ye both in fere ;  
I shaH not tary long you fro.

Abraham  
blesses  
them. He  
will soon be  
back.

*primus puer*<sup>l</sup>. Sir, we shal abide you here,  
Oute of this stede shaH we not go.

156

*Abraham.* Childre, ye ar' ay to me fuH dere,  
I pray god kepe [you] euer fro wo.

*Secundus puer*<sup>l</sup>. we wiH do, sir, as ye vs lere.

*Abraham.* Isaac, now ar' we bot' we two,

160

(21)

we must go a fuH good paase,

ffor it' is farther than I wend<sup>t</sup> ;

we shaH make myrth & grete solace,

Bi this thyng be broght to end<sup>t</sup>.

164

lo, my son, here is the place.

*Isaac.* wod and fyere ar' in my hend ;

Telh me now, if' ye haue space,

where is the beest' that' shuld' be brend ?

168

He and  
Isaac come  
to the place.

Isaac asks  
where is the  
beast they  
are to burn.

(22)

*Abraham.* Now, son, I may no longer layn.

sich wiH is into myne hart went ;

Thou was euer to me fuH bayn

Euer to fulfiH myñ entent<sup>t</sup>.

172

Bot' certainly thou must' be slayn,

And it' may be as I haue ment.

*Isaac.* I am hevy and nothyng fayn,

Thus hastily that shaH be shent.

176

Abraham  
tells him he  
is to be  
slain.

Isaac is  
heavy at  
heart and  
unwilling.

(23)

*Abraham.* Isaac !

*Isaac.* sir ?

*Abraham.* Com heder, bid I ;

Thou shal be dede what so euer betide.

*Isaac.* A, fader, mercy ! mercy !

*Abraham.* That' I say may not' be denyde ;

180

Take thi dede therfor' mekely.

*Isaac.* A, good sir, abide ;

fader !

*Abraham.* What son ?

*Isaac.* to do youre wiH I am redy,

where so euer ye go or' ride,

184

Abraham  
bids him  
take his  
death  
meekly & he  
submits.

(24)

Isaac says  
since he has  
trespassed  
he would be  
beaten.

If I may oght<sup>t</sup> ouertake youre wiH,  
syn I haue trepa[s]<sup>t</sup> I wold be bet.  
*Abraham.* Isaac!

185

*Isaac.*

What, sir?

*Abraham.*

good son, be stiH.

*Isaac.* fader!*Abraham.*

what, son!

But what  
has he done?

*Isaac.*

think on thi get!

188

what haue I done?

"Truly, no  
ill," Abra-  
ham an-  
swers, yet  
that may not  
help him.

*Abraham.*

truly, none iH.

*Isaac.* And shaH be slayn?*Abraham.*

so haue I het.

*Isaac.* sir, what may help?*Abraham.*

certis, no skiH.

*Isaac.* I ask mercy.*Abraham.*

that may not let.

192

(25)

His ques-  
tions wring  
Abraham's  
heart, but  
he bids him  
lie still.

*Isaac.* when I am dede, and closed<sup>t</sup> in clay,  
who shaH then be youre son?

*Abraham.* A, lord, that I shuld abide this day!*Isaac.* sir, who shaH do that I was won?

196

*Abraham.* speke no sich wordis, son, I the pray.*Isaac.* shaH ye me slo?*Abraham.*

I trow I mon;

lyg stiH! I smyte!

*Isaac.*sir, let<sup>t</sup> me say.*Abraham.* Now, my dere chilk<sup>t</sup>, thou may not shon<sup>t</sup>. 200

(26)

[Fol. 15, a.  
Sig. D. 3.]

Isaac quakes  
at the sight  
of the sword.  
He is placed  
on his face  
that he may  
not see it.

*Isaac.* The shynying of youre bright<sup>t</sup> blaydeIt<sup>t</sup> gars me quake for ferde to dee.*Abraham.* Therfor<sup>t</sup> groflyngis thou shaH be layde,

Then when I stryke thou shal not se.

204

*Isaac.* What<sup>t</sup> haue I done, fader, what haue I saide?*Abraham.* Truly, no kyns iH to me.*Isaac.* And thus gyltles shaH be arayde.*Abraham.* Now, good son, let sich wordis be.

208

(27)

*Isaac.* I luf<sup>t</sup> you ay.*Abraham.*

so do I the.

Isaac. ffader!

Abraham. what, son?

Isaac. let now be seyn.

Isaac im-  
plores Abra-  
ham by his  
mother's  
love.

ffor my moder luf.

Abraham. let be, let be!

It wiH not help that thou wold meyn;

212 Abraham  
turns aside,  
blinded by  
tears.

Bot ly styH tiH I com to the,

I mys a lytyH thyng, I weyn.

he spek's so rufully to me

That water shotis in both myn eeyn,

216

(28)

I were leuer than aH wardly wyn,

That I had fon hym onys vnkynde,

Bot no defawt I faund hym in:

If only he  
had found  
Isaac once  
unkind!

I wold be dede for hym, or pynde;

220

To slo hym thus, I thynk grete syn,

So rufuH wordis I with hym fynd;

I am fuH wo that we shuld twyn,

ffor he wiH neuer oute of my mynd.

224

(29)

What shal I to his moder say?

ffor "where is he," tyte wiH she spyr;

If I teH hir, "ron away,"

hir answe're bese belife—"nay, sir!"

What shall  
he say to his  
mother? She  
will not  
believe Isaac  
has run  
away.

228

And I am ferd hir for to slay;

I ne wote what I shal say tiH hir.

he lyys fuH stiH ther' as he lay,

ffor to I com, dar he not styr.

232

(30) [God appears above.]

Deus. AngeH, hy with aH thi mayn!

To abraham thou shaft be sent;

say, Isaac shaft not be slayn;

he shaft lif, and not be brent.

God bids an  
angel tell  
Abraham to  
spare his  
son.

236

My bydyng standis he not agane,

Go, put hym out of his intent;

Byd hym go home agane,

I know weH how he ment.

240

(31)

[Fol. 15, b.]  
The Angel  
rejoices in  
his errand.

*Angelus.* Gladly, Lord, I am redy :  
thi bidyng shaH be magnyfyed ;  
I shaH me spede ful hastily,  
the to obeye at euery tyde ; 244  
Thi wiH, Thi name, to glorifye,  
Ouer aH this world so wide ;  
And to thi seruand now in hy,  
good, trew, abraham, wiH I glyde. 248

(32)

Abraham  
says to him-  
self he must  
run up sud-  
denly & slay  
Isaac where  
he lies.

*Abraham.* Bot myght I yit of wepyng sese,  
tiH I had done this sacrifice ;  
It must nedis be, withoutten lesse,  
thof aH I carpe on this kyn wise, 252  
The more my sorow it wiH increas ;  
when I look to hym, I gryse ;  
I wiH ryn on a res,  
And slo hym here, right as he lyse. 256

(33)

The Angel  
bids him  
hold his  
hand.

*Angelus.* Abraham ! Abraham ! [Seizes him.]  
*Abraham.* Who is ther' now ?  
War' ! let the<sup>1</sup> go.

*Angelus.* stand vp, now, stand ;  
Thi good wiH com I to alow,  
Therfor I byd the hold<sup>t</sup> thi hand. 260  
*Abraham.* say, who bad<sup>t</sup> so ? any bot<sup>t</sup> thou ?  
*Angelus.* Yei, god ; & sendis this beest to thyn offerand<sup>t</sup>.  
*Abraham.* I speke with god latter, I trow,  
And doyng he me commaund. 264

(34)

The Angel  
assures him,  
& he thanks  
God for His  
goodness.

*Angelus.* He has persauyd thy mekenes  
And thi good wiH also, I wis ;  
he wiH thou do thi son no distres,  
ffor' he has graunt to the his blys. 268  
*Abraham.* Bot wote thou weH that it is  
As thou has sayd ?  
*Angelus.* I say the yis.  
*Abraham.* I thank the, lord<sup>t</sup>, weH of goodues,  
That aH thus has relest<sup>t</sup> me this ; 272

<sup>1</sup> Query "me."

(35)

To speke with the haue I no space,  
with my dere son tiH I haue spokyn.

My good son, thou shal haue grace,

On the now wiH I not be wrokyn ;

Ryse vp now, with thi frely face.

Isaac. sir, shaH I lif?

Abraham. yei, this to tokyn.

*Et osculatur eum.*

Abraham  
tells Isaac  
he is not to  
be killed.  
Bids him  
arise,

276

and kisses  
him.

son thou has skapid a fuH hard grace,

Thou shuld haue beyn both brent & brokyn.

280

(36)

Isaac. Bot, fader, shaH I not be slayn?

Abraham. No, certis, son.

Isaac. then am I glad ;

Good sir, put vp youre sword agayn.

Abraham. Nay hardely, son, be thou not adrad.

284

Isaac bids  
him put up  
his sword  
again.

Isaac. Is aH for geyn?

Abraham. yei, son, certan.

Isaac. ffor' ferd, sir, was I nere-hand mad.

286

He was  
almost mad  
for fear.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Two leaves of the MS. are wanting here, sigs. d 4 and d 5. They contained the end of *Abraham* and the beginning, almost all, of *Isaac*.]

(V.)

[Fol. 16, a.]

[Isaac.]

[Incomplete. The last 35 couplets only left.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Isaac. Jacob. Esaw. Rebecca.]

\* \* \* \* \*

[Isaac.] Com nere son and kys me,  
that I may feyle the smeH of the.

The smeH of my son is lyke

to a feld with flouris, or hony bike.

where art thou, Esaw, my son?

Jacob. here, fader, and askis youre benyson.

Isaac bids  
Esaw come  
near that he  
may sinell  
him.

4

Jacob comes  
instead and  
asks his  
blessing.



Isaac blesses  
Jacob in  
mistake for  
Esau.

*Isaac*!. The blyssyng my fader gaf to me,  
god of heuen & I gif the ; 8  
God gif the plente grete,  
of wyne, of oyȝ, and of whete ;  
And graunt thi childe aȝ  
to worship the, both grete and smaȝ ; 12  
who so the blyssys, blyssed be he ;  
who so the waris, wared be he.  
Now has thou my grete blyssyng,  
loue the shaȝ aȝ thyne ofspryng ; 16  
Go now wheder thou has to go.

*Jacob*. Graunt mercy, sir, I wiȝ do so.

*recedet iacob.* [*Esau advances.*]

Esau brings  
Isaac the  
venison he  
has prepared  
and asks his  
blessing.

*Esau*. haue, ete, fader, of myn huntyng,  
And gif me sythen your blyssyng. 20

*Isaac*!. Who is that ?

*Esau*. I, youre son

*Esau*, bryngis you venyson.

*Isaac*!. Who was that was right now here,  
And broght me bruet of a dere ? 24  
I ete weȝ, and blyssyd hym ;  
And he is blyssyd, iȝh a lym.

*Esau*. Alas ! I may grete and sob.

Isaac sees  
how he has  
been  
beguiled by  
Jacob.

*Isaac*!. Thou art begylyd through iacob,  
That is thyne awne german brother. 28

*Esau*. haue ye kepyd me none other  
Blyssyng then ye set hym one ?

He gives  
Esau the  
best blessing  
he can.

*Isaac*. sich another haue I none ; 32  
Bot god gif the to thyn handband  
the dew of heuen & frute of land ;  
Other then this can I not say.

Esau vows  
to slay Jacob  
if he meet  
him.

*Esau*. Now, alas, and walo-way ! 36  
May I with that tratoure mete,  
my faders dayes shaȝ com with grete,  
And my moders also ;  
may I hym mete, I shaȝ hym slo. 40

[*Esau retires. Rebecca advances.*]

*Rebecca*. Isaac, it were my deth  
If Iacob weddeth in kynd of heth :

I wiH send hym to aran,  
there my brothere dwellys, laban ;  
And there may he serue in peasse  
tiH his brother's wrath wiH seasse.

44 Rebecca and  
Isaac resolve  
to send  
Jacob to his  
uncle Laban  
till Esau's  
wrath cease.

why shuld I apou a day  
loyse both my sonnes ? better nay.

48

Isaac. Thou says soth, wife ; caH hym heder,  
And let vs teH hym where & wheder  
That he may fle esaw,  
that vs both hetis bale to brew.

52

[*Iacob advances.*]

Rebecca. Iacob, son ! thi fader & I  
wolk speke with the ; com, stand vs by !  
Out of contry must thou fle,  
that Esaw slo not the.

Rebecca  
tells Jacob  
he must flee  
from Esau.

56

Iacob. Whederward shuld I go, dame ?

Rebecca. To mesopotameam ;  
To my brothere, and thyn eme,  
that dwellys besyde Iordan streme ;  
And ther' may thou with hym won,  
to Esaw, myne other' son,  
fforget, and aH his wrath be dede.

[Fol. 16, b.]

60

Iacob. I wiH go, fader, at youre rede.

64

Isaac. Yei, son, do as thi moder says ;  
Com kys vs both, & weynd thi ways.

*et osculatur.*

He kisses his  
father &  
mother, &  
goes his way  
with their  
blessing.

Iacob. Haue good day, sir and dame !

Isaac. God sheld the, son, from syn and shame !

68

Rebecca. And gif the grace, good man to be,  
And send me glad tythyngis to the.

*Explicit Isaac.*

(VI.)

## Sequitur iacob.

[71 couplets aa.]

[Dramatis Personae.]

Jacob.  
Deus.  
RachcH.

Lya. [Leah.]  
Turmac.

Joseph.  
Benjamin.  
Esau.]

Iacob.

Jacob prays  
God to be  
his guide on  
his way.

**H**elp me lord<sup>t</sup>, adonay,  
And hald<sup>t</sup> me in the right<sup>t</sup> way  
To mesopotameam ;  
ffor<sup>t</sup> I cam neuer or<sup>t</sup> now where I am ; 4  
I cam neuer here in this contre ;

lord<sup>t</sup> of<sup>t</sup> heuen, thou help me !  
ffor<sup>t</sup> I haue maide me, in this strete,  
sore bonys & warkand feete. 8

The son is downe, what is best<sup>t</sup> ?  
her<sup>t</sup> purpose I aH nyght to rest<sup>t</sup> ;  
Vnder<sup>t</sup> my hede this ston<sup>t</sup> shal ly ;  
A nyghtis rest<sup>t</sup> take wiH I. 12

He lies down  
to sleep with  
a stone for a  
pillow.

God appears  
to him and  
blesses him.

Deus. Iacob, iacob, thi god I am ; [Deus appears above.]  
Of<sup>t</sup> thi forfader abraham,  
And of<sup>t</sup> thi fader Isaac ;  
I shaH the blys for<sup>t</sup> thare sake. 16  
This land<sup>t</sup> that<sup>t</sup> thou slepys in,  
I shaH the gif<sup>t</sup>, and thi kyn ;  
I shaH thi seede multiply,  
As thyk as powder on erth<sup>t</sup> may ly. 20  
The kynd of<sup>t</sup> the shaH sprede wide,  
ffrom eest<sup>t</sup> to west<sup>t</sup> on euery syde,  
ffrom the south vnto the north<sup>t</sup> ;  
aH that<sup>t</sup> I say, I shaH forth<sup>t</sup> ; 24  
And aH the folkis of<sup>t</sup> thyne ofspryng,  
shal be blyssyd of<sup>t</sup> thy blyssyng<sup>t</sup>.  
Iacob, haue thou no kyns drede !  
I shaH the clethe, I shaH the fede. 28  
WhartfuH shaH I make thi gate ;  
I shal the help erly and<sup>t</sup> late ;

And aH in qwart shaH I bryng the  
home agane to thi countre.  
I shaH not fayH, be thou bold,  
Bot I shaH do as I haue told.

32 God pro-  
mises him a  
peaceful  
return home.

*hic vigilet.*

*Iacob.* A! lord! what may this mene?  
what haue I herd in slepe, and sene?  
That god leynd hym to a stegh,  
And spake to me, it is no leghe;  
And now is here none othere gate,  
bot god's howse and heuens yate.  
lord, how dredfuH is this stede!  
ther' I layde downe my hede,  
In god's lovyng I rayse this stone,  
And oyH wiH I putt theron).  
lord of heuen, that aH wote,  
here to the I make a hote:  
If thou gif me mete and foode,  
And close to body, as I behoued,  
And bryng me home to kyth and kyn,  
by the way that I walk in,  
withouH skathe and in quarte,  
I promyse to the, with stedfast hart,  
As thou art lord and god myne,  
And I Iacob, thi trew hyne,  
This stone I rayse in sygne to day  
shaH I hold holy kyrk for ay;  
And of aH that newes me  
rightwys tend shaH I gif the.

36 Jacob  
awakes, &  
sets up a  
stone in  
praise of  
God, pouring  
oil thereon.

40

44

The stone is  
his witness,  
that if God  
provides for  
him & brings  
him home in  
peace he wil  
hold to his  
holy Church  
for ever.

48

52

[Fol. 17, a.]

56

*hic egrediatur iacob de aran in terram natiuitatis sue.*

A, my fader, god of heuen,  
that saide to me, thugh thi steven,  
when I in aran was dwelland,  
that I shuld turne agane to land  
Ther' I was both fed and borne,  
warnyd thou me, lord, beforne,  
As I went toward aran  
with my staff, and passyd Iordan:

60 On his return  
from Aran,  
Jacob  
remembers  
God's pro-  
mise.

64

Jacob is re-  
turning with  
two hosts of  
men.

And now I com agane to kyth,  
with two ostes of men me with. 68

Thou hete me, lord, to do weH with me,  
to multiplye my seede as sand of see ;

He prays  
God to pro-  
tect him  
from Esau.

Thou saue me, lord, thurgh vertew,  
ffrom veniance of Esaw, 72

That he slo not, for old greme,  
these moders with thare barne temie.

*RacheH.* Oure anguysh, sir, is many fold.  
syn that oure messyngere vs told 76

That Esaw wold you slo,  
with foure hundreth men and mo.

He has sent  
Esau many  
beasts as a  
present, &  
hopes it  
may pacify  
him.

*Iacob.* ffor soth, racheH, I haue hym sent  
of many beestis sere present. 80

May tyde he wiH oure giftis take,  
And right so shaH his wrath slake.

where ar oure thyngis, ar thay past Iordan ?

*Lya.* Go and look, sir, as ye can. 84

*hic scrutetur superlectile, & luctetur angelus cum eo.*

He wrestles  
with God,  
and will not  
let Him go.

*Deus.* The day spryngis ; now lett me go.

*Iacob.* Nay, nay, I wiH not so,  
Bot thou blys me or thou gang :  
If I may, I shaH hold the lang. 88

*Deus.* In tokynyng that thou spekis with me,  
I shaH toelie now thi thee,  
That halt shaH thou euermore,  
bot thou shaH fele no sore ; 92  
What is thy name, thou me tell ?

*Iacob.* Iacob.

God changes  
his name to  
Israel.

*Deus.* nay, bot IsraeH ;  
syn thou to me sich strengtlie may kythe,  
to men of ertH thou must be stythe. 96

*Iacob.* what is thy name ?

Jacobs asks  
God's name,  
and is told  
"Wonder-  
ful."

*Deus.* whi askis thou it ?  
'wonderfuH,' if thou wil wyt.

*Iacob.* A, blys me, lord !

*Deus.* I shaH the blys,  
And be to the fuH propyce, 100

And gyf the my blyssyng for' ay,  
As lord and he that aH may.

God blesses  
Jacob.

I shaH grayth thi gate,  
And fuH weH ordeyn thi state ; 104  
when thou has drede, thynk on me,  
And thou shal fuH weH saynyd be,  
And look thou trow weH my sayes ;  
And fareweH now, the day dayes. 108

*Jacob.* Now haue I a new name, israeH ;  
this place shaH [hight] fānuēH,  
ffor' I haue seyn in this place,  
god of' heuen face to face. 112

Jacob calls  
the place  
"Fanuell,"  
for he has  
seen God  
face to face.

*RacheH.* Iacob, lo we haue tythand  
that Esaw is here at hand. 112

Rachel  
announces  
the approach  
of Esau.

*hic diuidit turmas in tres partes.*

*Jacob.* RacheH, stand thou in the last eschele,  
ffor' I wold thou were sauyn wele ; 116  
CaH Ioseph and beniamin,  
And let theym not fro the twyn.  
If it be so that Esaw  
vs before aH-to-hew, 120  
Ye that ar' here the last  
Ye may be sauyn if ye fle fast.

Jacob  
divides his  
hosts into  
three parts,  
placing  
Rachel & her  
sons in the  
third for  
safety.

[Fol. 17, b.]

& vadat iacob osculand<sup>1</sup> Esaw ; venit iacob, flectit  
genua exorando deum, & leuando, occurrit illi Esau  
in amplexibus.

*Jacob.* I pray the, lord, as thou me het,  
<sup>1</sup> thou saue me and gete. 124

Jacob &  
Esau greet  
each other  
kindly.

*Esaw.* welcom brother, to kyn and kyth,  
thi wife and childre that comes the with.  
how has thou faren in far land ?  
teH me now som good tythand. 128

*Jacob.* WeH, my brother Esaw,  
If that thi men no bale me brew.

*dicat seruis suis.*

*Esaw.* wemo ! felows, hold youre hend,  
ye se that I and he ar' frend, 132

Esau bids  
his men hold  
their hands.

<sup>1</sup> MS. that.

And frenship here wiȝ we fulfiȝ,  
syn that it is godis wiȝ.

Jacob  
thanks Esau  
for his  
kindness.

*Iacob.* God yeldȝ you, brothere, that it so is  
thatȝ thou thi hyne so woldȝ kys.

136

Esau recog-  
nizes him as  
his lord  
"through  
destiny."

*Esau.* Nay, Iacob, my dere brothere,  
I shaȝ the teȝ aȝ anothere;  
Thou artȝ my lordȝ thurȝ destynȝ;  
go we togeder both thou and I,  
To my fader andȝ his wife,  
thatȝ lofys the, brotherȝ, as thare lyfe.

140

*Explicit Iacob.*

(VII.)

**Processus Prophetarum.**

[*Incomplete : 39 six-lined stanzas, aab ccb, and 4 bits of Latin.*]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

*Moyeses.*

*David.*

*Sybilla propheta.*

*Daniel.*]

*Moyeses.*

(Prolog.)

**P**rophetam excitabit deus de fratribus vestris;  
Omnis anima, que non audierit prophetam illum,  
exterminabitur de populo suo;  
Nemo propheta sine honore nisi in patriâ suâ.

(1)

Moses  
reminds the  
people of  
Israel of the  
condemna-  
tion of  
Adam.

Aȝ ye folk ofȝ israhȝ,  
herkyn to me! I wiȝ you teȝ

3

Tythyngis farly goode;

Aȝ wote ys how itȝ be feȝ

wherforȝ Adam was dampnyȝ to heȝ,

he, and aȝ his blode.

6

(2)

God will  
raise up a  
prophet, &  
all who  
believe in  
him shall be  
saved.

Therforȝ wiȝ godȝ styrȝ and rayse

A prophete, in som man dayes,

9

Of oure brethere kyn;

And aȝ trowes as he says,

And wiȝ walk in his ways,

ffrom heȝ he wiȝ theym twyn.

12



(3)

when his tyme begynnys to day,  
I rede no man fro hym dray,

He who will  
not hear him  
shall be as  
an outlaw

In way, ne stand on strut;  
ffor he that wiH not here his sagh,  
he be shewed as an out-lagh,

15

And from his folkis be putt.

18

(4)

I warne you weH that same prophete  
shaH com hereafterward, fuH swete,

The prophet  
shall show  
many  
marvels.

And many meruels shew;

21

Man shaH faH tiH his feete,  
ffor cause he can bales beete,

Thurgh his awn thew.

24

(5)

AH that wiH in trowth ren  
shaH he saue, I warne you then,

He will save  
them who  
walk in  
truth.

Trust shaH his name be.

27

Bot aH ouer wiH man prophete ken  
with worship, amangis men,

But a pro-  
phet ever  
has honour  
save in his  
own  
country.

Bot in his awne countre.

30

(6)

herkyns aH, both yong and old!  
God that has aH in wold,

[Fol. 18, a.]  
Moses de-  
clares God's  
command-  
ments.

Gretys you bi me;

33

his commaundementis ar ten;

Behold, ye that ar his men,

here ye may theym se.

36

(7)

his commaundementis that I haue broght,  
looke that ye hold thaym noght

They are no  
trifles nor  
fables.

ffor tryfys, ne for fables;

39

ffor ye shaH weH vnderstand

That god wrote theym with his hand

God wrote  
them with  
His own  
hand.

In thyse same tables.

42

(8)

Ye that thyse in hart wiH hald,  
vnto heuen shaH ye be cald,



(14)

The nenth bydis the, bi thi lif,		The ninth, not to covet thy neigh- bour's wife.
Thou desyre not thi neghbur's wife,		
Ne mayden that is his.	81	
The tent bidis the, for no case,		The tenth, not to covet nothing of thy neigh- bour's.
Desyre not wranwosly thyng thi neghbur has ;		
Do thus, and do no mys.	84	

(15)

I am the same man that god chase,		[Fol. 13, b.]
And toke the ten commaundementis of peasse		
In the monte synay ;	87	
Thise wordis, I say, ar no les ;		These words are true.
My name is callyd moyses ;		
And haue now aH good day !	[Exit Moses.] 90	
<i>David.</i> Omnes reges adorabunt eum, omnes gentes seruiunt ei.		

(16)

herkyn, aH, that here may,		David bids the people think on righteous- ness.
And perceyf weH what I shaH say,		
AH with righ[t]wisnes.	93	
loke ye put it not away,		
Bot thynk theron both nyght and day,		
ffor it is sothfastnes.	96	

(17)

Iesse son, ye wote I am ;		I am Jesse's son, David, and have all Israel sub- ject to me.
Dauid is my right name,		
And I bere crowne ;	99	
Bot ye me trow, ye ar to blame ;		
Of Israel, both wyld and tame,		
I haue in my bondon. <sup>1</sup>	102	

(18)

As god of heuen has gyffyn me wit,		He will sing a fytt, which shall be a prophecy.
shaH I now syng you a fytt,		
With my mynstrelsy ;	105	
loke ye do it weH in wrytt,		
And theron a knot knytt,		
ffor it is prophecy.	108	

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs 'bondowne.'

(19)

David sings  
of the  
coming of  
God's Son

Myrth I make tiH aH men,  
with my harp and fyngers ten,  
And warn theym that thay glad;  
ffor god wiH that his son down send,  
That wroght adam with his hend,  
And heuen and erth mayde.

111

114

(20)

to be man's  
Saviour. Of  
His coming  
he is glad.

He wiH lyght fro heuen towre,  
ffor to be mans saueyoure,  
And saue that is forlorne;  
ffor that I harp, and myrth make,  
Is for he wiH manhede take,  
I tell you thus beforne;

117

120

(21)

God's Son  
shall return  
to the  
highest seat  
in heaven.

And thider shaH he ren agane,  
As gyant of mych mayne,  
Vnto the hiest sete;  
Ther is nawther kyng, ne swayn,  
Then no thyng that may hym layn,  
Ne hyde from his hete.

123

126

(22)

He shall be  
lord of all.  
Kings shall  
kneel to  
Him,

he shaH be lord and kyng of aH,  
TyH hys feete shaH kyng's faH,  
To offre to hym wytterly.  
Blyssyd be that swete blome,  
That shaH saue vs at his com!  
IoyfuH may we be.

129

132

(23)

and bring  
Him rich  
gifts.

Riche gyftis thay shaH hym bryng,  
And tiH hym make offeryng,  
kneland on thare kne;  
weH were hym that that lordyng,  
And that dere derlyng,  
Myght bide on lyfe and se.

135

138

(24)

[Fol. 19, a.  
Sig. E. 1.]

Men may know hym bi his marke,  
Myrth and lovyng is his warke,  
that shaH he luf most.

141

lyght shaH be born that tyme in darke,  
Both to lawd man and to clark,  
the luf of rightwys gost.

Light shall  
come both  
to layman  
and to clerk.

144

(25)

Therfor, both emperoure and kyng,  
Ryche and poore, both old and ying,  
temper weH youre gle,  
Agans that kyng lyght downe,  
ffor to lowse vs of pryson,  
And make vs aH free.

Temper  
your glee,  
emperor &  
king, till  
that King  
come to  
free us.

147

150

Ostende nobis domine misericordiam tuam, et salutare  
tuum da nobis.

(26)

Thou shew thi mercy, lord, tyH vs,  
ffor to thou com, to heH we trus,  
we may not go beside;  
lord, when thi wiH is for to dele  
TyH us thi salue and thi hele,  
whom we aH abyde.

Till the  
Lord come  
we must all  
go to hell.

153

156

(27)

Now haue I songen you a fytt;  
loke in mynd that ye haue it,  
I rede with my myght;  
he that maide vs aH with his wytt,  
sheld vs aH from heH pytt,  
And graunt vs heuen lyght! [Exit David.]

I have sung  
you a fytt,  
look you  
keep it in  
mind.

159

162

*sibilla propheta.* Iudicii signum tellus sudore madescit,  
E celo rex adueniet per secula futurus,  
Scilicet in carne presens vt iudicet orbem.

(28)

Who so wyH here thythyngis glad,  
of hym that aH this world made,  
here me wytterly!  
sibiH sage is my name;  
Bot ye me here, ye ar to blame,  
My word is prophesy.

The Sibyl  
calls on men  
to hear her.

165

168

(29)

A new king  
is coming to  
fight the  
fiend.

AH men was slayn through adam syn,  
And put to pyne that neuer shaH blyn,  
through falsnes of the feynd;  
A new kyng comes from heuen to fyght  
Agans the feynd, to wyn his right,  
so is his mercy heynd.

171

174

(30)

He shall  
judge the  
world.

AH the world shaH he deme,  
And that haue seruyd hym to wheme,  
Myrth thaym mon betyde;  
AH shaH se hym with thare ee,  
Ryche and poore, low and hye,  
No man may hym hyde;

177

180

(31)

Every man  
shall rise in  
his flesh, &  
see Him on  
the Judg-  
ment Day.

Bot thay shaH in thare flesh ryse,  
That euery man shaH whake and gryse,  
Agans that ilk dome.  
with his santis, many oone,  
he shaH be sene in flesh and bone,  
that kyng that is to com.

183

186

(32)

[Fol. 19, b.]  
They shall  
stand before  
Him, and  
the earth  
shall be  
burnt with  
fire.

AH that shaH stand hym before,  
AH shal be les and more,  
Of oone eld ichon.  
Angels shaH qwake then for ferd,  
And fyre shaH bren this mydyH-erd,  
yei, erth and aH ther apon.

189

192

(33)

Hill and dale  
shall run  
together &  
all be made  
even.

shaH nothyng here in erth be kend,  
Bot it shaH be strewyd and brend,  
AH waters and the see.  
sythen shaH both hill and dale  
Ryn togeder, grete and smale,  
And aH shaH euen be.

195

198

(34)

At hys commyng shaH bemys blaw,  
That men may his commyng knaw;  
fuH sorowfuH shaH be that blast;

201

Ther is no man that herys it,  
Bot he shaH qwake for' aH his witt,  
Be he neuer so stedfast.

Trumpets  
shall blow at  
His coming,  
& men shall  
quake at the  
sound.

204

(35)

Then shaH heH gape and gryn,  
That men may know thare dome therin,  
Of that hye iustyce ;  
That iH have done, to heH mon go ;  
And to heuen the other' also,  
that' has been rightwys.

Hell shall  
gape & grin.  
The bad shall  
go there, the  
good to  
heaven.

207

210

(36)

Therfor', I rede ilk a man,  
kepe, as weH as he can,  
ffro syn and fro mysdede.  
My propheey now haue I told ;  
God' you saue, both yong and old,  
And help you at youre nede !

Therefore let  
each man  
keep him  
from sin.

213

[Exit Sybil.] 216

*Daniel.* Cum venerit sanctus sanctorum cessabit vncio  
vestra.

(37)

God that maide adam and eue,  
whils thay dyd weH, he gaf thaym leue  
In paradise to dwell ;  
Sone when thay that' appyH ete,  
Thay were dampned, sone and skete,  
Vnto the pyne of heH,

Daniel  
recalls the  
fall of Adam.

219

222

(38)

Thugh sorow and paynes euer new ;  
Therfor wyH god apon vs rew,  
And his son downe send  
Into erth, flesh to take,  
That is aH for oure sake,  
oure trespas to amend.

God wills  
that His Son  
shall take  
flesh to  
amend our  
trespass.

225

228

(39)

flesch with fleshe wiH be boght,  
That he lose not that he has wroght  
wyth hys awne hend ;

231



He shall be  
born of a  
maiden to  
save the  
lost.

Of a madyn shal he be borne,  
To saue aH that ar' forlorne,  
Euermore withoutten end.<sup>1</sup>

234

\* \* \* \* \*

## (VIII.)

[Fol. 21, a.  
Sig. E. 3.]

## Incipit Pharao.

[36 *eight-line* stanzas, ab ab ab ab ; 1 *seven-line* (no. 49), ab ab aba ;  
1 *six* (no. 55), ab ab ab ; 32 *fours*, ab ab ; and 2 *single lines*, 109,  
355.]

## [Dramatis Personae

Pharao.  
Primus Miles.  
Secundus Miles.

Moyses.  
Deus.

Primus Puer.  
Secundus Puer.]

Pharao.

(1)

Liltsters Pagonn.<sup>2</sup>

Pharaoh  
calls for  
Peace.

**P**Eas, of payn that no man pas ;  
bot kepe the course that I commaunde,  
And take good hede of hym that has  
youre helth aH holy in hys hande ; 4  
ffor kyng pharro my fader Was,

He is king  
as his father  
was before  
him.

And led thys lordshyp of thys land ;  
I am hys hayre as age Wyll has,  
Euer in stede to styr or stand. 8

(2)

All Egypt is  
his.

aH Egypt is myne awne  
To leede aftyr my law ;  
I Wold my myght Were knowne<sup>3</sup>  
And honoryd, as hyt awe. 12

They who  
hearken not  
to his words  
shall be  
hanged high.

ffuH low he shaH be thrawne  
That harkyns not my sawe,  
hanged hy and drawne,  
Therfor no boste ye blaw ; 16

<sup>1</sup> This Play is unfinished, the rest of fol. 19 b, and the whole of fol. 20, being left blank.

<sup>2</sup> This is written at top of the page in the margin, in a more recent hand ; but about half-way down (and not in the margin) are the words "lyster play," in yet another hand.

<sup>3</sup> MS. knowne.

(3)

Bot as for kyng I commaund peasse,  
 To aH the people of thys empyre.  
 looke no man put hym self in preaase,  
 Bot that WyH do as I desyre,  
 And of youre Wordis look that ye seasse.  
 Take tent to me, youre soferand syre,  
 That may youre comfort most increasse,  
 And to my lyst bowe lyfe and lyre.

Be obedient  
 and take  
 heed to me.

20

24

(4)

*Primus Miles.* My lord, if any here Were,  
 That Wold not wyrk youre Wyll,  
 If We myght com thaym nere,  
 ffuH soyn we shuld theym spyH.

[Fol. 21, b.]

The 1st  
 soldier will  
 kill any one  
 who will  
 not work  
 Pharaoh's  
 will.

28

(5)

*Pharao.* Thugh out my kyngdom Wold I ken,  
 And kun hym thank that Wold me teH,  
 If any Were so Waryd men  
 That wold my fors downe feH.  
*Secundus Miles.* My lord, ye haue a maner of men  
 that make great mastres vs emeH;  
 The Iues that Won in gersen,  
 thay ar callyd chyldyr of Israel.

Pharaoh  
 asks if there  
 are any in  
 his kingdom  
 who wish his  
 downfall.

32

The 2nd  
 soldier  
 thinks the  
 Jews in  
 'gersen' are  
 too strong.

36

(6)

Thay multyplye fuH fast,  
 and sothly We suppose  
 That shaft euer last,  
 oure lordshyp for to lose.

40

(7)

*Pharao.* Why, how haue thay sych gawdis begun?  
 ar thay of myght to make sych frayes?  
*Primus Miles.* Yei, lord, fuH feH folk ther Was fun  
 In kyng pharao, youre fader dayes.  
 Thay cam of Ioseph, Was iacob son—  
 he Was a prince Worthy to prayse—  
 In sythen in ryst haue thay ay ron;  
 thus ar thay lyke to lose youre layse,

They come  
 of Joseph,  
 Jacob's son.

48

## (8)

The Jews  
will con-  
found  
Pharaoh, if  
they go on  
multiplying.

Thay Wyth confound you cleyne, 49  
bot' if thay soner sesse.  
*Pharao.* What' deuyth is that' thay meyn  
that' thay so fast' incesse? 52

## (9)

They were  
but 70 when  
they came,  
and after  
400 years are  
300,000 men.

*Secundus Miles.* How thay increse full weith we ken,  
as oure faders dyd vnderstand ;  
Thay Were bot' sixty and ten  
when thay fyrst' cam in to thys land ; 56  
Sythen haue soiernd in gersen  
[Fower hundreth]<sup>1</sup> Wynter, I dar warand ;  
Now ar thay nowmbred of myghty men  
moo then [thre hundreth]<sup>2</sup> thousand, 60

## (10)

Wyth outen Wyfe and chyld,  
or hyrd's that kepe thare fee.  
*Pharao.* How thus myght we be begyld ?  
bot' shaH it not' be ; 64

## (11)

Pharaoh  
determines  
to crush  
them by  
cunning.

He is told of  
a prophecy,  
& gives  
orders that  
the midwives  
shall kill all  
Hebrew  
babies.

ffor wyth quantyse we shaH thaym queH,  
so pat thay shaH not far sprede.  
*Primus Miles.* My lord, we haue hard oure faders tell,  
and clerk's that weith couth rede, 68  
Ther shuld a man walk vs ameth  
that shuld fordo vs and oure dede.  
*Pharao.* ffy on hym, to the deuyth of heH !  
sych destynny wyth we not' drede ; 72

## (12)

[Fol. 22, a.  
Sig. E. 4.]

We shal make mydwyf's to spyH them  
where any ebrew is borne,  
And aH menkynde to kyH them),  
so shaH thay soyn be lorne. 76

## (13)

The rest  
shall be kept  
in bondage  
to ditch and  
delve.

And as for elder haue I none awe,  
sych bondage shaH I to thaym beyde,  
To dyke and delf, bere and draw,  
and to do aH vn timerly deyde ; 80

<sup>1</sup> MS. iijje.

<sup>2</sup> MS. ecc.

So shaH these laddis be halden law,  
 In thraldom euer thare lyfe to leyde.  
*Secundus Miles.* Now, certis, thys was a soteH saw,  
 thus shaH these folk no farther sprede.

The second  
 soldier  
 thinks this  
 a subtle  
 saying. 84

(14)

*Pharao.* Now help to hald theym downe,  
 look I no fayntnes fynde.  
*Primus Miles.* AH redy, lord, We shaH be bowne,  
 in bondage thaym to bynde.

Pharaoh  
 says there  
 must be no  
 faintness.

88

*Tunc Intrat moyses cum virgâ in manu, etc.*

(15)

*Moyes.* Gret god, that aH thys Warld began,  
 and growndyd it in good degre,  
 Thou mayde me, moyses, vnto man,  
 and sythen thou sauyd me from the se ;  
 kyng Pharao had commawndyd than,  
 ther shuld no man chyld sauyd be ;  
 Agans hys WyH away I wan ;  
 thus has god shewed hys myght for me.

Moses  
 thanks God  
 for saving  
 him from  
 Pharaoh at  
 his birth.

92

96

(16)

Now am I sett to kepe,  
 vnder thys montayn syde,  
 Byshope Iettyr shepe,  
 to better may be tyde ;

He is now  
 set to keep  
 sheep till  
 better  
 betide.

100

(17)

A, lord, grete is thy myght !  
 What man may of yond merueH meyn ?  
 Yonder I se a selcowth syght,  
 sych on in Warld Was neuer seyn ;  
 A bush I se burnand fuH bryght,  
 and euer elyke the leyfes are greyn ;  
 If it be wark of Warldly Wyght,  
 I WyH go wyt wythoutyn Weyn.

He sees a  
 strange  
 sight, a bush  
 burning  
 while its  
 leaves keep  
 green.

104

108

*Deus.* Moyes, Moyes !

*hic operat ad rubum, et dicit ei deus, etc.*

## (18)

God bids  
Moses take  
off his shoes  
for the place  
is hallowed.

Moyses, com not to nere, 110  
bot styH in that stede thou dweH,  
And harkyn vnto me here ;  
take tent What I the telH. 113  
do of thy shoyes in fere,  
wyth mowth as I the meH,  
the place thou standis in there  
forsothe, is halowd WeH. 117

## (19)

He declares  
himself as  
the God who  
blessed  
Abraham,  
Isaac and  
Jacob.

I am thy lord, Wythouten lak,  
to lengthe thi lyfe euen as I lyst ;  
I am god that som tyme spake  
to thyn elders, as thay Wyst ; 121  
To abraam, and Isaac,  
and iacob, I sayde shuld be blyst,  
And multytude of them to make,  
so that thare seyde shuld not be myst. 125

## (20)

He will not  
suffer  
Pharaoh to  
hurt the  
Jews.

Bot now thys kyng, pharao,  
he hurtys my folk so fast,  
If that I suffre hym so,  
thare seyde shuld soyne be past ; 129  
Bot I WyH not so do,  
in me if thay WyH trast,  
[Fol. 22, b.] Bondage to bryng<sup>t</sup> thaym fro.  
therfor thou go in hast' 133

## (21)

Moses is  
bidden to  
tell Pharaoh  
to let the  
Jews go to  
the Wilder-  
ness to  
worship  
God.

To do my message, haue in mynde,  
to hym that me sych<sup>n</sup> harme mase ;  
Thou speke to hym Wyth wordis heynde,  
so that he let my people pas, 137  
To Wyldernes that thay may Weynde,  
to Worshyp me as I wyH asse.  
Agans my wyH if that thay leynd,  
ful soyn hys song shaH be ' alas.' 141

(22)

*Moyes.* A, lord ! pardon me, Wyth thy leyf,  
that lynage luffis me noght ;  
Gladly thay Wold me greyf,  
if I sych bodworde broght.

Moses begs  
God to send  
somebody of  
more force.

145

(23)

Good lord, lett som othere frast,  
that has more fors the folke to fere.

*Deus.* Moyes, be thou nott abast,  
my bydyng shaH thou boldly bere ;

God bids  
him not be  
abashed.

149

If thay with wrong away Wold Wrast,  
outt of the way I shaH the Were.

*Moyes.* Good lord, thay WyH not me trast  
for aH the othes that I can swere ;

Moses fears  
that without  
a token he  
will not be  
trusted.

153

(24)

To neuen sych noytis newe  
to folk of Wykyd WyH,  
Wyth outen tokyn trew,  
thay wyH not tent ther tyH.

157

(25)

*Deus.* If that he wyH not vnderstand  
thys tokyn trew that I shaH sent,  
Afore the kyng cast downe thy Wand,  
and it shaH turne to a serpent ;  
Then take the tayH agane in hand—  
boldly vp look thou it hent—  
And in the state that thou it fand,  
then shal it turne by myne intent.

A wand that  
shall turn  
into a ser-  
pent & again  
into a wand  
shall be his  
token.

161

165

(26)

Sythen hald thy hand soyn in thy barme,  
and as a lepre it shal be lyke,  
And hole agane with outen harme ;  
lo, my tokyns shal be slyke.

He shall be  
able to make  
his hand  
leprous or  
whole.

169

(27)

And if he wyH not suffre then  
my people for to pas in peasse,  
I shaH send venyance [neyn]<sup>1</sup> or ten,  
shaH sowe fuH sore or I seasse.

If Pharaoh  
will not let  
the people  
go, God will  
punish him.

173

<sup>1</sup> MS. ix.

The Hebrews  
shall escape  
the plagues.

Bot *the* ebrewes, won in Iessen,  
shaH not be merkyd *with* that measse ;  
As long as thay my lawes WyH ken  
thare comforth shaH euer increasse. 174  
177

(28)

*Moyes.* A, lord, to luf the aght vs weH,  
that makis thy folk thus free ;  
I shaH vnto thaym teH  
as thou has told to me. 181

(29)

Moses asks  
by what  
name he is  
to speak to  
Pharaoh of  
God.

Bot to the kyng, lord, when I com,  
if he aske what<sup>1</sup> is thy name,  
And I stand styH, both deyf & dom,  
how shuld I [skape]<sup>2</sup> withoutten blame ? 185

God tells  
him and  
blesses him.

*Deus.* I say the thus, 'Ego sum qui sum,'  
I am he that is the same ;  
If thou can nother muf nor mom,  
I shaH sheld the from shame. 189

(30)

*Moyes.* I vnderstand fuH weH thys thyng,  
I go, lord, *with* aH the myght in me.

[Fol. 23, a.]

*Deus.* Be bold in my blyssyng,  
thi socoure shaH I be. [Deus retires.] 193

(31)

Moses  
resolves to  
tell his  
friends of  
this comfort.

*Moyes.* A, lord of luf, leyn me thy lare,  
that I may truly talys teH ;  
To my freyndis now wyH I fare,  
the chosyn childre of IsraeH, 197  
To teH theyn comforth of thare care,  
in dawngere ther as thay dweH.  
God manteyn you euermare, [*Moses accosts the Israelites.*]  
And mekyH myrth be you emeH. 201

(32)

The Israel-  
ites he  
speaks to  
complain of  
their lot.

*primus puer.* A, master moyses, dere !  
oure myrth is aH mowrnyng ;  
ffull hard halden ar we here,  
as carls vnder the kyng. 205

<sup>1</sup> MS. my.<sup>2</sup> MS. skake.



(33)

*Secundus puer.* We may mowrn, both more and myn,  
ther is no man that oure myrth mase ;

They pray  
God send  
them com-  
fort,

Bot syn we ar all of a kyn,  
god send vs comfort in thys case. 209

*Moses.* Brethere, of youre mowrnyng blyn ;  
god WyH delyuer you through his grace,  
Out of this wo he wyH you wyn,  
and put you to youre pleassyng place ; 213

(34)

ffor I shaft carp vnto the kyng,  
and fownd fuH soyn to make you free.

*primus puer.* God graunt you good Weyndyng,  
and euermore with you be. 217

& wish  
Moses  
success.

[*Moses approaches Pharaoh.*]

(35)

*Moses.* kyng pharao, to me take tent.

*Pharao.* Why, boy, what tythyngis can thou tell ?

*Moses.* ffrom god hym self hydder am I sent  
to foch the chyldre of IsraeH ; 221  
To Wyldernes he wold thay went.

Moses asks  
Pharaoh to  
let the  
Israelites  
go to the  
wilderness.

*Pharao.* yei, weynd the to the devyH of heH !  
I gyf no force What he has ment,

Pharaoh  
refuses, with  
threats.

In my dangere, herst thou, shaft thay dwell ; 225

(36)

And, fature, for thy sake,  
thay shalbe put to pyne.

*Moses.* Then wyH god venyance take  
of the, and of all thyn. 229

(37)

*Pharao.* On me? fy on the lad, out of my land !  
wenys thou thus to loyse oure lay ?

[*To the soldiers.*]

Say, whence is yond warlow with his wand  
that thus wold wyle oure folk away ? 233

*Primus Miles.* Yond is moyses, I dar warand,  
agans all egypt has beyn ay,

The 1st  
soldier says  
Moses has  
ever been a  
foe to Egypt.

Greatt defawte with hym youre fader fand ;  
now wyH he mar you if he may. 237

(38)

*Pharao.* ffy on hym ! nay, nay, that dawnce is done ;  
lurdan, thou leryd to late.

*Moyes.* God bydis the graunt my bone,  
and let me go my gate. 241

(39)

Pharaoh  
asks Moses  
for a token.

*Pharao.* Bydis god me ? fals loseH, thou lyse !  
What tokyn told he ? take thou tent.

[Fol. 23, b.]

*Moyes.* He sayd thou shuld dyspyse  
both me, and hys commaundement ; 245

He changes  
his wand  
into a  
serpent.

fforthy, apon thys wyse,  
my Wand he bad, in thi present,  
I shuld lay downe, and the avyse  
how it shuld turne to oone serpent ; 249

(40)

And in hys holy name  
here I lay it downe ;  
lo, syr, here may thou se the same.

*Pharao.* A, ha, dog ! the devyH the drowne ! 253

(41)

Then  
changes it  
back again.

*Moyes.* He bad me take it by the tayH,  
for to prefe hys powere playn ;

Then he sayde, wythouten fayH,  
hyt shuld turne to a wand agayn. 257

lo, sir, behold !

Pharaoh  
says these  
gauds shall  
help the  
Israelites  
nothing.

*Pharao.* wyth ylahayH !  
Certis this is a soteH swayn !

bot thyse boyes shaH abyde in bayH,  
AH thi gawdis shaH thaym not gayn ; 261

(42)

Bot wars, both morñ and none,  
shaH thay fare, for thi sake.

*Moyes.* I pray god send us venyange sone,  
and on thi Warkis take wrake. 265

(43)

*primus Miles.* Alas, alas ! this land is lorñ !  
on lyfe we may [no] longer leynd ;

Sych myschefe is fallen syn morñ,  
ther may no medsyn it amend. 269

*Pharao.* Why cry ye so, laddis? lyst ye skorn?

*ijus Miles.* Syr kyng, sych care was neuer kend,

In no mans tyme that euer was borne.

*Pharao.* Teth on, belyfe, and make an end. 273

(44)

*Primus Miles.* Syr, the Waters that were ordand  
for men and bestis foyde,

Thurgh outt all egypt land,  
ar turnyd into reede bloyde;

277

The soldiers  
announce  
the first  
plague: the  
waters are  
turned to  
red blood.

(45)

ffulh vgly and fulh yth is hytt,  
that both fresh and fayre was before.

*Pharao.* O, ho! this is a wonderfuh thyng to wytt,  
of all the warkis that euer wore! 281

*ijus Miles.* Nay, lord, ther is anothere yit,  
that sodanly sowys vs fuh sore;

ffor todis and froskis may no man flyt,  
thay venom vs so, both les and more.

285

The 2nd  
plague:  
venomous  
toads.

(46)

*Primus Miles.* Greate mystis, sir, ther is both morn  
and noyn,

byte vs fuh bytterly;

we trow that it be doyn

thurgh moyses, oure greate enmy.

289

The 3rd  
plague:  
great  
'mystis'  
[gnats]  
biting  
bitterly.

(47)

*ijus Miles.* My lord, bot if this menye may remefe,  
Mon neuer myrth be vs amang.

*Pharao.* Go, say to hym we wyth not grefe,  
bot thay shall neuer the tytter gangt.

293

*Primus Miles.* Moyses, my lord gyffys leyfe  
to leyd thi folk to lykyng lang,

So that we mend of oure myschefe.

*Moyes.* ffuH weH I wote, thyse wordis ar wrang; 297

Pharaoh  
makes  
delusive  
offers to let  
the Jews go  
[Fol. 24, a.]

(48)

But hardely all that I heytt

ffuH sodanly it shall be seyn;

vncowth meruels shalbe meyt

And he of malyce meyn.

301

(49)

The 4th  
plague :  
great  
"loppys"  
[fleas].

*Secundus Miles.* A, lord, alas, for doyh we dy ! 302  
we dar look oute at no dowre.

*Pharao.* What, ragyd the dwyh of heh, alys you so  
to cry ?

*Primus Miles.* ffor we fare wars then euer we fowre ; 305  
grete loppys ouer ah þis land thay fly,

And where thay byte thay make grete blowre,  
and in euery place oure bestis dede iy.<sup>1</sup> 308

(50)

The 5th  
plague : a  
murrain on  
the cattle.

*Secundus Miles.* hors, ox, and asse,  
thay fah downe dede, syr, sodanly.

*Pharao.* we ! lo, ther is no man that has  
half as mych harme as I. 312

(51)

*Primus Miles.* yis, sir, poore folk haue mekyh wo,  
to se thare catah thus out cast.

The Iues in gessen fayre not so,  
thay haue lykyng for to last. 316

Pharaoh  
renews his  
pretended  
permission.

*Pharao.* Then shah we gyf theym leyf to go,  
to tyme this pereh be on past ;

Bot, or thay flytt oght far vs fro,  
we shah þem bond twyse as fast. 320

(52)

*Secundus Miles.* Moyses, my lord gyffis leyf  
thi meneye to remeue.

*Moyses.* ye mon hafe more myschefe  
bot if thyse talys be trew. 324

(53)

*Primus Miles.* A, lord, we may not leyde thyse lyfys.

*Pharao.* what, dwyh ! is grevance grofen agayn ?

The 6th  
plague :  
boils &  
blains.

*Secundus Miles.* ye, sir, sich powder apon vs dryfys,  
where it abidys it makys a blayn ; 328

Meseh makys it man and wyfe,<sup>2</sup>  
thus ar we hurt with hayh & rayn.

The 7th  
plague :  
hail and  
rain.

Syr, v[y]ys in montanse may not thryfe,  
so has frost & thoner thaym slayn. 332

<sup>1</sup> The following line in—owre is left out.

<sup>2</sup> The singular rymes with the plural now and then.

(54)

*Pharao.* yei, bot how do thay in gessen,  
the lues, can ye me say?

*Primus Miles.* Of aH thyse cares no thyng thay ken,  
thay feyH noght of *our* afray. 336

Pharaoh  
rages when  
he hears the  
Jews are  
unhurt by  
these harms.

(55)

*Pharao.* No? the ragyd! the dwyH! sytt thay in peasse?  
and we euery day in doute & drede?

*ijus Miles.* My lord, this care wyll euer encrese,  
to moyses haue his folk to leyde;

Els be we lorñ, it is no lesse,  
yit were it better that þai yede. 342

(56)

*Pharao.* Thes folk shaH flyt no far,  
If he go welland wode.

*Primus Miles.* Then wiH it sone be war;  
It were better thay yode. 346

But still will  
not let them  
go.

[Fol. 24, b.]

(57)

*ijus Miles.* My lord, new harne is comyn in hand.

*Pharao.* Yei, d̄wiH, wiH it no better be?

*Primus Miles.* wyld wormes ar layd ouer aH this land,  
Thai leyf no floure, nor leyf on tre. 350

The 8th  
plague: wild  
worms, or  
locusts.

*ijus Miles.* Agans that storne may no man stand;  
And mekyH more merueH thynk me,

That thise *thre*<sup>1</sup> dayes has bene durand  
Sich myst, þat no man may other se. 354

The 9th  
plague: a  
great mist  
or darkness.

*Primus Miles.* A, my lord!

*Pharao.* hagñ!

(58)

*ijus Miles.* Grete pestilence is comyn;<sup>2</sup>  
It is like ful long to last.

*Pharao.* [pestilence<sup>3</sup>] in the dwilys name!  
then is oure pride ouer past. 359

The 10th  
plague: the  
pestilence.

(59)

*Primus Miles.* My lord, this care lastis lang,  
and wiH, to moyses haue his bone;

let hym go, els wyrk we wrang,  
It may not help to houer ne hone. 363

The 1st  
soldier says  
care will last  
till Moses  
be satisfied.

<sup>1</sup> MS. iij.

<sup>2</sup> Its ryme *name* is assonantal.

<sup>3</sup> MS. pentilence.

Pharaoh  
gives leave  
for the Jews  
to go, but  
hopes to  
catch them  
again.

*Pharao.* Then wiH we gif theym leyf to gang ; 364  
Syn it must nedis be doyn ;

*Perchauns* we saH thaym fang  
and mar them or to morH at none. 367

(60)

*ijus Miles.* MoySES, my lord he says  
thou shaH haue passage playn.

*MoySES.* Now haue we lefe to pas,  
my freyndis, now be ye fayn ; 371

(61)

Com furth, now saH ye weynd  
to land of lykyng you to pay.

*Primus puer.* Bot kyng Pharaoh, that fals feynd,  
he wiH vs eft betray ; 375

The  
Israelites  
doubt, but  
Moses  
assures  
them.

ffuH soyn he wiH shape vs to sheynd,  
And after vs send his garray.

*MoySES.* Be not abast, god is oure freynd,  
And aH oure foes wiH slay ; 379

(62)

Therfor com on *with* me,  
haue done and drede you noght.

*ijus Puer.* That lord blyst might he be,  
that vs from bayH has broght. 383

(63)

*Primus puer.* Sich frenship neuer we fand ;  
bot yit I drede for perels aH,

The reede see is here at hand,  
ther shal we byde to we be thraH. 387

He parts the  
Red Sea  
with his  
wand.

*MoySES.* I shaH make way ther *with* my wand,  
as god has sayde, to sayf vs aH ;

On ayther syde the see mon stand,  
to we be gone, right as a waH. 391

(64)

[Fol. 25, a.]

Com on wyth me, leyf none behynde ;  
lo fownd ye now youre god to please.

*hic pertransient mare.*

*Secundus puer.* O, lord ! this way is heynd ;  
Now weynd we aH at easse. 395

(65)

*primus Miles.* kyng pharao! thyse folk ar gone.

*Pharao.* Say, ar ther any noyes new?

*ijus Miles.* Thise Ebrews ar gone, lord, euer-ichonl.

*Pharao.* how says thou that?

*Primus Miles.* lord, that<sup>t</sup> tayH is trew. 399

*Pharao.* We, out tyte, that<sup>t</sup> they were tain;

That<sup>t</sup> ryett radly shaH thay rew,

we shaH not seasse to thay be slayn,

ffor to the see we shaH thaym sew; 403

(66)

So charge youre chariottis swythe,

And fersly look ye folow me.

*ijus Miles.* AH redy, lord, we ar fuH blyth

At<sup>t</sup> youre byddying to be. 407

(67)

*Primus Miles.* lord, at<sup>t</sup> youre byddying ar we bowne

Oure bodys boldly for to beyd;

we shaH not seasse, bot<sup>t</sup> dyng aH downe,

To aH be dede withouten drede. 411

*Pharao.* heyf vp youre hertis vnto mahowne,  
he wiH be nere vs in oure nede;

help! the raggyd dwyH, we drowne!

Now mon we dy for aH oure dede. 415

*Tunc merget eos mare.*

(68)

*Moyeses.* Now ar we won from aH oure wo,

And sauyd out of the see;

louyng gyf we god vnto,

Go we to land now merely. 419

(69)

*primus puer.* lofe we may that<sup>t</sup> lord on hyght,

And euer teH on this merueH;

Drownyd he has Kyng pharao myght,

louyd be that<sup>t</sup> lord EmanueH. 423

*Moyeses.* heuen, thou attend, I say, in syght,

And erth my wordys; here what I teH.

As rayn or dew on erth doys lyght

And waters herbys and trees fuH weH, 427

Pharaoh is  
told of the  
flight of the  
Jews.

He pursues  
them with  
his chariots;

calling on  
Mahound.  
He & his  
men are  
drowned.

Moses and  
the Jews  
give thanks  
to God for  
their safe  
passage.

[Fol. 25, b.]



(70)

Honoured be God in Trinity.	Gyf louyng to goddys mageste, hys dedys ar done, hys ways ar trew, honowred be he in trynYTE, to hym be honowre and vertew.	428   431
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Amen).

*Explicit pharao.*

(IX.)

## Incipit Cesar Augustus.

[40 six-line stanzas aab ccb.]

[*Dramatis Personae.**Imperator.**Primus Consulatus.**Secundus Consulatus.**Nuncius. (Lyghtfote.)**Sirinus.]**Imperator.*

(1)

The  
Emperor  
commands  
silence, and  
magnifies his  
own power.

**B**E styH, beshers, I commawnd yow,  
That no man speke a word here now  
Bot I my self alon ;

3

And if ye do, I make a vow,  
Thys brand abowte youre nekys shaH bow,  
ffor thy be styH as ston :

6

(2)

And looke ye grefe me noght,  
ffor if ye do it shaH be boght,  
I swere you by mahowne ;

9

I wote weH if ye knew me oght,  
To slo you aH how lytyH I roght,  
Ston styH ye wold syt downe.

12

(3)

ffor aH is myn that vp standys,  
Castels, towers, townys, and landys,  
To me homage thay bryng ;

15

[Fol. 26, a.] ffor I may bynd and lowse of band,  
Euery thyng bowys vnto my hand,  
I want none erthly thyng.

18

(4)

I am lord and syr ouer aH,  
 AH bowys to me, both grete and smaH,  
     As lord of euey land ;  
 Is none so comly on to caH,  
 Whoso this agane says, fowH shaH be faH,  
     And therto here my hand.

He is lord  
 over all.

21

24

(5)

ffor I am he that myghty is,  
 And hardely aH hathennes  
     Is redy at my wyH ;  
 Both ryche, and poore, more & les,  
 At my lykyng for to redres,  
     whether I wyH saue or spyH.

All  
 heatheness  
 obeys him.

27

30

(6)

Cesar august I am cald,  
 A fayrer cors for to behald,  
     Is not of bloode & bone ;  
 Ryche ne poore, yong ne old,  
 Sych an othere, as I am told,  
     In aH thys warld is none.

He is called  
 Caesar  
 Augustus,  
 the fairest  
 body on  
 earth.

33

36

(7)

Bot oone thyng doys me full mych care,  
 I trow my land wyH sone mysfare  
     ffor defawte of counseH lele ;  
 My counsellars so wyse of lare,  
 help to comforth me of care,  
     No wyt from me ye fele.

One thing  
 troubles  
 him : he  
 needs loyal  
 counsel.

39

42

(8)

As I am man moost of renowne,  
 I shaH you gyf youre waryson  
     To help me if ye may.

45

*primus Consultus.* To counseH you, lord, we ar bowne,  
 And for no man that lyfys in towne  
     wyH we not let, perpay ;

The 1st  
 councillor  
 bids him  
 send for his  
 messenger.

48

(9)

youre messyngere I reede ye caH,  
 ffor any thyng that may befaH,

His messenger shall  
proclaim his  
peace over  
all the land.

Byd hym go hastily, 51  
Thruqh out youre landys ouer aH,  
Amang youre folk, both grete and smaH  
youre gyrth & peasse to cry ; 54

(10)

ffor to commaunde both yong & old,  
None be so hardy ne so bold,  
To hold of none bot you ; 57  
And who so doth, put them in hold,  
And loke ye payn theym many fold.  
*Imperator.* I shaH, I make a vowe ; 60

(11)

The  
Emperor  
assents.

Of thys counseH weH payde am I,  
It shaH be done fuH hastily,  
wyth outen any respytt. 63

[Fol. 26, b.]

*Secundus Consultus.* My Lord abyde awyle, for why ?  
A word to you I wold cleryfy.  
*Imperator.* Go on, then, teH me tytt. 66

(12)

The 2nd  
councillor  
has heard  
that a virgin  
shall bear a  
child who  
shall lay  
low the  
Emperor's  
might.

*Secundus Consultus.* AH redy, lord, now permafay,  
Thys haue I herd syn many day,  
folk in the contre teH ; 69  
That in this land shuld dweH a may,  
The which saH bere a chylde, thay say,  
That shaH youre force downe feH. 72

(13)

The  
Emperor  
rages with  
fear and  
anger.

*Imperator.* Downe feH? dwyH! what may this be ?  
Out, harow, fuH wo is me !  
I am fuH wyH of reede ! 75  
A, fy, and dewyls ! whens cam he  
That thus shuld reyfe me my pawste ?  
Ere shuld I be his dede. 78

(14)

ffor certys, then were my worshyp lorne,  
If sych a swayn, a snoke horne,  
Shuld thus be my suffrane ; 81  
may I wyt when that boy is borne,  
In certan, had the dwyH hit sworne,  
that gadlyng shuld agane. 84

(15)

*Primus Consultus.* Do way, lord, greyf you not so,  
youre messyngere ye cause furth go

The 1st  
Councillor  
bids the  
Emperor  
take counsel  
with his  
cousin  
Sirinus.

Afyr youre cosyn dere,

87

To speke *with* you a word or two,

The best counsell that lad to slo,

ffuH soyn he can you lere ;

90

(16)

ffor a wyse man that knyght men know.

*Imperator.* Now I assent vnto thi saw,

of witt art thou *the* weH ;

93

ffor aH the best men of hym blowys ;

he shaH neuer dystroy my lawes,

were he the dwyH of heH.

96

(17)

Com lyghtfote, lad, loke thou be yare

On my message furth to fare,

go tytt to *sir* syryn ;

99

Say sorow takys me fuH sare,

pray hym to comforth me of care,

As myn awne dere cosyn ;

102

(18)

And bot if thou com agane to nyght,

look I se the neuer in syght,

neuer where in my land.

105

*Nuncius.* yis, *certys*, lord, I am fuH lyght,

or noyn of the day, I dar you hyght,

to bryng hym by *the* hand.

108

(19)

*Imperator.* yai, boy, and as' thou luffys me dere,

Luke that thou spy, both far and nere,

Ouer aH in ych place ;

111

If thou here any saghes sere,

Of any carpyng, far and nere,

Of that' lak where that' thou gase.

114

(20)

*Nuncius.* AH redy, lord, I am fuH bowne,

To spy and spy in enery towne,

- Lyghtfoot  
promises.                    After that wykkyd queyd ;                    117  
If I here any runk or rowne,  
I shaH fownd to crak thare crowne,  
Ouer aH, in ylk a stede ;                    120  
(21)  
And therfor, lord, haue now good day.
- The  
Emperor  
prays  
Mahound to  
speed him.                    *Imperator.* Mahowne he wyse the on thi way,  
That weldys water and wynde ;                    123  
And specyally, here I the pray,  
To spede the as fast as thou may.  
*Nuncius.* yis, lord, that shaH ye fynde.                    126  
(22)                    [*To Sirinus.*]
- Lyghtfoot  
greetes  
Sirinus  
in the  
Emperor's  
name,                    Mahowne the saue and se, *sir* syryne !  
Cesar, my lord, and youre cosyn,  
he gretys you weH by me.                    129  
*Sirinus.* Thou art welcom to me and myn ;  
Com nere and teH me tythandys thyn,  
Tyte, what thay may be.                    132  
(23)
- and bids him  
come to hold  
counsel.                    *Nuncius.* My lord prays you, as ye luf hym dere,  
To com to hym, if youre wyH were,  
To speke with hym awhyle.                    135
- Sirinus  
promises.                    *Sirinus.* Go grete hym weH, thou messyngere,  
say hym I com, and that right nere,  
Behynd the not a myle.                    138  
(24)
- Lyghtfoot  
returns to  
the Em-  
peror,                    *Nuncius.* AH redy, lord, at youre byddying. [*To Cesar.*]  
Mahowne the menske, my lord kyng,  
And save the by see and sand.                    141  
*Imperator.* Welcom, bewshere, say what tythyng,  
Do teH me tyte, for any thyng,  
What herd thou in my land ?                    144  
(25)
- and an-  
nounces the  
approach of  
Sirinus.                    *Nuncius.* I herd no thyng, lord, bot goode ;  
Syr syr yn, that I after yode,  
he wyH be here this nyght.                    147  
*Imperator.* I thank the by mahownes bloode ;  
Thise tythyngys mekyH amendys my mode ;  
Go rest, thou worthy wyght.                    150

(26)

*Sirinus.* Mahowne so semely on) to caH,  
he saue the, lord of lordis aH,

Sirinus and  
the Emperor  
greet each  
other.

Syttynge with thi meneye.

153

*Imperator.* Welcom, *sir* syrynne, to this haH,  
Besyde my self here sytt thou shaH,

Com) vp belyf to me.

156

(27)

*Sirinus.* yis, lord, I am at youre talent.

*Imperator.* Wherfor, *sir*, I after the sent,

I shaH the say fuH right;

159

And therfor take to me intent,

I am in poynt for to be shent.

The Em-  
peror tells  
Sirinus of  
his danger;  
[Fol. 27, b.]

*Sirinus.* how so, for mahownes myght?

162

(28)

*Imperator.* syr, I am done to vnderstand,

That a qweyn here, in this land,

shaH bere a chyld I wene,

165

That shaH be crowned kyng lyfand,

And aH shaH bow vnto his hand;

Thise tythyngys dotH me teyne.

168

(29)

he shaH commaunde both ying and old,

None be so hardy ne so bold

To gyf *seruyce* to me;

171

Then wold my hart be cold

If sich a beggere shold

My kyngdom thus reyf me;

174

(30)

And therfor, *sir*, I wold the pray,

Thy best counseH thou wold me say,

To do what I am best;

177

ffor securly, if that I may,

If he be fonden I shaH hym slay,

Aythere by eest or west.

180

(31)

*Syrinus.* Now wote ye, lord, what that I reede;

I counseH you, as ete I brede,

He asks  
counsel from  
Sirinus.

Sirinus bids  
the Emperor  
seek out the  
boy & kill  
him,

what best therof may be ; 183  
Gar serche youre land in euery stede,  
And byd that boy be done to dede,  
who the fyrst may hym see ; 186

(32)

and com-  
mand every  
man to  
come to  
him, bring-  
ing a head-  
penny,

And also I rede that ye gar cry,  
To fleme wyth all that belamy,  
That should be kyng with crowne ; 189  
Byd ych man com to you holly,  
And bryng to you a heede penny,  
That dwellys in towere or towne ; 192

(33)

on the third  
day. Thus  
they will  
all pay him  
homage.

That this be done by the thyrde day,  
Then may none of his freyndys say,  
Bot he has mayde homage. 195  
If ye do thus, sir, permafay,  
youre worship shaft ye wyn for ay,  
If thay make you trowage. 198

(34)

The Em-  
peror agrees,  
& rewards  
him.

*Imperator.* I thank you, sir, as myght I the,  
ffor thyse tythyngys that thou tellys me,  
Thy counseil shaft away ; 201  
lord and syre of this cowntre,  
wythouten ende here make I the,  
ffor thy good counseil ; 204

(35)

He sends  
out his  
messenger

My messyngere, loke thou be bowne,  
And weynd belyf from towne to towne,  
And be my nobyil swane ; 207  
I pray the, as thou luffys mahowne,  
And also for thy waryson,  
That thou com tytt agane. 210

(36)

[Fol. 28, a.  
Sig. ff. 2.]  
to command  
the folk to  
own none  
but him as  
their lord.

Commaunde the folk holly ichon,  
Ryche ne poore forgett thou none,  
To hold holly on me, 213  
And lowtt me as thare lord alone ;  
And who wyll not thay shaft be slone,  
This brand thare bayil shall be. 216



(37)

Therfor thou byd both old and ying,  
That ich man know me for his kyng,  
ffor drede that I thaym spyH,  
That I am lord, and in tokynyng,  
Byd ich man a penny bryng,  
And make homage me tyH.

Old and  
young must  
bring their  
penny and  
do homage.

219

222

(38)

To my statutys who wyH not stand,  
ffast for to fle outt of my land,  
Byd thaym, withouten lyte;  
Now by mahowne, god aH weldand,  
Thou shaH be mayde knyght with my hand,  
And therfor hye the tyte.

Whoso will  
not keep his  
statutes  
must flee  
from his  
land.  
He promises  
the messen-  
ger knight-  
hood.

225

228

(39)

*Nuncius.* AH redy, lord, it shaH be done;  
Bot I wote weH I com not sone,  
And therfor be not wroth;  
I swere you, *sir*, by son and moyne,  
I com not here by fore eft none,  
wheder ye be leyfe or loth;

The messen-  
ger says he  
cannot be  
back soon,

231

234

(40)

Bot hafe good day, now wyH I weynd,  
ffor longer here may I not leynd,  
Bot grathe me furth my gate.  
*Imperator.* Mahowne that is curtes and heynd,  
he bryng thi Iornay weH to eynd,  
And wysh the that aH wate.

and starts  
off.

237

The Em-  
peror bids  
Mahound  
speed him.

240

*Explicit Cesar Augustus.*

(X.)

## Incipit Annunciacio.

[33 couplets aa ; 49½ six-line stanzas aab ccb.]

[Dramatis Personae.

Deus. Gabriel. Maria. Joseph. Angelus.]

(1)

God recalls  
the creation  
of Adam and  
his fall.

Deus. Sythen I haue mayde aH thyng of noght,  
And Adam *with* my handis hath wroght,  
Lyke to myn ymage, att my devyse,  
And gyffen hym Ioy in paradyse,  
To won therin, as that I wend,  
To that he dyd that I defend ;

4

[Fol. 28, b.]

Then I hym put out of that place,  
Bot yit, I myn, I hight hym grace .  
OyH of mercy I can hym heyt,

8

The time is  
come to  
redeem him  
from his  
pain,

And tyme also his bayH to beytt.  
ffor he has boght his syn fuH sore,  
Thise fyfe <sup>1</sup> thowsand yeris and more,  
ffyrst in erthe and sythen in heH ;  
Bot long therin shaH he not dweH.

12

Outt of payn he shaH be boght,  
I wyH not tyne that I haue wroght.

16

I wyH make redempcyon,  
As I hyght for my person,  
AH wyth reson and *with* right,  
Both through mercy and through myght.

20

for Adam  
was beguiled  
by the Ser-  
pent & Eve.

he shaH not, therfor, ay be spylt,  
ffor he was wrangwysly begylt ;  
he shaH out of preson pas,  
ffor that he begyled was

24

Thugh the edder, and his wyfe ;  
Thay gart hym towch the tree of lyfe,  
And ete the frute that I forbed,  
And he was dampned for that dede.

28

God's Son  
shall take  
on Him  
manhood.

Ryghtwysnes wyH we make ;  
I wyH that my son manhede take,

ifor reson wyH that ther be thre, A man, a madyn, and a tre :	32	There must be man for man, maid for maid, tree for tree.
Man for man, tre for tre, Madynd for madynd ; thus shal it be. My son shaH in a madynd light, Agans the feynd of heH to fight ;	36	
wythouten wem, os son through glas, And she madynd as she was. Both god and man shaH he be, And she moder and madynd fre.	40	
To abraham I am in dett To safe hym and his gett ; And I wyH that aH propheeye Be fulfyllid here by me ;	44	Abraham & his seed must be saved, and all prophecy fulfilled.
ffor I am lord and lech of heyle, My prophetys shaH be funden leyle ; As moyses sayd, and Isay, Kyng dauid, and Ieromy,	48	
Abacuk, and danieH, SybyH sage, that sayde ay weH, And myne othere prophetis aH, As thay haue [said] it shaH befaH. <sup>1</sup>	52	
Ryse vp, gabrieH, and weynd vnto a madynd that is heynd, To nazareth in galilee, Ther she dwellys in that cytee.	56	God bids Gabriel go to the Virgin Mary, spouse of Joseph,
To that vrygyn and to that spouse, To a man of dauid house, Ioseph also he is namyd by, And the madynd name mary.	60	
AngeH must to mary go, ffor the feynd was eue fo ; he was foule and layth to syght, And thou art angeH fayr and bright ;	64	(a good angel to Mary, as a bad angel to Eve)
And hayls that madynd, my lemman, As heyndly as thou can. Of my behalfe thou shaH hyr grete. I haue hyr chosen, that madynd swete,	68	and hail her.

<sup>1</sup> The word "said" has been inserted in the MS. by a later hand.

God has  
chosen Mary  
to conceive  
his darling.

She shaH conceyf my derlyng,  
Thruhh thy word and hyr heryng.

In hyr body wyH I lyghH,  
That is to me clenly dyght;

72

She shaH of hyr body bere  
God and man wythouten dere.

[Fol. 29, a.  
Sig. ff. 3.]

She shaH be blyssyd wythouten ende;  
Grayth the gabrieH, and weynd.

76

(2) [Gabriel goes to Mary.]

Gabriel hails  
Mary, queen  
of virgins.

GabrieH. hayH, mary, gracyouse!

hayH, madyn and godis spouse!

Vnto the I lowte;

79

Of aH vyrgyns thou art qwene,  
That euer was, or shaH be seyn,  
wythouten dowte.

82

(3)

The Lord of  
heaven is  
with her.

hayH, mary, and weH thou be!

My lord of heuen is wyth the,  
wythouten end;

85

hayH, woman most of mede!  
Goodly lady, haue thou no drede,  
That I commend;

88

(4)

She shall  
conceive a  
child of  
might.

ffor thou has fonden aH thyn oone,

The grace of god, that was out gone,  
ffor adam plyght.

91

This is the grace that the betydys,  
Thou shaH conceyue within thi sydys  
A chyld of myght.

94

(5)

He shall be  
called Jesus.

When he is comen, that thi son,  
he shaH take cyrcumsycyon,

CaH hym ihesum.

97

MightfuH man shaH be he that,  
And godys son shaH he hat,  
By his day com.

100

(6)

My lord also shaH gyf hym tyH  
hys fader sete, dauid, at wyH,

Therin to sytt :	103	He shall be King in Jacob.
he shaH be kyng in Iacob kyn, hys kyngdom shaH neuer blyn, lady, weH thou wytt.	106	
(7)		
Maria. What is thi name ?		Mary asks Gabriel's name.
Gabriel. gabriell ; godys strengthe and his angeH, That comys to the.	109	
Maria. fferly gretying thou me gretys ; A child to bere thou me hetys, how shuld it be ?	112	How can all this be ?
(8)		
I cam neuer by man's syde, Bot has avowed my madynhede. ffrom fleshly gett.	115	She is a vowed virgin.
Therfor I wote not how That this be brokyn, as a vow That I haue hett ;	118	
(9)		
Neuer the les, weH I wote, To wyrk thi word and holdt thi hote MightfuH god is ; Bot I ne wote of what manere, Therfor I pray the, messyngere, That thou me wysH.	121	But God is mighty to fulfill Gabriel's word.
(10)		
GabrielH. lady, this is the preuate ; The holy gost shaH light in the, And his vertue, he shaH vmshade and fulfyH That thi madynhede shaH neuer spyH, Bot ay be new.	124 127 130	Gabriel says the Holy Ghost shall light in her. [Fol. 29, b.]
(11)		
The child that thou shaH bere, madame, ShaH godys son be callid by name ; And se, mary, Elesabeth, thi Cosyn, that is cald geldt, She has conceyffed a son in elde, Of zacary ;	133 136	The child she shall bear shall be God's Son. Her cousin Elizabeth also has conceived a son.

(12)

And this is, who wyth late,  
The sext<sup>h</sup> moneth of hyr conceytate,  
That geld is cald. 139

Nothing is  
impossible  
with God.

No word, lady, that I the bryng,  
Is vnmyghtfuH to heuen kyng,  
Bot aH shaft hald. 142

(13)

Mary praises  
God, &  
believes the  
angel's  
message.

*Maria.* I lofe my lord aH weldand,  
I am his madyn at his hand,  
And in his wold; 145

I trow bodword that thou me bryng,  
Be done to me in aH thyng,  
As thou has told. 148

(14)

Gabriel  
takes leave  
of Mary.

*Gabriel.* Mary, madyn heynd,  
me behovys to weynd,  
my leyf at the I take. 151

*Maria.* ffar to my freynd,  
Who the can send,  
ffor mankynde sake. 154

[*Gabriel retires; Joseph advances.*]

(15)

Joseph  
marvels at  
the con-  
dition in  
which he  
finds his  
wife.

*Ioseph.* AH-myghty god, what may this be!  
Of mary my wyfe meruels me,  
Alas, what has she wrought? 157

A, hyr body is grete and she with childe!  
ffor me was she neuer fylyd,  
Therfor myin is it noght. 160

(16)

He bemoans  
himself that  
ever he  
married one  
so young.

I irke fuH sore with my lyfe,  
That euer I wed so yong a wyfe,  
That bargan may I ban; 163

To me it was a carefuH dede,  
I myght weH wyt that yowthiede  
wold haue lykyng of man. 166

(17)

I am old, sothly to say,  
passed I am aH preuay play,

- The gams fro me ar gane. 169
- It is ih cowplek of youth and elde ;  
I wote weh, for I am vnwelde,  
som othere has she tane. 172
- (18)
- she is *with* chyld, I wote neuer how,  
Now, who woldt any woman trow ?  
Certys, no man that can any goode ; 175
- I wote not in the warldt what I shuld do,  
Bot now then wyh I weynd hyr to,  
And wyttt who owe that foode. 178
- (19)
- hayh, mary, and weh ye be !  
why, bot woman, what chere *with* the ?  
*Maria*. The better, *sir*, for you. 181
- Ioseph*. So woldt I, woman, thatt ye wore ;  
Bott certys, mary, I rew fuht sore  
Itt standys so *with* the now. 184
- (20)
- Bott of a thyng frayn the I shaht,  
who owe this childt thou gose *with* aht ?  
*Maria*. Syr, ye, and god of heuen). 187
- Ioseph*. Myne, mary ? do way thi dyn ;  
That I shuld oghtt haue parte therin  
Thou nedys itt not to neuene ; 190
- (21)
- wherto neuyns thou me therto ?  
I had neuer *with* the to do,  
how shuld itt then be myne ? 193
- whos is thatt chylde, so god the spede ?  
*Maria*. Syr, godys and yowrs, *with* outen drede.  
*Ioseph*. Thatt wordt hadt thou to tyne, 196
- (22)
- ffor it is rightt fuht far me fro,  
And I forthynkys thou has done so  
Thise ih dedys bedene ; 199
- And if thou speke thi self to spyht,  
It is fuht sore agans my wyht,  
If better myghtt haue bene. 202

It is ill to  
wed youth  
with age.

Joseph  
determines  
to go to  
Mary &  
question her.

He greets  
her,

[Fol. 30, a.  
Sig. ff. 4.]

& asks  
whose is  
the child?  
She replies  
his & the  
God of  
heaven's.  
Joseph  
denies any  
part therein.

Mary repeats  
it is God's  
& his.

Joseph has  
still mis-  
givings.



(23)

Mary denies  
knowledge  
of any other  
man.

*Maria.* At godys wyH, Ioseph, must it be,  
ffor certainly bot god and ye

I know none othere man; 205  
ffor fleshy was I neuer fylyd.

*Ioseph.* how shuld thou thus then be *with* chylde?

Excuse the weH thou can; 208

(24)

Joseph does  
not blame  
her; it is but  
the way of  
women.

I blame the not, so god me saue,  
woman maners if that thou haue,

Bot certys I say the this, 211  
weH wote thou, and so do I,

Thi body fames the openly,

That thou has done amys. 214

(25)

He knows  
not what to  
do.

*Maria.* yee, god he knowys aH my doying.

*Ioseph.* we! now, this is a wonder thyng,

I can noght say therto; 217

Bot in my hart I haue greatt care,

And ay the longer mare and mare;

ffor doyh what shaH I do? 220

(26)

He will not  
father the  
child, &  
thinks of  
leaving his  
wife.

*Godys* and myn she says it is;

I wyH not fader it, she says amys;

ffor shame yit shuld she let, 223

To excuse hir velany by me;

*with* hir I thynk no longer be,

I rew that euer we met. 226

(27)

He describes  
the origin  
of their  
betrothal.

And how we met ye shaH wyt sone;

Men vse yong chyl dren for to done

In temple for to lere; 229

Soo dyd thay hir, to she wex more

Then othere madyns wyse of lore;

then byshopes sayd to hir, 232

(28)

" Mary, the behowfys to take

Som yong man to be thi make,

As thou seys other hane,  
In the temple which thou wyH neuen;”  
And she sayd, none, bot god of heuen,  
To hym she had hir tane;

235 Mary, when  
pressed to  
take a young  
man for her  
husband,  
238 dedicated  
herself to  
God.

(29)

She wold none othere for any sagh;  
Thay sayd she must, it was the lagh,  
She was of age thertitt.  
To the temple thay somond old and ying,  
AH of Iuda ofspryng,  
The law for to fulfih.

[Fol. 30, b.]  
She was  
urged again,  
241 & old &  
young were  
summoned  
to the  
temple.

(30)

Thay gaf ich man a white wand,  
And bad vs bere them in oure hande,  
To offre with good intent;  
Thay offerd thare yerdys vp in that tyde,  
ffor I was old I stode be syde,  
I wyst not what thay ment;

Each man  
was given a  
white wand  
& told to  
247 offer it.  
Joseph  
stood aside  
& made no  
offering  
250 because he  
was old.

(31)

Thay lakyd oone, thay sayde in hy,  
AH had offerd, thay sayd, bot I,  
ffor I ay withdrogh me.  
ffurth with my wande thay mayd me com,  
In my hand it floryshed with blome;  
Then sayde thay ah to me,

253  
He was  
made to  
come forth,  
& his wand  
256 blossomed in  
his hand.

(32)

“If thou be old merueH not the,  
ffor god of heuen thus ordans he,  
Thi wand shewys openly;  
It florishes so, withouten nay,  
That the behovys wed mary the may;”  
A sory man then was I;

This showed  
clearly that  
he was to  
259 marry Mary.

(33)

I was fuH sory in my thocht,  
I sayde for old I myght nought  
hir haue neuer the wheder;  
I was vnlykely to hir so yong,  
Thay sayde ther helpyd none excusyng,  
And wed vs thus togeder.

He was sad,  
but no ex-  
cuses helped  
265 him, &  
they were  
married.

268

(34)

After the wedding the maidens, kings' daughters, worked silks; Mary alone wrought purple.	when I aH thus had wed hir thare, we and my madyns home can fare, That kyngys doghters were; 271 AH wroght thay sylk to fynd them on, Marie wroght purpyH, the oder none bot' othere colers sere. 274
--	--

(35)

Joseph went into the country to work.	I left thaym in good peasse wenyd I, Into the contre I went on hy, My craft to vse with mayn; 277 To gett'oure lyfyng I must' nede, On marie I prayd them take good hede, To that I cam agane. 280
--	---

(36)

After nine months he returns & finds her with child. The women say an angel visited her,	Neyn <sup>1</sup> monethes was I fro that myld; when I cam home she was with chyld; Alas, I sayd, for shame! 283 I askyd ther women who that had done, And thay me sayde an angeH sone, syn that I went from hame; 286
---	---

(37)

giving this excuse for her folly.	An angeH spake with that wyght, And no man els, bi day nor nyght, "sir, therof be ye bold." 289 Thay excusyd hir thus sothly, To make hir clene of hir foly, And babyshed me that was old. 292
---	---

(38)

[Fol. 31, a.]	Shuld an angeH this dede haue wroght? Sich excusyng helpys noght, ffor no craft that thay can; 295
---------------	--

It must have been some earthly man.	A heuenly thyng, for sothe, is he, And she is erthly; this may not be, It' is som othere man. 298
---	---

(39)

Certys, I forthynk sore of hir dede,  
 Bot it is long of yowth-hede,

<sup>1</sup> MS. ix.

AH sich wanton playes ;  
ffor yong women wyH nedys play them  
with yong men, if old forsake them,  
Thus it is sene always.

301 Young  
women will  
needs play  
with yong  
men.

(40)

Bot' marie and I playd neuer so sam,  
Neuer togeder we vsid that gam,  
I cam hir neuer so nere ;<sup>1</sup>

304  
  
307 But Mary &  
he never  
played  
together.

(41)

she is as clene as cristah clyfe  
ffor me, and shalbe whyls I lyf,  
The law wyH it be so.

310 She is clean  
as crystal  
for him, and  
shall be so  
while he  
lives.

And then am I cause of hir dede,  
ffor thi then can I now no rede,  
Alas, what I am wo !

313

(42)

And sothly, if it so befaH,  
Godys son that she be with aH,  
If sich grace myght betyde,  
I wote weH that I am not he,  
which that is worthi to be

316 If it be God's  
Son she has  
for her child,  
then Joseph  
is not worthy  
to lie beside  
her.

That blyssed body besyde,

319

(43)

Nor yit to be in company ;  
To wyldernes I wiH for thi

322 He will steal  
away to the  
wilderness  
so that they  
meet no  
more.

Enfors me for to fare ;

And neuer longer with hir dele,  
Bot' styllly shaH I from hir stele,

That mete shaH we no mare.

325

(44)

*Angelus.* Do wa, Ioseph, and mend thy thoght,  
I warne the weH, and weynd thou noght,

328 An Angel  
warns him  
to mend his  
thoughts and  
return to his  
wife.

To wyldernes so wylde ;

Turne home to thi spouse agane,  
look thou deme in hir no trane,

ffor she was neuer ffylde.

331

(45)

wyte thou no wyrkyng of Werkys wast,  
She hase consauyd the holy gast,

<sup>1</sup> Is half a stanza of the original left out ?

Mary is with  
child of the  
Holy Ghost.

And she shaH bere godys son);  
ffor thy *with* hir, in thi degre,  
Meke and buxom looke thou be,  
And *with* hir dweH and won.

334  
  
337

(46)

Joseph  
praises God  
for entrust-  
ing him with  
the care of  
the young  
Child.

*Ioseph.* A, lord, I lofe the aH alon,  
That vowches safe that I be oone  
To tent that chyld so ying;  
I that thus haue vngrathly gone,  
And vntruly taken apon  
Mary, that dere darlyng.

340  
  
343

(47)

He grieves  
for his sus-  
picions, &  
goes to ask  
Mary's  
forgiveness.  
[Fol. 31, b.]

I rewe full sore that I haue sayde,  
And of hir byrdyng hir vpbrade,  
And she not gylty is;  
ffor thy to hir now WyH I weynde,  
And pray hir for to be my freynde,  
And aske hir forgyfnes.

346  
  
349

(48)

A, mary, wyfe, what chere?

Mary asks  
where he has  
been.

*Maria.* The better, *sir*, that ye ar here;  
Thus long where haue ye lent?

352

*Ioseph.* Certys, walkyd aboute, lyke a fon,  
That wrangwysly hase taken apon;  
I wylt neuer What I ment;

355

(49)

Joseph says  
he has  
sinned  
against God  
& her, and  
asks forgive-  
ness. She  
forgives him  
freely.

Bot I wote weH, my lemman fre,  
I haue trespass to god and the;  
fforgyf me, I the pray.

358

*Maria.* Now aH that euer ye sayde me to,  
God forgyf you, and I do,  
With aH the myght I may.

361

(50)

He thanks  
her. A man  
may be well  
content with  
a meek wife,  
though she  
have no  
goods.

*Ioseph.* Gramercy, mary, thi good wyH  
So kyndly forgyfys that I sayde yH,  
When I can the vpbrade;

364

Bot weH is hym hase sich a fode,  
A, meke wyf, withouten goode,  
he may weH hold hym payde.

367

(51)

A, what I am light as lynde!  
 he that may both lowse and bynde,  
 And euery mys amend,  
 leyn me grace, powere, and myght,  
 My wyfe and hir swete yong' wight  
 To kepe, to my lyfys ende.

Joseph is  
 light of  
 heart. He  
 prays God  
 help him  
 keep wife  
 and child.

370

373

*Explicit Annunciatio beate Marie.*

(XI.)

**Incipit Salutacio Elezabeth.**

[15 six-line stanzas, aab, ccb.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

*Maria.*

*Elezabeth.]*

*Maria.*

(1)

**M**y lord of heuen, that syttyt he,  
 And aH thyng seys with ee,  
 The safe, Elezabeth.  
*Elezabeth.* Welcom, mary, blyssed blome,  
 IoyfulH am I of thi com  
 To me, from nazareth.

Mary salutes  
 Elizabeth.

3

6

(2)

*Maria.* how standys it with you, dame, of qwart?  
*Elezabeth.* weH, my doghter and dere hart,  
 As can for myn elde.

9

*Maria.* To speke with you me thoght' fuH lang,  
 ffor ye with childe in elde gang,  
 And ye be cald geld.

She has long  
 desired to  
 speak with  
 her.

12

(3)

*Elezabeth.* ffuH lang shaH I the better be,  
 That I may speke my fyH with the,  
 My dere kyns Woman;  
 To wytt how thi freyndys fare,  
 In thi countre where thay ar,  
 Therof telH me thou can,  
 T. PLAYS.

Elizabeth is  
 glad to hear  
 about her  
 friends.

15

18

(4)

[Fol. 32, a.] And how thou farys, my dere derlyng.

*Maria.* WeH, dame, gramercy youre askyng,  
ffor good I wote ye spyr.

21

Elizabeth  
asks after  
Mary's  
father and  
mother.*Elezabeth.* And Ioachym, thy fader, at hame,  
And anna, my nese, and thi dame,  
how standys it<sup>t</sup> with hym and hir ?

24

(5)

Mary says  
they are both  
well, &  
thanks her.*Maria.* Dame, yit<sup>t</sup> ar thay both on lyfe,  
Both ioachym and anna his wyfe.*Elezabeth.* Els were my hart<sup>t</sup> fuH sore.

27

*Maria.* Dame, god that aH may,  
yeld<sup>t</sup> you that<sup>t</sup> ye say,  
And<sup>t</sup> blys you therfore.

30

(6)

Elizabeth  
hails Mary  
as the  
mother of  
her Lord.*Elezabeth.* Blyssed be thou of aH women,  
And the fruyte that<sup>t</sup> I weH ken,  
Within the wombe of the ;

33

And this tyme may I blys,  
That<sup>t</sup> my lordys moder is  
Comen thus vnto me.

36

(7)

The child in  
her own  
body makes  
joy.ffor syn that<sup>t</sup> tyme fuH weH I wote,  
The steyvn of angeH voce it<sup>t</sup> smote,  
And rang now in myñ ere ;  
A selcouth thyng is me betyde,  
The chyld makys Ioy, as any byrd,<sup>1</sup>  
That<sup>t</sup> I in body bere.

39

42

(8)

She com-  
mends Mary  
for believing  
the word of  
the Lord.And als, mary, blyssed be thou,  
That<sup>t</sup> stedfastly wold<sup>t</sup> trow,  
The wordys of oure heven kyng ;  
Therfor aH thyng now shaH be kend,  
That<sup>t</sup> vnto the were sayd or send,  
By the angeH gretynge.

45

48

(9)

*Maria.* Magnificat<sup>t</sup> anima mea dominum ;  
My sauH lufys my lord abuf,  
And my gost<sup>t</sup> gladys with luf,<sup>1</sup> The rhyme requires *byrd*.



In god, that is my hele ;	51	Mary praises God in the <i>Magnificat.</i>
ffor he has bene sene agane,		
The buxumnes of his bane,		
And kept me madyn lele.	54	

(10)

Lo, therof what me shaH betyde—		All nations shall call her blessed.
AH nacyons on euery syde,		
Blyssyd shaH me caH ;	57	
ffor he that is fuH of myght,		
MekyH thyng to me has dyght,		
his name be blyssed ouer aH ;	60	

(11)

And his mercy is also		God's mercy is on them that dread Him.
ffrom kynde to kynde, tyH aH tho		
That ar hym dredand.	63	
Myght in his armes he wroght,		
And dystroed in his thoght,		
Prowde men and hygH berand.	66	

(12)

Myghty men furth of sete he dyd,		He hath upraised the meek.
And he hyghtynd in that stede		
The meke men of hart ;	69	
The hungre With aH good he fyld,		[Fol. 32, b.]
And left the rich outt shyld,		
Thaym to Vnquart.	72	

(13)

IsraeH has vnder law,		
his awne son in his awe,		
By menys of his mercy ;	75	
As he told before by name,		He fulfils His promise to Abraham.
To oure fader, abraham,		
And seyde of his body.	78	

(14)

Elezabeth, myn awnt dere,		Mary takes leave of Elizabeth.
My lefe I take at you here,		
ffor I dweH now fuH lang.	81	
<i>Elezabeth.</i> wyH thou now go, godys fere ?		
Com kys me, doghter, with good chere,		
or thou hens gang ;	84	

(15)

Elizabeth  
bids Mary  
farewell &  
sends greet-  
ing to her  
kinsfolk.

ffareweH now, thou frely foode!

I pray the be of comforth goode,

ffor thou art fuH of grace;

87

Grete weH aH oure kyn of bloode;

That lord, that the with grace infude,

he saue aH in this place.

90

*Explicit Salutacio Elezabeth.*

(XII.)

**Incipit Pagina pastorum.**

[54 nine-line stanzas, aaaab cccb, and 1 seven-line (no. 15), aab cccb.

*The aaaa lines have central rymes markt by bars.]*

[*Dramatis Personae.*

*Primus Pastor.*

*Iak Garcio.*

*Ihesus.*

*Secundus Pastor.*

*Angelus.*

*Maria.]*

*Tercius Pastor.*

*Primus Pastor.*

(1)

The 1st  
shepherd  
envies the  
dead who are  
now exempt  
from  
vicissitudes.

**L**Ord, what thay ar weyH / that hens ar past!  
ffor thay noght feyH / theym to downe cast.  
here is mekyH vnceyH / and long has it last,  
Now in hart, now in heyH / now in weytt, now  
in blast,

Now in care,

5

Now in comforth agane,

Now is fayre, now is rane,

Now in hart fuH fane,

And after fuH sare.

9

(2)

[Fol. 33, a.]  
In this world  
sorrow  
comes after  
play.

Thus this Warld, as I say / farys on ylk syde,  
ffor after oure play / com sorows vnryde;  
ffor he that most may / When he syttys in pryde,  
When it comys on assay / is kesten downe wyde,

This is seyn ;	14	After riches comes poverty, & Jack Cope must walk instead of riding.
When ryches is he,		
Then comys pouerte,		
hors-man Iak cope		
Walkys then, I weyn.	18	
(3)		
I thank it god / hark ye what I mene,		He himself has much trouble.
ffor euen or for od / I haue mekyH tene ;		
As heuy as a sod / I grete with myn eene,		
When I nap on my cod / for care that has bene,		
And sorow.	23	
AH my shepe ar gone,		His sheep are slain with the rot & he must beg.
I am not left oone,		
The rott has theym slone ;		
Now beg I and borow.	27	
(4)		
My handys may I wryng / and mowrnyng make,		Rents are due & his purse is weak.
Bot if good wiH spryng / the countre forsake ;		
ffermes thyk ar comyng / my purs is bot wake,		
I haue nerehand nothyng / to pay nor to take ;		
I may syng	32	
With purs penneles,		
That makys this heuynes,		
Wo is me this dystres !		
And has no helpyng.	36	
(5)		
Thus sett I my mynde / truly to neuene,		He has lost his sheep & must go to the fair to buy more.
By my wytt to fynde / to cast the world in seuen ;		
My shepe haue I tynde / by the moren full euen ;		
Now if hap wiH grynde / god from his heuen		
Send grace.	41	
To the fare wiH I me,		
To by shepe, perde,		
And yit may I multiplye,		
ffor aH this hard case.	45	

(6)

*Secundus pastor.* Benste, benste<sup>1</sup> / be vs emang,  
And saue aH that I se / here in this thrang,

<sup>1</sup> Benedicite, benedicite !

The 2nd  
shepherd  
comes in  
with a  
benison.

he saue you and me / ouertwhart and endlang,  
That hang on a tre / I say you no wrang ;

Cryst saue vs  
ffrom aH myschefys,  
ffrom robbers and thefys,  
ffrom those mens greffys,  
That oft ar agans vs.

50

54

(7)

[Pol. 33, b.]  
God keep  
us from  
boasters and  
braggers &  
their  
weapons.  
They will  
bear no  
gainsaying.

Both bosters and braggers / god kepe vs fro,  
That with thare long daggers / dos mekyH wo ;  
ffrom aH byH hagers / with colknyffys that go ;  
Sich wryers and wragers / gose to and fro  
ffor to crak.

59

Who so says hym agane,  
were better be slane ;  
Both ploghe and wane  
Amendys wiH not make.

63

(8)

These  
fellows are  
as proud as  
lords, with a  
fine head of  
hair and  
grim  
bearing.

he wiH make it as prowde / a lord as he were,  
With a hede lyke a clowde / ffelterd his here ;  
he spekys on lowde / with a grym bere,  
I wold not haue trowde / so galy in gere  
As he glydys.

68

I wote not the better,  
Nor wheder is gretter,  
The lad or the master,  
So stowtly he strydys.

72

(9)

They will  
have what  
they want.

If he haske me ough / that he wold to his pay,  
ffuH dere bese it boght / if I say nay ;  
Bot god that aH wrought / to the now I say,  
help that thay were broght / to a better way  
ffor thare sawlys ;

77

May God  
mend them  
and end  
them.

And send theym good mendyng  
With a short endyng,  
And with the to be lendyng  
When that thou callys.

81

(10)

He calls out  
" Good  
morning,  
Gyb," to  
the 1st  
shepherd.

how, gyb, goode morne / wheder goys thou ?  
Thou goys ouer the corne / gyb, I say, how !

- primus pastor.* Who is that? Joĥn horne / I make god  
a vowe! The 1st  
shepherd  
greete the  
2nd as John  
Horne.
- I say not in skorne / thom, how farys thou?  
*Secundus pastor.* hay, ha! 86
- Ar ye in this towne?  
*primus pastor.* yey, by my crowne.  
*ijus pastor.* I thoght by youre gowne  
This was youre aray. 90
- (11)
- primus pastor.* I am euer elyke / wote I neuer what  
it' gars, Gyb is faring  
as badly as  
any shep-  
herd in the  
kingdom.
- Is none in this ryke / a shepard farys wars.  
*ijus pastor.* poore men ar in the dyke / and oft tyme  
mars, Horne says  
poor men  
are in the  
ditch.
- The world is slyke / also helpars  
Is none here. 95
- primus pastor.* It is sayde fuĥ rye,  
"a man may not wyfe  
And also thryfe,  
And aĥ in a yere." Gyb quotes  
the proverb,  
"A man  
may not  
marry &  
thrive all in  
a year."  
99
- (12)
- ijus pastor.* ffyrst must vs crepe / and sythen go.  
*primus pastor.* I go to by shepe. / We must  
creep ere  
we go.
- Secundus* [pastor]. nay, not so ;  
What, dreme ye or slepe? / where shuld thay go? [Fol. 34, a.] Gyb says he  
is going to  
buy sheep,  
& they  
quarrel as  
to where he  
shall feed  
them.
- here shaĥ thou none kepe. /  
*primus pastor.* A, good sir, ho!
- Who am I? 104
- I wyĥ pasture my fe  
where so euer lykys me,  
here shaĥ thou theym se.  
*ijus pastor.* Not so hardy! 108
- (13)
- Not oone shepe tayĥ / shaĥ thou bryng hedyr.  
*primus pastor.* I shaĥ bryng, no fayĥ / A hundreth  
togydyr.  
*ijus pastor.* What, art thou in ayĥ / longys thou oght  
whedir? Gyb  
imagines he  
has his sheep  
already, &  
tells the  
bell-wether  
to go on.
- primus pastor.* Thay shaĥ go, saunce fayĥ / go now,  
beĥ weder!

The two  
shepherds  
call out con-  
tradictory  
orders to the  
imaginary  
sheep.

*ijus pastor.* I say, tyr ! 113  
*primus pastor.* I say, tyr, now agane !  
 I say skyp ouer the plane.  
*ijus pastor.* wold<sup>t</sup> thou neuer so fane,  
 Tup, I say, whyr ! 117

(14)

*primus pastor.* What<sup>t</sup>, wy<sup>H</sup> thou not<sup>t</sup> yit / I say, let the  
 shepe go ?

Whop !

*Secundus pastor.* abyde yit. /

Gyb  
threatens  
to break  
Horne's  
head.

*primus pastor.* Wi<sup>H</sup> thou bot<sup>t</sup> so ?  
 knafe, hens I byd flytt / as good that<sup>t</sup> thou do,  
 Or I sha<sup>H</sup> the hytt / on thi pate, lo,  
 sha<sup>H</sup> thou rey<sup>H</sup> ; 122

I say, gyf the shepe space.

*ijus pastor.* Syr, a letter of youre grace,  
 here comys slaw-pase  
 ffro the myl<sup>n</sup> whele. 126

(15)

The 3rd  
shepherd,  
Slow-pace,  
arrives &  
asks what is  
wrong.  
Gyb says  
Horne won't  
let him drive  
his sheep  
this way.

*Tercius pastor.* What a do, what<sup>t</sup> a do / is this you  
 betweyn ?

A good day, thou, and thou. /

*primus pastor.* hark what I meyn  
 You to say : 129

I was bowne to by store,  
 drofe my shepe me before,  
 he says not<sup>t</sup> oone hore  
 sha<sup>H</sup> pas by this way ; 133

(16)

Bot and he were wood / this way sha<sup>H</sup> thay go.

Slow-pace  
asks where  
the sheep  
are, and  
chaffs him.

*ijus pastor.* yey, bot<sup>t</sup> tel<sup>H</sup> me, good / where ar youre  
 shepe, lo ?

*ijus pastor.* Now, *sir*, by my hode / yit<sup>t</sup> se I no mo,  
 Not<sup>t</sup> syn I here stode. /

*ijus pastor.* god gyf you wo  
 and sorow ! 138

ye fys<sup>H</sup> before the nett,

And stryfe on this bett,

sich folys neuer I mett

Evyn or at<sup>t</sup> morow. 142

(17)

It is wonder to wyt / where wytt shuld be fownde ;  
 here ar old knafys yit / standys on this grownde,  
 these wold by thare wytt / make a shyp be drownde ;  
 he were weH qwytt / had sold for a pownde

Here are  
two old  
knaves not  
worth a  
pound  
between  
them,

sich two.

147

thay fyght and thay flyte  
 ffor that at comys not tyte ;  
 It is far to byd hyte

fighting for  
nothing.

To an eg or it go.

151

(18)

Tytter want ye sowH / then sorow I pray ;  
 Ye brayde of mowH / that went by the way—  
 Many shepe can she poH / bot oone had she ay—  
 Bot she happynynd fuH fowH / hyr pycher, I say,

[Fol. 34, b.]  
They are  
like Moll  
who, while  
counting up  
many sheep,  
broke her  
pitcher, and  
had but one  
sheep all the  
time.

Was broken ;

156

“ho, god,” she sayde,  
 bot oone shepe yit she hade,  
 The mylk pycher was layde,

The skarthis was the tokyn.

160

(19)

Bot syn ye ar bare / of wysdom to knawe,<sup>1</sup>  
 Take hede how I fare / and lere at my lawe ;  
 ye nede not to care / if ye folow my sawe ;  
 hold ye my mare / this sek thou thrawe

<sup>1</sup> MS. knowe.

He makes  
them hold  
his mare  
while he  
shakes his  
sack empty,

On my bak,

165

Whylst I, with my hand,  
 lawse the sek band ;  
 Com nar and by stand

Both gyg and lak ;

169

(20)

Is not aH shakyn owte / and no meyh is therin ?

*primus pastor.* yey, that is no dowte. /

*Tercius pastor.*

so is youre wyttys thyn.

and then  
compares it  
to their thin  
wits.

And ye look weH abowte / nawther more nor myn,

So gose youre wyttys owte / evyn as It com In :

Geder vp

174

And seke it agane.

*ijus pastor.* May we not be fane !

he has told vs fuH plane

Wysdom to sup.

178



(21)

Jack the boy  
comes in.  
Save the  
men of  
Gotham he  
thinks they  
bear the bell  
of all fools  
from heaven  
unto hell.

*Iak garcio.* Now god gyf you care / foles aH sam ;  
Sagh I neuer none so fare / bot' the foles of gotham.  
Wo is hir that' yow bare / youre syre and youre dam,  
had she broght' furth an hare / a shepe, or a lam,  
had bene weH.

183

Of aH the foles I can teH,  
ffrom heuen vnto heH,  
ye thre bere the beH ;

God gyf you vnceyH.

187

(22)

Gyb asks  
after his  
sheep and  
then pro-  
poses to sit  
down &  
drink.

*primus pastor.* how pastures oure fee / say me, good pen.

*Garcio.* Thay ar gryssed to the kne. /

*ijus pastor.* fare fath the !

Amen !

If ye wiH ye may se / youre bestes ye ken.

*primus pastor.* Sytt we downe aH thre / and drynk  
shaH we then.

Horne asks,  
"What is  
drink with-  
out meat?"

*ijus pastor.* yey, torde !

192

I am leuer ete ;

what' is drynk withoute mete ?

Gett' mete, gett',

And sett vs a borde,

196

(23)

and wants  
dinner.

Then may we go dyne / oure bellys to fyH.

*ijus pastor.* Abyde vnto syne. /

*ijus pastor.* be god, sir, I nyH !

I am worthy the wyne / me thynk it' good skyH ;

[Fol. 35, a.  
Sig. G. 1.]

My seruyse I tyne / I fare fuH yH,

At' youre mangere.

201

*primus pastor.* Trus ! go we to mete,

It' is best' that we trete,

I lyst' not' to plete

To stand in thi dangere ;

205

(24)

Thou has euer bene curst / syn we met togeder.<sup>1</sup>

*ijus pastor.* Now in fayth, if I durst / ye ar euen my  
broder.

<sup>1</sup> Note the rymes of *-eder*, *-oder*.

*ijus pastor.* Syrs, let vs cryb furst / for oone thyng or  
oder,

That thise word's be purst / and let vs go foder

Oure mompyns ;

210 Horne pro-  
duces a  
boar's  
brawn ;

lay furth of oure store,

lo, here ! browne of a bore.

*primus pastor.* Set mustard afore,

oure mete now begyns ;

214

(25)

here a foote of a cowe / weH sawsed, I wene,

The pesteH of a sowe / that powderd has bene,

Two blodyingis, I trow / A leueryng betwene ;

Gyb, a cow's  
foot, a sow's  
shank, blood  
puddings,  
&c.

Do gladly, syrs, now / my breder bedene,

With more.

219

Both befe, and moton

Of an ewe that was roton,

Good mete for a gloton ;

Ete of this store.

223

(26)

*ijus pastor.* I haue here in my mayH / sothen and rost,

Euen of an ox tayH / that wold not be lost ;

ha, ha, goderhayH ! / I let for no cost,

A good py or we fayH / this is good for the frost

Horne has  
in his bag  
an ox tail,  
a pie, two  
swine's jaws  
& part of a  
hare.

In a mornyng ;

228

And two swyne gronys,

AH a hare bot the lonys,

we myster no sponys

here, at oure mangyng.

232

(27)

*ijus pastor.* here is to recorde / the leg of a goys,

with chekyns endorde / pork, partryk, to roys ;

A tart for a lorde / how thynk ye this doys ?

A calf lyuer skorde / with the veryose ;

Slow-pace  
contributes  
a goose's  
leg, pork,  
partridge,  
tart & calf's  
liver.

Good sawse,

237

This is a restorete

To make a good appetite.

*primus pastor.* yee speke aH by clerge[te],

I here by your clause ;

241

(28)

They drink  
good whole-  
some ale as  
a cure for  
their ills.  
As each  
drinks the  
others chaff  
him.

Cowth̃ ye by youre gramery / reche vs a drynk,  
I shuld be more mery / ye wote What I thynk.

*ijus pastor.* haue good ayH of hely / bewar now, I wynk,  
ffor and thou drynk drely / in thy poH wyH it synk.

*primus pastor.* A, so ; 246

This is boyte of oure bayH,<sup>1</sup>  
good holsom ayH.

*ijus pastor.* ye hold̃ long the skayH,

Now lett̃ me go to. 250

(29)

Horne bids  
the others  
leave him  
some.

*Secundus pastor.* I shrew those lyppys / bot̃ thou leyff  
me som parte.

*primus pastor.* be god, he bot̃ syppys / begylde thou art ;

[Fol. 35, b.]

Behold̃ how he kyppys. /

*Secundus pastor.* I shrew you so smart,

And me on my hyppys / bot̃ if I gart̃

Abate. 255

He will  
drink till  
his breath  
fail.

Be thou wyne, be thou ayH,

bot̃ if my brethe fayH,

I shaH sett̃ the on sayH ;

God send the good gayte. 259

(30)

*Tercius pastor.* Be my dam sauH, alyce / It̃ was sadly  
dronken.

*primus pastor.* Now, as euer haue I blys / to the  
bothom it is sonken.

Another  
bottle is  
found.

*ijus pastor.* yit̃ a boteH here is. /

*Tercius pastor.* that̃ is weH spoken !

By my thryft we must kys. /

*Secundus pastor.* that̃ had I forgotten.<sup>2</sup>

Bot̃ hark ! 264

They sing.

Who so can best̃ syng

ShaH haue the begynnyng.

*primus pastor.* Now prays at the partyng

I shaH sett̃ you on warke ; 268

<sup>1</sup> The MS makes 2 lines of this : 1 A so ; 2 This etc.

<sup>2</sup> Note the assonance *t* and *k*.

(31)

We haue done oure parte / and songyn) right weyH,  
I drynk for my parte. /

They drink  
again, each  
still anxious  
for his fair  
share.

*ijus pastor.* Abyde, lett cop reyH.

*primus pastor.* Godys forbot, thou spart / and thou  
drynk euery deyH.

*ijus pastor.* Thou has dronken a quart / therfor choke  
the the deyH.

*primus pastor.* Thou rafys ; 273

And it were for a sogh

Ther is drynk enogh.

*ijus pastor.* I shrew the handys it drogh !

ve be both knafys. 277

(32)

*primus pastor.* Nay ! we knaues aH / thus thynk me best,  
so, *sir*, shuld ye caH. /

*ijus pastor.* furth let it rest ;  
we wiH not braH. /

*primus pastor.* then wold I we fest,  
This mete Who shaH / into panyere kest.

*ijus pastor.* syrs, herys ; 282  
ffor oure saules lett vs do  
Poore men gyf it to.

Gill pro-  
poses to  
collect the  
broken  
meats for  
the poor.

*primus pastor.* Geder vp, lo, lo !

ye hungre begers ffrerys ! 286

(33)

*ijus pastor.* It draes nere nyght / trus, go we to rest ;  
I am euen redy dyght / I thynk it the best.

They pre-  
pare to  
sleep.

*ijus pastor.* ffor ferde we be fryght / a crosse lett vs kest,  
Cryst crosse, benedyght / eest and west,  
ffor drede. 291

Slow-pace  
says a night-  
spell.

Ihesus.<sup>1</sup> onazorus,

Crucyefixus,

Moreus, andreus,

God be oure spede ! 295

(34)

[*They sleep.*]

*Angelus.* herkyn, hyrdes, awake ! / gyf louyng ye shaH,  
he is borne for [y]oure<sup>2</sup> sake / lorde perpetuaH ;

The angels  
bid them  
awake.

<sup>1</sup> MS. ihe.

<sup>2</sup> Originally *oure*, the "y" having been added by a later hand.

he is comen to take / and rawnson you aH,  
 youre sorowe to slake / kyng emperiaH,  
 he behestys ; 300

A child is  
 born at  
 Bethlehem.

That chylde is borne  
 At bethleem this morne,  
 ye shaH fynde hym before  
 Betwix two bestys. 304

(35)

[Fol. 36, a.  
 Sig. G. 2.]

Gyb  
 wonders  
 what the  
 song was.  
 He supposes  
 it was a  
 cloud  
 whistling in  
 his ear.

*Primus Pastor.* A, godys dere dominus! / What was  
 that sang?

It was wonder curiose / with smaH noytys emang ;  
 I pray to god saue vs / now in this thrang ;  
 I am ferd, by ihesus<sup>1</sup> / somewhat be wrang ;  
 Me thoght, 309

Oone scremyd on lowde ;  
 I suppose it was a clowde,  
 In myn erys it sowde,  
 By hym that me boght! 313

(36)

Horne is  
 sure it was  
 an angel,  
 speaking of  
 a child.

*Secundus pastor.* Nay, that may not be / I say you  
 certan,

ffor he spake to vs thre / as he had bene a man ;  
 When he lemyd on this lee / my hart shakyd than,  
 An angeH was he / teH you I can,  
 No dowte. 318

he spake of a barne,  
 We must seke hym, I you warne,  
 That betokyns yond starne,  
 That standys yonder owte. 322

(37)

Slow-pace  
 remembers  
 the angel  
 bade them  
 go to  
 Bethlehem  
 to worship.

*Tercius pastor.* It was merueH to se / so bright as it  
 shone,

I wold haue trowyd, veraly / it had bene thoner flone,  
 Bot I sagH with myn ee / as I lenyd to this stone ;  
 It was a mery gle / sich hard I neuer none,  
 I recorde. 327

As he sayde in a skreme,  
 Or els that I dreme,  
 we shuld go to bedleme,  
 To wyrship that lorde. 331

<sup>1</sup> MS. ihc.

## (38)

*primus pastor.* That same childe is he / that prophetys  
of told, They recall  
the words  
of the  
prophets,

Shuld make them fre / that adam had sold.

*ijus pastor.* Take tent vnto me / this is inrold,

By the wordys of Isae / a prynce most bold

shaH he be, 336

And kyng with crowne,

Sett on dauid trone,

Sich was neuer none,

Seyn with oure ee. 340

## (39)

*ijus pastor.* Also Isay says / oure faders vs told

That a vyrgyn shuld pas / of Iesse, that wold

Bryng furth, by grace / a floure so bold ;

That vyrgyn now has / these wordys vphold

As ye se ; 345

Trust it now we may,

he is borne this day,

Exiet virga

De radice iesse. 349

## (40)

*primus pastor.* Of hym spake more / SybyH as I weyn,

And nabugodhonor / from oure faythe alyene,

In the fornace where thay wore / thre childe sene,

The fourt stode before / godys son lyke to bene.

*ijus pastor.* That fygure 354

Was gyffen by reualacyon

That god wold haue a son ;

This is a good lesson,

Vs to cousydure. 358

## (41)

*Tercius pastor.* Of hym spake Ieromy / and moyses also,

Where he sagH hym by / a bushe burnand, lo !

when he cam to aspy / if it were so,

Vnburnyd was it truly / at commyng therto,

A wonder. 363

*primus pastor.* That was for to se

hir holy vyrgynyte,

That she vnfyld shuld be,

Thus can I ponder, 367

of a king  
who shall sit  
on David's  
throne,

born of a  
virgin of the  
root of Jesse.

Sybyl &  
Nebuchad-  
nezzar spake  
of Him.  
He it was  
who was  
with the  
Three  
Children in  
the Fire.  
[Fol. 36, b.]

Of Him  
spake  
Jeremiah &  
Moses.

(42)

And shuld haue a chyld / sich was neuer sene.

They marvel  
how a virgin  
may bear a  
son,

*ijus pastor.* pese, man, thou art begyld / thou shaH se  
hym with eene,

Of a madyn so myld / greatt merueH I mene ;  
yee, and she vnfyld / a virgyn clene,

So soyne.

372

*primus pastor.* Nothyng is inpossybyH  
sothly, that god wyH ;

It shalbe stabyH

That god wyH haue done.

376

(43)

and recall  
more pro-  
phecies.

*ijus pastor.* Abacuc and ely / prophesyde so,  
Elezabeth and zachare / and many other mo,  
And dauid as veraly / is witnes therto,  
Iohn Baptyste sewrly / and daniel also.

*ijus pastor.* So sayng,

381

he is godys son alon,  
without hym shalbe none,  
his sete and his trone

ShaH euer be lastyng ;

385

(44)

Gyb quotes  
Virgil's  
Eclogue,

*primus pastor.* VirgiH in his poetre / sayde in his verse,  
Even thus by gramere / as I shaH reherse ;

"Iam noua progenies celo demittitur alto,  
Iam rediet virgo, redeunt saturnia regna."

and is  
chaffed by  
Horne on  
his Latin.  
He has  
learnt his  
'Cato.'

*ijus pastor.* weme ! tord ! what speke ye / here in myn  
eeres ?

TeH vs no clerge / I hold you of the freres,  
ye preche ;

390

It semys by youre laton  
ye haue lerd youre caton.

*primus pastor.* herk, syrs, ye fon,

I shaH you teche ;

394

(45)

Gyb  
expounds  
Virgil's text.

he sayde from heuen / a new kynde is send,  
whom a vyrgyn to neuene, oure mys to amend,  
ShaH conceyue fuH euen / thus make I an end ;  
And yit more to neuene / that samyne shaH bend <sup>1</sup>

[Fol. 37, a.  
Sig. G. 3.]

<sup>1</sup> The first five lines on this leaf having become indistinct, have apparently been touched up by a later hand.

vnto vs,	399	Peace and plenty, love and charity shall come among us.
With peasse and plente,		
with ryches and menee,		
Good luf and charyte		
Blendyd amanges vs	403	

(46)

<i>Tercius pastor.</i> And I hold it' trew / ffor ther shuld be,		
When that kyng commys new / peasse by land and se.		
<i>ijus pastor.</i> Now brethere, adew ! / take tent vnto me ;		Horne has made out that the angel was sent from heaven.
I wold that we knew / of this song so fre		
Of the angeH ;	408	
I hard by hys stenen,		
he was send downe ffro heuen.		
<i>primus pastor.</i> It' is trouth that ye neuen,		
I hard hym weH speH.	412	

(47)

<i>ijus pastor.</i> Now, by god that me boght / it' was a		He brought 24 short notes to a long.
mery song ;		
I dar say that he broght / foure & twenty to a long.		
<i>ijus pastor.</i> I wold it were soght / that same vs emong.		
<i>primus pastor.</i> In fayth I trow noght / so many he		Gyb could not count them, but they were gentle and well toned.
throng		
On a heppe ;	417	
Thay were gentyH and smaH,		
And weH tonyd with aH.		
<i>ijus pastor.</i> yee, bot I can thaym aH,		
Now lyst I lepe.	421	

(48)

<i>primus pastor.</i> Brek outt youre voce / let se as ye yelp.		Slow-pace tries to sing over the song, but finds he has a cold. The others must help & take him up.
<i>ijus pastor.</i> I may not for the pose / bot I haue help.		
<i>secundus pastor.</i> A, thy hart is in thy hose ! /		
<i>primus pastor.</i> now, in payn of a skelp		
This sang thou not lose. /		
<i>ijus pastor.</i> thou art an yH qwelp		
ffor angre !	426	
<i>secundus pastor.</i> Go to now, begyn !		
<i>primus pastor.</i> he lyst not weH ryn.		
<i>ijus pastor.</i> God lett vs neuer blyn ;		
Take at my sangre.	430	



(49)

When the  
song is done,  
they think  
of starting  
off, though  
there is no  
moon.

*primus pastor.* Now an ende haue we doyn / of oure  
song this tyde.

*ijus pastor.* ffayr faH thi growne / weH has thou hyde.

*ijus pastor.* Then furth lett vs ron / I wyH not abyde.

*primus pastor.* No lyght makethe mone / that haue  
I asspyde ;

Neuer the les 435

lett vs hold oure beheste.

*ijus pastor.* That hold I best.

*ijus pastor.* Then must we go eest,

After my ges. 439

(50)

They pray  
that they  
may see this  
Babe, whom  
prophets &  
saints have  
desired to  
see.

[Fol. 37, b.]

*primus pastor.* wold god that we myght / this yong  
bab see !

*ijus pastor.* Many prophetys that syght / desyryd veralee  
to haue seen that bright. /

*ijus pastor.* and god so hee

wold shew vs that Wyght / we myght say, perde,

We had sene 444

That many sant desyryd,

with prophetys inspyryd,

If thay hym requyryd,

yit I-closyd ar thare eene. 448

(51)

A star  
appears to  
guide them.

*ijus pastor.* God graunt vs that grace. /

*Tercius pastor.* god so do.

*primus pastor.* Abyde, syrs, a space / lo, yonder, lo !

It commys on a rase / yond sterne vs to.

*ijus pastor.* It is a grete blase / oure gate let vs go,

here he is ! [They go to Bethlehem.] 453

*ijus pastor.* Who shaH go in before ?

Gyb is sent  
in first.

*primus pastor.* I ne rek, by my hore.

*ijus pastor.* ye ar of the old store,

It semys you, Iwys. [They enter the stable.] 457

(52)

*primus pastor.* hayH, kyng I the caH ! / hayH, most of  
myght !

hayH, the worthyst of aH ! / hayH, duke ! hayH, knyght !

Of greatt and smaH / thou art lorde by right ;  
 hayH, perpetuaH ! / hayH, faryst wyght !  
 here I offer !

He worships  
 the Holy  
 Child &  
 offers a little  
 spruce  
 coffer.

462

I pray the to take—  
 If thou wold, for my sake,  
 with this may thou lake,—  
 This lytyH spruse cofer.

466

(53)

*Secundus pastor.* hayH, lytyH tyn mop / rewarder of  
 mede !

Horne offers  
 a ball for  
 Him to play  
 with.

hayH, bot oone drop / of grace at my nede ;  
 hayH, lytyH mylk sop ! / hayH, dauid sede !  
 Of oure crede thou art crop / hayH, in god hede !  
 This baH

471

That thou wold resaue,—  
 lytyH is that I haue,  
 This wyH I vowche saue,—  
 To play the with aH.

475

(54)

*ijus pastor.* hayH, maker of man / hayH, swetyng !  
 hayH, so as I can / hayH, praty mytyng !  
 I cowche to the than / for fayn nere gretying ;  
 hayH, lord ! here I ordan / now at oure metying,  
 This boteH—

Slow-pace  
 presents a  
 bottle, for  
 "it is a good  
 bord to  
 drink of a  
 gourd."

480

It is an old by-worde,  
 It is a good bowrde,  
 for to drynk of a gowrde,—  
 It holdys a mett poteH.

484

(55)

*Maria.* he that aH myghtys may / the makere of heuen,  
 That is for to say / my son that I neuen,  
 Rewarde you this day / as he sett aH on seuen ;  
 he graunt you for ay / his blys fuH euen

Mary prays  
 that her son  
 may reward  
 them.

489

Contynuyng ;  
 He gyf you good grace,  
 TeH furth of this case,  
 he spede youre pase,

[Fol. 38, a,  
 Sig. G. 4.]

And graunt you good endyng.

493

(56)

The shep-  
herds take  
their leave,  
singing the  
laud of this  
Lamb.

*primus pastor.* ffare weH, fare lorde ! / with thy moder  
also.

*ijus pastor.* we shaH this recorde / where as we go.

*ijus pastor.* we mon aH be restorde / god graunt it be so!

*primus pastor.* Amen, to that worde / syng we therto

On hight ; 498

To Ioy aH sam,

With myrth and gam,

To the lawde of this lam

Syng we in syght. 502

*Explicit Vna pagina pastorum.*

(XIII.)

*Incipit Alia eorundem.*

[83 nine-line stanzas, aaaab, cccb, and 1 seven-line (No. 30), aab, cccb.

*The aaaa lines have central rymes markt by bars.]*

*[Dramatis Personae.*

*Primus Pastor.*

*Mak.*

*Angelus.*

*Secundus Pastor.*

*GyH, uxor ejus.*

*Jcsus.*

*Tercius Pastor.*

*Maria.]*

*Primus Pastor.* (1)

The first  
shepherd  
comes on,  
complaining  
of the cold  
& bitter  
weather

**L**ord, what these weders ar cold ! / and I am yH  
happyd ;

I am nere hande dold / so long haue I nappyd ;

My legys thay fold / my fyngers ar chappyd,

It is not as I wold / for I am al lappyd

In sorow. 5

In stormes and tempest,

Now in the eest, now in the west,

wo is hym has neuer rest

Myd day nor morow ! 9

(2)

Bot we sely shepardes <sup>1</sup> / that walkys on the moore,

In fayth we are nere handys / outt of the doore ;

<sup>1</sup> assonant to handys, &c.

- No wonder as it standys / if we be poore,  
ffor the tylthe of oure landys / lyys falow as the floore,  
As ye ken. 14  
we ar so hamyd,  
ffor-taxed and ramyd,  
We ar mayde hand tamyd,  
with thyse gentlery men. 18  
(3)  
Thus thay refe vs oure rest / oure lady theym wary!  
These men that ar lord fest / thay cause the ploghe tary.  
That men say is for the best / we fynde it contrary;  
Thus ar husbandys opprest / in po[i]nte to myscary,  
On lyfe. 23  
Thus holdt thay vs hunder,  
Thus thay bryng vs in blonder;  
It were greatte wonder,  
And euer shuld we thryfe. 27  
(4)<sup>1</sup>  
ffor may he gett a paynt slefe / or a broche now on dayes,  
wo is hym that hym grefe / or onys agane says!  
Dar noman hym reprefe / what mastry he mays,  
And yit may noman lefe / oone word that he says,  
No letter. 32  
he can make purveance,  
with hoste and bragance,  
And all is through maintenance  
Of men that are gretter. 36  
(5)<sup>1</sup>  
Ther shaft com a swane / as prowde as a po,  
he must borow my wane / my ploghe also,  
Then I am full fane / to graunt or he go.  
Thus lyf we in payne / Anger, and wo,  
By nyght and day;  
he must haue if he langyd,  
If I shuld forgang it,  
I were better be hangyd  
Then oones say hym nay. 45  
(6)  
It dos me good, as I walk / thus by myn oone,  
Of this warld for to talk / in maner of mone.

[Fol. 38, b.]  
No wonder  
that shep-  
herds are  
poor, they  
are so  
oppressed  
by the  
gentle folk,

for whose  
exactions  
the plough  
cannot  
speed.

[1 Stanzas 4  
and 5 should  
be trans-  
posed, as sug-  
gested by  
Prof.  
Kölbing.]

Let an  
upstart get  
fine clothes  
& he will  
do what he  
likes, & be  
backed up  
by greater  
men.

They will  
borrow  
waggon &  
plough, &  
the husband  
men had  
better hang  
than say  
them nay.

Refreshed  
by this  
grumble he  
goes to look  
after his  
sheep till  
his fellows  
arrive.

To my shepe wyH I stalk / and herkyn anone,  
Ther abyde on a balk / or sytt on a stone  
ffull soyne.

50

ffor I trowe, perde,  
trew men if thay be,  
we gett more compane  
Or it be noyne.

54

(7)

The second  
shepherd  
complains  
of the  
weather.

*Secundus pastor.* Benste and *dominus* ! / what may this  
bemeyne ?

why, fares this world thus / oft haue we not sene ?  
lord, thyse weders ar spytus / and the weders fuH kene.

[Fol. 39, a.] And the frostys so hydus / thay water myn eeyne,  
No ly.

59

Now in dry, now in wete,  
Now in snaw, now in slete,  
When my shone freys to my fete,  
It is not aH esy.

63

(8)

There is  
mickle woe  
for wedded  
men. Capel,  
their hen,  
cackles to &  
fro ; when  
she croaks,  
the cock  
is in the  
shuckles.

Bot as far as I ken / or yit as I go,  
we sely wedmen / dre mekyH wo ;  
We haue sorow then and then / it fallys oft so ;  
Sely capyle, oure hen / both to and fro  
She kakyls ;

68

Bot begyn she to crok,  
To groyne or [to clo]k,  
Wo is hym is of oure cok,  
ffor he is in the shekyls.

72

(9)

A wedded  
man has not  
all his will,  
& must keep  
his sighs to  
himself.

These men that ar wed / haue not aH thare wyH,  
when they ar fuH hard sted / thay sygh fuH styH ;  
God wayte thay ar led / fuH hard and fuH yH ;  
In bower nor in bed / thay say noght ther tyH,  
This tyde.

77

The shep-  
herd has  
learnt his  
lesson : he  
that is  
bound must  
abide so.

My parte haue I fun,  
I know my lesson.  
wo is hym that is bun,  
ffor he must abyde.

81

(10)

Bot now late in oure lyfys / a merueH to me,  
That I thynk my hart ryfys / sich wonders to see.  
what that destany dryfys / it shuld so be ;  
Som men wyH have two wyfys / and som men thre,

Yet some  
men will  
have two  
wives &  
some three :  
some are  
woe that  
they have  
any.

In store ;

86

Som ar wo that has any,  
Bot so far can I,  
wo is hym that has many,  
ffor he felys sore.

90

(11)

Bot yong men of wowyng / for god that you boght,  
Be weH war of wedyng / and thynk in youre thoght,  
" had I wyst " is a thyng / it seruys of noght ;  
MekyH styH mowmyng / has wedyng home broght,

Young men  
must beware  
of wedding ;  
for " had I  
wist " serves  
nought.

And grefys ;

95

with many a sharp showre,  
ffor thou may each in an owre  
That shaH [savour]<sup>1</sup> fulle sowre

As long as thou lyffys.

99

(12)

ffor, as euer red I pystyH / I haue oone to my fere,  
As sharp as a thystyH / as rugH as a brere ;  
She is browyd lyke a brystyH / with a sowre loten clere ;  
had She oones Wett Hyr Whystyll / She couH Syng fuH  
clere

The shep-  
herd has a  
wife as sharp  
as thistle.

[Fol. 39, b.]

Hyр pater noster.

104

She is as greatt as a whaH,  
She has a galon of gaH :

She is great  
as a whale  
with a gallon  
of gall.

By hym that dyed for vs aH,

He wishes  
he had run  
till he lost  
her.

I wald I had ryn to I had lost hir.

108

(13)

*primus pastor.* God looke ouer the raw / ffuH defly ye  
stand.

The first  
shepherd  
grets him,  
& says he  
has heard  
the third,  
Daw, blow-  
ing his pipe :  
he is near  
at hand.

*ijus pastor.* yee, the dewiH in thi maw / so tariaud.  
sagh thou awro of daw ? /

*primus pastor.* yee, on a ley land

hard I hym blaw / he commys here at hand,

Not far ;

113

<sup>1</sup> The word in brackets is illegible in the MS.

Stand styH.

Daw will  
make them  
some lie,  
unless they  
beware.

*ijus pastor.* qwhy?*primus pastor.* ffor he commys, hope I.*ijus pastor.* he wyH make vs both a ly

Bot if we be war.

117

(14)

Daw invokes  
Christ's  
cross & S.  
Nicholas, &  
complains of  
the world's  
brittleness.

*Tercius pastor.* Crystys crosse me spede / and sant  
nycholas!

Ther of had I nede / it is wars then it was.

Whoso couthe take hede / and lett the world pas,

It is euer in drede / and brekyH as glas,

And slythys.

122

This warld fowre neuer so,

With meruels mo and mo,

Now in weyH, now in wo,

And aH thyng wrythys.

126

(15)

The floods  
now are  
worse than  
ever before.

Was neuer syn noe floode / sich floodys seyn;

Wyndys and ranyys so rude / and stormes so keyn;

Som stamerd, som stock / in dowte, as I weyn;

Now god turne aH to good / I say as I mene,

ffor ponder.

131

These floodys so thay drowne,

Both in feyldys and in towne,

And berys aH downe,

And that is a wonder.

135

(16)

They that  
walk at  
night see  
strange  
sights. He  
spies shrews  
peeping.

We that walk on the nyghtys / oure cateH to kepe,

We se sodan syghtys / when othere men slepe.<sup>1</sup>

yit me thynk my hart lyghtys / I se shrewys pepe;

ye ar two aH wyghtys / I wyH gyf my shepe

A. turne.

140

Bot fuH yH haue I ment,

As I walk on this bent,

I may lyghtly repent,

My toes if I spurne.

144

(17)

He greets  
the shep-  
herds &  
wants meat  
& drink.

A, sir, god you saue / and master myne!

A drynk fayn wold I haue / and somewhat to dyne.

<sup>1</sup> Originally "slepys"; altered in red ink.

*primus pastor.* Crystys curs, my knaue / thou art a  
ledyr hyne!

They up-  
braid him  
as a sluggish  
hind, who  
comes late  
& talks  
about  
dinner.

*ijus pastor.* What! the boy lyst rave; / abyde vnto syne;

We haue mayde it. 149

[Fol. 40, a.]

yH thryft on thy pate!

Though the shrew cam late,

yit is he in state

To dyne, if he had it. 153

(18)

*Tercius pastor.* Sich seruandys as I / that swettys and  
swynkys,

Daw says  
servants  
sweat &  
swink, but  
they eat  
their bread  
dry, & their  
master &  
dame nip at  
their hire.

Etys oure brede fuH dry / and that me forthynkys;

We ar oft weytt and wery / when master-men wynkys,

yit commys fuH lately / both dyners and drynkys,

Bot natelly. 158

Both oure dame and oure syre,

when we haue ryn in the myre,

Thay can nyp at oure hyre,

And pay vs fuH lately. 162

(19)

Bot here my trouth, master / for the fayr that ye make,

I shaH do therafter / wyrk as I take;

I shaH do a lytyH, sir / and emang euer lake,

fior yit lay my soper / neuer on my stomake

In feyldys. 167

He tells  
them he will  
work as he  
is paid, for  
a cheap  
bargain  
yields but  
poorly.

Wherto shuld I threpe?

with my staf can I lepe,

And men say "lyght chepe

letherly for-yeldys." 171

(20)

*primus pastor.* Thou were an yH lad / to ryde on  
wowyng

The first  
shepherd  
says Daw  
would be an  
ill lad to go  
a-wooing  
with a poor  
master.

With a man that had / bot lytyH of spendyng.

*ijus pastor.* Peasse, boy, I bad / no more langling,

Or I shaH make the fuH rad / by the heuen's kyng!

with thy gawdys; 176

The shep-  
herds ask  
after their  
sheep.

wher ar oure shepe, boy, we skorne?

*ijus pastor.* Sir, this same day at morne

I thaym left in the corne,

when thay rang lawdys; 180



(21)

The three  
shepherds  
sing a song,  
taking tenor,  
treble, &  
mean.

Thay haue pasture good / thay can not go wrong.

*primus pastor.* That is right, by the roode! / thyse  
nyghtys ar long,

yit I wold, or we yode / oone gaf vs a song.

*ijus pastor.* So I thought as I stode / to myrth vs emong.

*ijus pastor.* I grauntt<sup>s</sup> 185

*primus pastor.* lett me syng the tenory.

*ijus pastor.* And I the tryble so hye.

*ijus pastor.* Then the meyne fallys to me ;

lett se how ye chauntt. 189

*Tunc intrat mak, in clamide se super togam vestitus.*

(22)

Mak comes  
on, wishing  
he were in  
heaven,  
where no  
bairns weep.

*Mak.* Now lord, for thy naymes seyn<sup>1</sup> / that made  
both moyn & starnes

WeH mo then I can neuen / thi wiH, lorde, of me  
tharnys ;

[Fol. 40, b.]

I am aH vneuen / that moves oft my harnes,

Now Wold god I were in heuen / for there<sup>2</sup> wepe no barnes

So styH. 194

*primus pastor.* Who is that pypys so poore ?

*Mak.* woldt god ye wyst how I foore !

lo, a man that walkys on the moore,

And has not aH his wyH ! 198

(23)

The 2nd  
shepherd  
asks the  
news. Daw  
bids each  
man look to  
his goods.

*secundus pastor.* Mak, where has thou gon<sup>3</sup> ? / teH  
vs tythyng.

*Tercius pastor.* Is he commen ? then ylkon / take hede  
to his thyng.

*& accipit clamidem ab ipso.*

Mak says he  
is the king's  
yeoman, &  
must have  
reverence.

*Mak.* what ! ich be a yoman / I teH you, of the king ;

The seHf and the same / sond from a greatt lordyng,

And sich. 203

ffy on you ! goyth hence

Out of my presence !

I must haue reuerence ;

why, who be ich ? 207

<sup>1</sup> MS. vij.

<sup>2</sup> MS. the.

<sup>3</sup> MS. gom.

(24)

*primus pastor.* Why make ye it so qwaynt? / mak, ye  
do wrang.

*ijus pastor.* Bot, mak, lyst ye saynt? / I trow that ye  
lang.

*ijus pastor.* I trow the shrew can paynt, / the dewyH  
myght hym hang!

*Mak.* Ich shaH make complaynt / and make you aH to  
thwang

At a worde,

212

And teH euyH how ye doth.

*primus pastor.* Bot, Mak, is that sothe?

Now take outt that sothren tothe,

And sett in a torde!

216

In spite of the shepherds' comments Mak continues to boast.

The 1st shepherd bids him take out his southern tooth.

(25)

*ijus pastor.* Mak, the dewyH in youre ee / a stroke wold  
I leyne you.

*ijus pastor.* Mak, know ye not me? / by god I crouthe  
teyn<sup>1</sup> you.

*Mak.* God looke you aH thre! / me thoght I had sene  
you,

ye ar a fare compane. /

*primus pastor.* can ye now mene you?

*secundus pastor.* Shrew, Iape!

221

Thus late as thou goys,

what wyH men suppos?

And thou has an yH noys

of stelyng of shepe.

225

Under threats Mak recognizes the shepherds as a fair company.

The 2nd shepherd hints that Mak is out so late with a view to sheep-stealing.

(26)

*Mak.* And I am trew as steyH / aH men waytt,

Bot a sekenes I feyH / that haldys me fuH haytt,

My belly farys not weyH / it is out of astate.

*ijus pastor.* Seldom lyys the dewyH / dede by the gate.

*Mak.* Therfor

230

fuH sore am I and yH,

If I stande stone styH;

I ete not an nedyH

Thys moneth and more.

234

Mak says all men know he is true as steel, but his belly is ill at ease & he has no appetite.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *teyle*; but the letters "le" have been written over the original by a later hand.

(27)

Asked after  
his wife,  
Mak says  
she does  
nought but  
[Fol. 41, a.]  
eat & drink  
& bear  
children.

*primus pastor.* how farys thi wyff? by my hoode /  
how farys sho?

*Mak.* lyys walteryng, by the roode / by the fyere, lo!

And a howse full of brude / she drynkys weH to;

YH spede othere good / that she wyH do!

Bot so

239

Etys as fast as she can,

And ilk yere that commys to man

She bryngys furth a lakan,

And som yeres two.

243

(28)

However  
rich he were  
she would  
eat him out  
of house &  
home.

Bot were I not more gracyus / and ryche befear,

I were eten out of howse / and of harbar;

Yit is she a fowH dowse / if ye com nar:

Ther is none that trowse / nor knowys a war,

Then ken I.

248

He would  
give all he  
has would  
she but need  
a mass-  
penny.

Now wyH ye se what I profer,

To gyf aH in my cofer

To morne at next to offer

h'yr hed mas penny.

252

(29)

The shep-  
herds are  
tired and lie  
down to  
sleep.

*Secundus pastor.* I wote so forwakyd / is none in this  
shyre:

I wold slepe if I takyd / les to my hyere.

*ijus pastor.* I am cold and nakyd / and wold haue a  
fyere.

*primus pastor.* I am wery, for-rakyd / and run in the  
myre.

wake thou!

257

*ijus pastor.* Nay, I wyH lyg downe by,

ffor I must slepe truly.

*ijus pastor.* As good a man's son was I

As any of you.

261

(30)

They make  
Mak lie  
between  
them.

Bot, knak, com heder! betwene / shaH thou lyg downe.

*Mak.* Then myght I lett you bedene / of that ye wold  
rowne,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Possibly 2 lines in *-owne* are missing in this couplet. But see the like, stanza 15 in the first *Shepherds' Play*, p. 104.

No drede. 264 Mak says  
ffro my top to my too, a mock  
Manus tuas commendo, night-spell.  
poncio pilato,

Cryst crosse me spede ! 268

*Tunc surgit, pastoribus dormientibus, & dicit ;*

(31)

Now were tyme for a man / that lakkys what he wold,  
To stalk preuely than / vnto a fold,  
And neemly to wyrk than / and be not to bold,  
ffor he might aby the bargan / if it were told

He sees a  
chance of  
stealing a  
sheep.

At the endyng. 273

Now were tyme for to reyH ;

Bot he nedys good counseH

That fayn wolde fare weyH,

And has bot lytyH spendyng. 277

(32)

Bot abowte you a serkyH / as rownde as a moyn,  
To I haue done that I wyH / tyH that it be noyn,  
That ye lyg stone styH / to that I haue doyne,  
And I shall say thertyH / of good wordys a foyne.

He uses a  
spell to  
make the  
shepherds  
sleep till  
noon.

On hight 282

Ouer youre heydys my hand I lyft,

[Fol. 41, b.]

Outt go youre een, fordo your syght,

Bot yit I must make better shyft,

And it be ryght. 286

(33)

lord ! what thay slepe hard ! / that may ye aH here ;

was I neuer a shepard / bot now wyH I lere.

If the flok be skard / yit shaft I nyp nere,

how ! drawes hederward ! / now mendys oure chere

When he  
finds by  
their snoring  
that they are  
sleeping  
hard he  
"borrows"  
a sheep &  
carries it  
home.

ffrom sorow : [MS. ffron.] 291

A fatt shepe I dar say,

A good flese dar I lay,

Eft whyte when I may,

Bot this wiH I borow. [Mak goes home.] 295

(34)

how, gyH, art thou In ? / gett vs som lyght.

*Ixor eius.* Who makys sich dyn / this tyme of the  
nyght ?

He knoecks,  
& his wife  
Gyll asks  
"Who is it?"

Gyll says she  
is spinning  
& can't be  
interrupted  
for nothing.

I am sett<sup>r</sup> for to spyn / I hope not I myght<sup>r</sup>  
Ryse a penny to wyn, / I shrew them on hight!

So farys

300

A huswyff that has bene

To be rasyd thus betwene :

here may no note be sene

ffor sich smaH charys.

304

(35)

When she  
recognizes  
Mak's voice  
she let's him  
in; "his  
sheep-  
stealing will  
end in his  
being  
hanged."

*Mak.* Good wyff, open the hek! / seys thou not what

I bryng?

*Vxor.* I may thole the dray the snek. / A, com in,

my swetyng!

*Mak.* yee, thou thar not rek / of my long standyng.

*Vxor.* By the nakyd nek / art thou lyke for to hyng.

*Mak.* Do way :

309

I am worthy my mete,

ffor in a strate can I gett

More then thay that swynke and swette

AH the long day,

313

(36)

Mak has  
done it  
before, but  
"so long  
goes the pot  
to the water  
that it is  
broken at  
last!"

Thus it feH to my lott / gyH, I had sich grace.

*Vxor.* It were a fowH blott / to be hanged for the case.

*Mak.* I haue skapyd, Ielott / oft as hard a glase.

*Vxor.* Bot so long goys the pott / to the water, men says,

At last

318

Comys it home broken.

*Mak.* weH knowe I the token,

Bot let it neuer be spoken ;

Bot com and help fast.

322

(37)

Mak wants  
a dinner off  
the sheep at  
once, but  
they are  
afraid the  
shepherds

I wold he were slayn / I lyst weH ete :

This twelmothe was I not so fayn / of oone shepe mete.

*Vxor.* Com thay or he be slayn / and here the shepe blete!

*Mak.* Then myght I be tane, / that were a cold swette!

Go spar

327

[Fol. 42, a.]

may follow  
him.

The gaytt doore.

*Vxor.* Yis, Mak,

ffor and thay com at thy bak,

*Mak.* Then myght I by, for aH the pak,

The dewiH of the war.

331

(38)

*vxor.* A good bowrde haue I spied / syn thou can none.  
here shaſt we hym hyde / to thay be gone ;  
In my credyH abyde / lett me alone,  
And I shaſt lyg besyde / in chylbed, and grone.

Gyll will put  
the sheep in  
a cradle &  
pretend it is  
a new-born  
child.

*Mak.* Thou red ;

336

And I shaſt say thou was lyght  
Of a knaue childe this nyght.

*Vxor.* Now weſt is me day bright,

That euer was I bred.

340

(39)

This is a good gyse / and a far cast ;  
Yit a woman avyse / helpys at the last.  
I wote neuer who spyse, / agane go thou fast.

Mak must go  
back to the  
shepherds,  
or there will  
be an ill  
wind.

*Mak.* Bot I com or thay ryse / els blowes a cold blast !

I wyH go slepe.

[*Mak returns to the shepherds,*

yit slepys at this meneye, *and resumes his place.*]

And I shaſt go stalk preuely,

As it had neuer bene I

That caryed thare shepe.

349

He finds  
them still  
sleeping.

(40)

*primus pastor.* Resurrex a mortuis ! / haue hald my hand.

Iudas carnas dominus ! / I may not weſt stand :

My foytt slepys, by ihesus<sup>1</sup> / and I water fastand.

I thoght that we layd vs / fuH nere yngland.

The 1st  
shepherd  
wakes. He  
had dreamed  
he was near  
England.

*Secundus pastor.* A ye !

354

lord ! what I haue slept weyH ;

As fresh as an eyH,

As lyght I me feyH

The 2nd  
shepherd  
has slept  
well.

As leyfe on a tre.

358

(41)

*Tercius pastor.* Benste be here in ! / so my [hart?] qwakys,  
My hart is outt of skyn / what so it makys.

Who makys at this dyn ? / so my browes blakys,

To the dowore wyH I wyn / harke felows, wakys !

Daw wakes  
uneasily, &  
asks where  
Mak is.

We were fowre :

363

se ye awre of mak now ?

*primus pastor.* we were vp or thou.

*ijus pastor.* Man, I gyf god a vowe,

yit yede he nawre.

367

The 2nd  
shepherd  
says he has  
gone  
nowhere.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ihc.*

(42)

Daw had  
dreamed  
Mak had  
trapped one  
of the sheep,  
but he is

*ijus pastor.* Me thocht he was lapt / in a wolfe skyn.  
*primus pastor.* So are many hapt / now namely within.  
*ijus pastor.* When we had long napt / me thocht with  
a gyn

[Fol. 42, b.] A fatt shepe he trapt / bot he mayde no dyn.

reassured by  
the others.

*Tercius pastor.* Be styH: 372

Thi dreame makys the woode :

It is bot fantom, by the roode.

*primus pastor.* Now god turne aH to good,

If it be his wyH. 376

(43)

They wake  
Mak, who  
pretends to  
have a stiff  
neck, and to  
have been  
frightened  
by a dream.

*ijus pastor.* Ryse, mak, for shame ! / thou lygys right  
lang.

*Mak.* Now crystys holy name / be vs emang !  
what is this ? for sant Iame / I may not weH gang !

I trow I be the same / A ! my nek has lygen wrang

Enoghe ; 381

MekiH thank, syn yister euen,

Now, by sant strevyn,

I was flayd with a swevyn,

My hart out of sloghe. 385

(44)

He dreamt  
his wife had  
another boy !  
Wo is him  
that has  
many bairns  
and little  
bread.

I thocht gyH began to crok / and traueH fuH sad,

welner at the fyrst cok / of a yong lad,

ffor to mend oure flok / then be I neuer glad.

I haue tow on my rok / more then euer I had.

A, my heede ! 390

A house fuH of yong tharmes,

The dewiH knock outt thare harnes !

wo is hym has many barnes,

And therto lytyH brede ! 394

(45)

He must go  
home to  
Gyll, but  
first bids  
them see he  
has stolen  
nought.

I must go home, by youre lefe / to gyH as I thocht.

I pray you looke my slefe / that I steyH noght :

I am loth you to grefe / or from you take oght.

*ijus pastor.* Go furth, yH myght thou chefe ! / now  
wold I we soght,



This morne,  
That we had aH oure store.  
*primus pastor.* Bot I wiH go before,  
let vs mete.

399 The shep-  
herds  
separate to  
count their  
sheep.

*ijus pastor.* whore?

*ijus pastor.* At the crokyd thorne.

403

(46)

*Mak.* Vndo this doore! who is here? / how long shaft  
I stand?

*Vxor eius.* Who makys sich a bere? / now walk in the  
Wenyand.

*Mak* comes  
home & is  
welcomed  
by Gyll with  
some  
grumbling.

*Mak.* A, gyH, what chere? / it is I, mak, youre husbande,

*Vxor.* Then may we be here / the dewiH in a bande,

Syr gyle;

408

lo, he commys with a lote

As he were holden in the throte.

I may not syt at my note,

A hand lang while.

412

(47)

*Mak.* wyH ye here what fare she makys / to gett hir a  
glose,

And dos noght bot lakys / and clowse hir toose.

*Vxor.* why, who wanders, who wakys / who commys,  
who gose?

who brewys, who bakys? / what makys me thus hose?

And than,

417

It is the  
woman does  
all the work,  
& woful is  
the house-  
hold that  
lacks one.

It is rewthe to beholde,

Now in hote, now in colde,

ffuH wofuH is the householde

That wantys a woman.

421

(48)

Bot what ende has thou mayde / with the hyrdys,  
mak?

[Fol. 43, a.]

*Mak.* The last worde that thay sayde / when I turnyd  
my bak,

Thay wold looke that thay hade / thare shepe aH the pak.

I hope thay wyH nott be weH payde / when thay thare  
shepe lak,

Perde.

426

*Mak* tells  
Gyll the  
shepherds  
are counting  
their sheep.



The shep-  
herds are  
sure to sus-  
pect him.

Bot how so the gam gose,  
To me thay wyH suppose,  
And make a fowH noyse,  
And cry outt apon me.

430

(49)

The sheep is  
swaddled in  
a cradle, &  
Gyll lies  
down.

Bot thou must do as thou hyght /

*Vxor.*

I accorde me thertyH.

I shall swedyH hym right / In my credyH ;  
If it were a gretter slyght / yit couthe I help tyH.  
I wyH lyg downe stright ; / com hap me ;

*Mak.*

I wyH.

*Vxor.* Behynde.

435

Com coH and his maroo,  
Thay wiH nyp vs fuH naroo.

*Mak.* Bot I may cry out 'haroo,'

The shepe if thay fynde.

439

(50)

*Mak* must  
sing a  
lullaby,  
while she  
groans.

*Vxor.* harken ay when thay caH / thay wiH com onone.  
Com and make redy aH / and syng by thyn oone ;  
Syng lullay thou shaH / for I must grone,  
And cry outt by the waH / on mary and Iohn,  
ffor sore.

444

Syng lullay on fast  
when thou heris at the last ;  
And bot I play a fals cast,

Trust me no more.

448

(51)

The shep-  
herds meet  
again.  
The 1st  
shepherd  
has lost a  
fat wether, &  
has searched  
"all horbery  
shrogys" in  
vain.

*Tercius pastor.* A, coH, goode morne / why slepys thou  
nott ?

*primus pastor.* Alas, that cuer was I borne ! / we haue  
a fowH blott.

A fat wedir haue we lorne. /

*Tercius pastor.* mary, godys forbott !

*ijs pastor.* who shuld do vs that skorne ?

that were a fowH spott.

*primus pastor.* Som shrewe.

453

I haue soght with my dogys

AH horbery shrogys,

And of fefteyn<sup>1</sup> hogys

ffond I bot oone ewe.

457

<sup>1</sup> MS. xv.

(52)

*ijus pastor.* Now trow me, if ye wiH / by sant thomas  
of kent, Daw sus-  
pects either  
Mak or Gyll.  
Ayther mak or gyH / was at that assent.  
*primus pastor.* peasse, man, be stiH ! / I sagh when he  
went ;  
Thou sklanders hym yH / thou aght to repent,  
Goode spede. 462  
*ijus pastor.* Now as euer myght I the,  
If I shuld euyñ here de,  
I wold say it were he,  
That dyd that same dede. 466

(53)

*ijus pastor.* Go we theder, I rede / and ryn on oure The shep-  
herds start  
off for Mak's  
house.  
feete.  
ShaH I neuer ete brede / the sothe to I wytt.  
*primus pastor.* Nor drynk in my heede / with hym tyH  
I mete.  
*Secundus pastor.* I wyH rest in no stede / tyH that I [Fol. 43, b.]  
hym grete,  
My brothere. 471  
Oone I wiH hight :  
TyH I se hym in sight  
shaH I neuer slepe one nyght  
Ther I do anothere. 475

(54)

*Tercius pastor.* wiH ye here how thay hak ? / oure syre, They hear  
noises  
within, and  
Mak bids  
them speak  
softly.  
lyst, croyne.  
*primus pastor.* hard I neuer none crak / so clere out of  
toyne ;  
CaH on hym.  
*ijus pastor.* mak ! / vndo youre doore soyne.  
*Mak.* Who is that spak, / as it were noyne,  
On loft ? 480  
Who is that I say ?  
*ijus pastor.* Goode felowse, were it day.  
*Mak.* As far as ye may,  
Good, spekys soft, 484

(55)

Every foot-  
step goes  
through  
Gyll's nose.

Ouer a seke woman's heede / that is at mayH easse ;  
I had leuer be dede / or she had any dyseasse.

*Vxor.* Go to an othere stede / I may not weH qweasse.  
Ich fote that ye trede / goys thorow my nese.

So hee !

489

*primus pastor.* TeH vs, mak, if ye may,  
how fare ye, I say ?

*Mak.* Bot ar ye in this towne to day ?

Now how fare ye ?

493

(56)

Mak bids the  
shepherds  
sit down.  
His dream  
has come  
true.

ye haue ryn in the myre / and ar weytt yit :

I shaH make you a fyre / if ye wiH syt.

A nores wold I hyre / thynk ye on yit,  
weH qwytt is my hyre / my dreame this is itt,

A seson.

498

I haue barnes, if ye knew,

weH mo then enewe,

Bot we must drynk as we brew,

And that is bot reson.

502

(57)

The shep-  
herds de-  
cline his  
hospitality,  
& hint that  
he has stolen  
their sheep.

I wold ye dynyd or ye yode / me thynk that ye swette.

*Secundus pastor.* Nay, nawther mendys oure mode /  
drynke nor mette.

*Mak.* why, sir, alys you oght bot goode ? /

*Tercius pastor.* yee, oure shepe that we gett,  
Ar stollyn as thay yode / oure los is grette.

*Mak.* Syrs, drynkys !

507

had I bene thore,

Som shuld haue boght it fuH sore.

*primus pastor.* Mary, som men trowes that ye wore,

And that vs forthynkys.

511

(58)

Mak bids  
them search  
the house.

*ijus pastor.* Mak, som men trowys / that it shuld be ye.

*ijus pastor.* Ayther ye or youre spouse / so say we.

*Mak.* Now if ye haue suspowse / to giH or to me,  
Com and rype oure howse / and then may ye se

who had hir,  
If I any shepe fott,  
Aythor cow or stott;  
And gyH, my wyfe, rose nott  
here syn she lade hir.

516 As for Gyll,  
she has not  
left her bed.

520

(59)

As I am true and lele / to god here I pray,  
That this be the fyrst mele / that I shaH ete this day.

[Fol. 44, a.  
Sig. H. 2.]

*primus pastor.* Mak, as haue I ceyH, / Auyse the, I say;  
he lernyd tymely to steyH / that couth not say nay.

*Vxor.* I swelt!  
Outt, thefys, fro my wonys!  
ye com to rob vs for the nonys.

525 Gyll cries  
out on them  
for thieves.

*Mak.* here ye not how she gronys?  
youre hartys shuld melt.

529

(60)

*Vxor.* Outt, thefys, fro my barne! / negh hym not  
thor'.

*Mak.* wyst ye how she had farne / youre hartys wold  
be sore.  
ye do wrang, I you warne / that thus commys before  
To a woman that has farne / bot I say no more.

Mak re-  
proaches the  
shepherds  
for disturb-  
ing her.

*Vxor.* A, my medyH!  
I pray to god so mylde,  
If euer I you begyldt,  
That I ete this chylde  
That lygys in this credyH.

534 Gyll will eat  
the child in  
the cradle  
if ever she  
cheated  
them.

538

(61)

*Mak.* peasse, woman, for godys payn / and cry not so:  
Thou spyllys thy brane / and makys me full wo.

*Secundus pastor.* I trow oure shepe be slayn / what  
finde ye two?

The shep-  
herds can  
find nothing  
in the house  
but two  
empty  
platters.

*ijus pastor.* AH wyrk we in vayn / as weH may we go.

Bot hatters,  
I can fynde no flesh,  
hard nor nesH,  
Salt nor fresH,

543

Bot two tome platers.

547

(62)

Whik cateH bot this / tame nor wylde,  
None, as haue I blys / as lowde as he smylde.

*Vxor.* No, so god me blys / and gyf me Ioy of my chylde!

The 1st  
shepherd  
thinks they  
have made  
a mistake.  
They talk of  
Gyll's child.

*primus pastor.* We haue merkyd amys / I hold vs begyld.

*ijus pastor.* Syr don, 552

Syr, oure lady hym saue!

Is youre chylde a knaue?

*Mak.* Any lord myght hym haue

This chylde to his son. 556

(63)

Parkyn and  
Gybon  
Waller and  
gentle John  
Horne are  
his gossips.

when he wakyns he kyppys / that ioy is to se.

*ijus pastor.* In good tyme to hys hyppys / and in cele.

Bot who was his gossyppys / so sone rede?

*Mak.* So fare faH thare lyppys! /

*primus pastor.* hark now, a le!

*Mak.* So god thaym thank, 561

[Fol. 44, b.]

Parkyn, and gybon waller, I say,

And gentiH Iohn horne, in good fay,

he made aH the garray,

With the greatt shank. 565

(64)

The shep-  
herds take  
a friendly  
farewell.  
Mak pre-  
tends to  
sulk.

*ijus pastor.* Mak, freyndys wiH we be / ffor we ar aH oone.

*Mak.* we! now I hald for me / for mendys gett I none.

ffare weH all thre / aH glad were ye gone.

[*The shepherds leave.*]

*ijus pastor.* ffare wordys may ther be / bot luf is ther

none

this yere. 570

*primus pastor.* Gaf ye the chylde any thyng?

*ijus pastor.* I trow not oone farthyng.

*ijus pastor,* ffast agane wiH I flyng,

Abyde ye me there. [*Goes back to the house.*]

(65)

Mak tries to  
keep him  
away from  
the cradle.

Mak, take it to no grefe / if I com to thi barne.

*Mak.* Nay, thou dos me greatt reprefe / and fowH has

thou farne.

*ijus pastor.* The child wiH it not grefe / that lytyH

day starne.

Mak, with youre leyfe / let me gyf youre barne,

Bot<sup>t</sup> sex <sup>1</sup> pence.

579

*Mak.* Nay, do way : he slepys.

Daw gets  
near,

*ijus pastor.* Me thynk he pepys.

*Mak.* when he wakyns he wepys.

I pray you go hence. [*The other shepherds come back.*]

(66)

*ijus pastor.* Gyf me lefe hym to kys / and lyft<sup>t</sup> vp the  
clowtt. [*Seeing the sheep.*]

lifts the  
coverlet to  
kiss the  
child, & ex-  
claims at its  
long snout.  
The others  
think it may  
take after  
Mak, but  
soon dis-  
cover the  
fraud.

what the dewiH is this? / he has a long snowte.

*primus pastor.* he is merkyd amys. / we wate iH abowte.

*ijus pastor.* IH spon weft, Iwys / ay commys fouH  
owte.

Ay, so!

588

he is lyke to oure shepe!

*ijus pastor.* how, gyb! may I pepe?

*primus pastor.* I trow, kynde wiH crepe

where it may not go.

592

(67)

*ijus pastor.* This was a qwantt<sup>t</sup> gawde / and a far cast.  
It was a hee frawde. /

The shep-  
herds are  
furious, but  
can't help  
seeing the  
joke.

*ijus pastor.* yee, syrs, wast.

lett bren this bawde / and bynd hir fast.

A fals skawde / hang at<sup>t</sup> the last ;

So shaH thou.

597

wyH ye se how thay swedyH

his foure feytt in the medyH?

Sagh I neuer in a credyH

A hornyd lad or now.

601

(68)

*Mak.* Peasse byd I : what! / lett<sup>t</sup> be youre fare ,  
I am he that hym gatt / and yond woman hym bare.

[Fol. 45, a.  
Sig. H. 3.]  
Mak and  
Gyll main-  
tain that the  
sheep is  
their child.

*primus pastor.* What dewiH shaH he hatt? / Mak, lo  
god makys ayre.

*ijus pastor.* lett<sup>t</sup> be aH that. / now god gyf hym care,

I sagh.

606

*Vxor.* A pratty child is he

As syttys on a waman's kne ;

A dyllydowne, perde,

To gar a man laghe.

610

(69)

A clerk had  
told Mak the  
child was  
forspoken, &  
Gyll saw an  
elf change  
him as the  
clock struck  
twelve.

*ijus pastor.* I know hym by the eere marke / that is  
a good tokyn.

*Mak.* I teH you, syrs, hark ! / hys noyse was brokyn.  
Sythen told me a clerk / that he was forspokyn.

*primus pastor.* This is a fals wark / I wold fayn be  
wrokyn :

Gett wepyn.

615

*Vxor.* he was takyn with an elfe,

I saw it myself.

when the klok stroke twelf

was he forshapyn.

619

(70)

But Mak  
pleads  
guilty, and  
the shep-  
herds let  
him off with  
a good  
blanketing.

*ijus pastor.* ye two ar weH feft / sam in a stede.

*ijus pastor.* Syn thay manteyn thare theft / let do  
thaym to dede.

*Mak.* If I trespas eft / gyrd of my heede.  
with you wiH I be left. /

*primus pastor.* syrs, do my reede.

ffor this trespas,

624

we wiH nawther ban ne flyte,

fflyght nor chyte,

Bot haue done as tyte,

And cast hym in canvas. [*They toss Mak in a sheet.*]

(71)

They toss  
him till they  
are tired, &  
then lie  
down to  
rest.

lord ! what I am sore / in poynt for to bryst.

In fayth I may no more / therfor wyH I ryst.

*ijus pastor.* As a shepe of sevyn<sup>1</sup> skore / he weyd in  
my fyst.

ffor to slepe ay whore / me thynk that I lyst.

*ijus pastor.* Now I pray you,

633

lyg downe on this grene.

*primus pastor.* On these thefys yit I mene.

*ijus pastor.* wherto shuld ye tene

So, as I say you ?

637

*Angelus cantat " gloria in exelsis : " postea dicat :*

(72)

An angel  
bids them  
rise.

*Angelus.* Ryse, hyrd men heynd ! / for now is he borne  
That shaH take fro the feynd / that adam had lorne :

<sup>1</sup> MS. vij.

That warloo to sheynd / this nyght is he borne.

God is made youre freynd / now at this morne.

he behestys,

642

At bedlem go se,

Ther lygys that fre

In a cryb fuH poorely,

Betwyx two bestys.

646

(73)

*primus pastor*. This was a qwant stevyn / that euer yit

I hard.<sup>1</sup>

The Redeemer is born, & they must go to Bethlechem to see Him.

It is a merueH to neyn / thus to be skard.

*ijus pastor*. Of godys son of heyn / he spak vpward.

AH the wod on a leyn / me thoght that he gard

Appere.

651

*ijus pastor*. he spake of a barne

In bedlem, I you warne.

*primus pastor*. That betokyns yond starne.

let vs seke hym there,

655

(74)

*ijus pastor*. Say, what was his song? / hard ye not

how he crakyd it?

[Fol. 45, b.] The shepherds talk of the angel's message, & see a guiding star.

Thre brefes to a long. /

*ijus pastor*. yee, mary, he hakt it.

was no crochett wrong / nor no thyng that lakt it.

*primus pastor*. ffor to syng vs emong / right as he

knakt it,

I can.

660

*ijus pastor*. let se how ye croyne.<sup>2</sup>

Can ye bark at the mone?

*ijus pastor*. hold youre tonges, haue done!

*primus pastor*. hark after, than.

664

(75)

*ijus pastor*. To bedlem he bad / that we shuld gang :

I am fuH fard / that we tary to lang.

*ijus pastor*. Be mery and not sad / of myrth is oure

sang,

But they must hasten to Bethle-hem.

Euer lastyng glad / to mede may we fang,

<sup>1</sup> 'That euer yit I hard' was originally "he spake vpward," from l. 649, but this has been crossed out with red ink.

<sup>2</sup> 'Croyne' for 'crone'



Though they  
be wet &  
weary, they  
must see  
that child &  
that lady.

Withoutt noyse.  
*primus pastor.* hy we theder for thy ;  
If we be wete and wery,  
To that chylde and that lady  
we haue it not to lose.

669

(76)

The 2nd  
shepherd  
recalls the  
prophecies  
of David and  
Isaiah.

*ijus pastor.* we fynde by the prophecy— / let<sup>t</sup> be youre  
dyn—  
Of dauid and Isay / and mo then I myn,  
Thay prophecyed by clergy / that<sup>t</sup> in a vyrgyn  
shuld<sup>t</sup> he lyght and ly / to slokyn oure syn  
And slake it,  
Oure kynde from wo ;  
ffor Isay sayd so,

673

678

[<sup>1</sup> This is of  
course for  
'Ecce.']

Citè<sup>1</sup> virgo  
Conceipiet a chylde that is nakyd.

682

(77)

If Daw could  
once kuccl  
before that  
child it  
would ever  
be well with  
him.

*ijj pastor.* ffuH glad may we be / and abyde that<sup>t</sup> day  
That luffly to se / that<sup>t</sup> aH myghtys may.  
lord<sup>t</sup> weH were me / for ones and for ay,  
Myght<sup>t</sup> I knele on my kne / som word for to say  
To that<sup>t</sup> chylde.

687

Bot<sup>t</sup> the angeH sayd,  
In a cryb wos he layde ;  
he was poorly arayd

Both mener and mylde.

691

(78)

The 1st  
shepherd  
remembers  
that  
patriarchs  
& prophets  
have desired  
to see this  
sight.

[Fol. 46, a.  
Sig. H. 4.]

*primus pastor.* patryarkes that<sup>t</sup> has bene / and prophetys  
beforne,  
Thay desyryd to haue sene / this chylde that<sup>t</sup> is borne.  
Thay ar gone fuH clene / that<sup>t</sup> haue thay lorne.  
We shaH se hym, I weyn / or it be morne,  
To tokyn.

696

When I se hym and fele,  
Then wote I fuH weyH  
It is true as steyh

That<sup>t</sup> prophetys haue spokyn.

700

(79)

'Twas prom-  
ised He  
should  
appear to  
the poor.

To so poore as we ar / that<sup>t</sup> he wold appere,  
ffyrst fynd, and declare / by his messyngere.

*ijus pastor.* Go we now, let vs fare / the place is vs nere.

*ijus pastor.* I am redy and yare / go we in fere

To that bright.

705

They pray  
God they  
may have  
glee to  
comfort His  
wight.

Lord, if thi wylles be,

we ar lewde aH thre,

Thou grauntt vs somkyns gle

To comfortH thi wight.

[*They enter the stable.*]

(80)

*primus pastor.* hayH, comly and clene! / hayH, yong  
child!

hayH, maker, as I meyne, / of a madyn so mylde!

Thou has waryd, I weyne / the warlo so wylde;

The fals gyler of teyn / now goys he begylde.

lo, he merys;

714

lo, he laghys, my swetyng,

A welfare metyng,

I haue holden my hetyng;

haue a bob of cherys.

718

(81)

*ijus pastor.* hayH, sufferan sauyoure! / ffor thou has vs  
soght:

The 2nd  
shepherd  
brings Him  
a bird.

hayH, frely foyde and floure / that aH thyng has wrought!

hayH, fuH of fauoure / that made aH of noght!

hayH! I kneyn and I cowre. / A byrd haue I broght

To my barne.

723

hayH, lytyH tyné mop!

of oure crede thou art crop:

I wold drynk on thy cop,

LytyH day starne.

727

(82)

*ijus pastor.* hayH, derlyng dere / fuH of godhede!

I pray the be nere / when that I haue nede.

hayH! swete is thy chere! / my hart wold blede

To se the sytt here / in so poore wede,

Daw's heart  
bleeds to see  
Him so  
poorly clad.  
He offers  
Him a ball.

With no pennys.

732

hayH! put furth thy daH!

I bryng the bot a baH:

haue and play the with aH,

And go to the tenys.

736

(83)

Mary pro-  
mises to  
pray her Son  
to keep them  
from woe.

*Maria.* The fader of heuen / god omnypotent,  
That sett aȝ on seuen, / his son has he sent.  
My name couȝh he neuen / and lyght or he went.  
I conceyuyd hym fuȝ euen / through myght as he ment,  
And now is he borne. 741  
he kepe you fro wo !  
I shaȝ pray hym so ;  
Teȝ furth as ye go,  
And myn on this morne. 745

(84)

[Fol. 46, b.]  
The shep-  
herds go  
their way  
singing.

*primus pastor.* ffareweȝ, lady / so fare to beholde,  
with thy childe on thi kne ! /  
*ijus pastor.* bot he lygys fuȝ cold.  
lord, weȝ is me / now we go, thou behold.  
*ijus pastor.* ffor sothe aȝ redy / it semys to be told  
fuȝ oft. 750  
*primus pastor.* what grace we haue fun.  
*ijus pastor.* Com furth, now ar we won.  
*ijus pastor.* To syng ar we bun) :  
let take on loft. 754

*Explicit pagina Pastorum.*

## XIV.

## Incipit oblacio magorum.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Herodes.</i>		<i>Primus Rex, Jaspar.</i>		<i>Tercius Rex,</i>
<i>Nuncius.</i>		<i>Secundus Rex, Melchior.</i>		<i>Balthesar.]</i>

[One 12-line stanza (no. 100), ab ab ab abc dde ; 105 six-line stanzas, aaab ab, except stanza 72, ab ab ab, and one 4-line stanza 22, aaab.

*herodes.* (1)

Herod calls  
for silence.

**P**Easse, I byd, both far and nere,  
I warne you leyf youre sawes sere ;  
who that makys noyse whyls I am here,  
I say, shaȝ dy. 4  
Of aȝ this world, sooth, far & nere,  
The lord am I. 9

## (2)

Lord am I of euery land,  
Of towre and towne, of se and sand ;  
Agans me dar noman stand,

He is lord of  
every land.

That berys lyfe ;

10

AH erthly thyng bowes to my hand,

Both man and wyfe.

12

## (3)

Man and wyfe, that warne I you,  
That in this world is lyfand now,  
To mahowne & me AH shaH bow,

All shall  
bow to  
Mahound &  
himself.

Both old and ying ;

16

On hym wyH I ich man trow,

ffor any thyng.

18

## (4)

ffor any thyng it shaH be so ;

lord ouer AH where I go,

who so says agane, I shaH hym slo,

He would  
slay the  
fiend if he  
opposed  
him.

where so he dweH ;

22

The feynd, if he were my fo,

I shuld hym feH.

24

## (5)

To feH those fatures I am bowne,

And dystroy those dogys in feyld and towne

That wiH not trow on sant Mahowne,

[Fol. 47, a.]  
He will lay  
low all who  
won't  
believe in  
Mahound.

Oure god so swete ;

28

Those fals fatures I shaH feH downe

Vnder my feete.

30

## (6)

Vnder my feete I shaH thaym fare,

Those ladys that wiH [not] lere my lare,

ffor I am myghty man ay whare,

He is a  
mighty man,  
clean  
shapen, hide  
& hair.

Of ilk a pak ;

34

Clenly shapen, hyde and hare,

withoutten lak.

36

## (7)

The myght of me may no man mene,

ffor AH [that] dos me any teyn,

He will ding I shaH dyng thaym downe bydeyn,  
 down all And wyrk thaym wo ; 40  
 who give And on assay it shaH be seyn,  
 him trouble. Or I go. 42

(8)

So he will And therfor wiH I send and se  
 send to see In aH this land, full hastely,  
 if there be To looke if any dwelland be  
 any traitors In towre or towne, 46  
 in the land. That wyH not hokt holly on me,  
 And on mahowne. 48

(9)

If ther be fonden any of tho,  
 with bytter payn I shaH theym slo ; [To the messenger.]  
 My messynger, swyth looke thou go<sup>1</sup>  
 He bids his Through ilk countre, 52  
 messenger go In aH this land, both to and fro,  
 I commaunde the ; 54

(10)

& spy if And truly looke thou spy and spy,—  
 there be any In euery stede ther thou commys by,—  
 who throw not on who trowes not on mahowne most myghty,  
 Mahound. Oure god so fre ; 58  
 And looke thou bryng theym hastely  
 heder vnto me. 60

(11)

If there be, And I shaH fowndt thaym for to flay,  
 he will flay them. Those laddys that wiH not lede oure lay ;  
 Therfor, boy, now I the pray  
 That thou go tytt. 64  
*Nuncius.* It shal be done, lord, if I may,  
 withoutten lett : 66

(12)

The messen- And certys, if I may any fynde,  
 ger offers to I shaH not leyfe oone of them behynde.  
 kill them, *herodes.* No, bot boldly thou thaym bynde  
 but Herod And with the leyde : 70  
 bids him Mahowne, that weldys water and wynde,  
 bring them to him. The wish and spede ! 72

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. this line reads "My messynger [lord] swyth looke thou go."

(13)

<i>Nuncius.</i> AH peasse, lordyngys, and hold <sup>d</sup> you styH,	The messen- ger cries silence for the king's message.
To I haue sayde what I wiH ;	[Fol. 47, b.]
Take goode hede Vnto my skyH,	
Both old <sup>d</sup> and ying ;	76
In message what is commen you tyH	
ffrom herode, the kyng.	78

(14)

he commaundys you, euerilkon,	Herod is the only king, & Mahound
To hold no kyng bot <sup>t</sup> hym alon,	the only god
And othere god ye worship none	to be wor- shipped.
Bot mahowne so fre ;	82
And if ye do, ye mon be slone ;	
Thus told <sup>d</sup> he me.	84

*Tunc venit<sup>t</sup> primus rex equitans ; & respiciens stellam dicit,*

(15)

<i>primus rex.</i> Lord, of whom this light <sup>t</sup> is lent,	The first king prays
And vnto me this sight <sup>t</sup> has sent,	God shield
I pray to the, with good intent,	him from
ffrom shame me shelde ;	harm,
So that I no harmes hent	
By way[e]s wyld.	88
	90

(16)

Also I pray the specyally,	& give him
Thou graunt me grace of company,	grace of
That <sup>t</sup> I may haue som beyldyng by,	company
In my trauayH :	94
And, certys, for to lyf or dy	
I shaH not fayH,	96

(17)

To that <sup>t</sup> I in som land haue bene,	till he has
To wyt what this starne may mene,	found the
That <sup>t</sup> has me led, with bemys shene,	meaning of
ffro my cuntre ;	this guiding star.
Now weynd I wiH, withoutten weyn,	100
The sothe to se.	102

(18)

*Secundus rex.* A ! lord, that<sup>t</sup> is withoutten ende !  
whens euer this selcouth light dyscende,

The 2nd king  
wonders  
what the  
light may  
mean.

That thus kyndly has me kende  
Oute of my land, 106  
And shewyd to me ther I can leynd,  
thus bright<sup>t</sup> shynand? 108

(19)

He will  
never rest  
till he know  
whence it  
comes.

Certys, I sagh neuer none so bright;  
I sha<sup>ll</sup> neuer ryst by day nor nyght,  
To I wyt whens may com this lyght,  
And from what<sup>t</sup> place; 112  
he that<sup>t</sup> it<sup>t</sup> send vnto my sight  
leyne me that<sup>t</sup> grace! 114

(20)

The kings  
accost each  
other. The  
2nd king has  
come from  
Araby, and  
is called  
Melchior.

*primus rex.* A, sir, wheder ar ye away?  
Tel<sup>l</sup> me, good sir, I you pray.  
*Secundus rex.* Certys, I trow, the sothe to say,  
None wote bot I; 118  
I haue folowed yond<sup>t</sup> starne, veray,  
ffrom araby; 120

(21)

ffor I am kyng of that cuntre,  
And melchor ther<sup>t</sup> ca<sup>ll</sup> men me.

*primus rex.* And kyng, sir, was I wont<sup>t</sup> to be,  
In tars, at hame, 124  
Both of towne and cyte;  
Iaspar is my name; 126

(22)

[Fol. 48, a.]  
They praise  
God for the  
star.

The light<sup>t</sup> of yond starne sagh I thedyr.  
*Secundus rex.* That lord be louyd that<sup>t</sup> send me hedyr!  
ffor it<sup>t</sup> will grathly ken vs whedyr,  
that<sup>t</sup> we shall weynd; 130  
we owe to loue hym both togedyr,  
That<sup>t</sup> it<sup>t</sup> to vs wold send. 132

(23)

The 3rd king  
comes on,  
wondering  
at the star's  
brightness.

*Tercius rex.* A, lord! in land what<sup>t</sup> may this mene?  
So selcouth sight<sup>t</sup> was neuer sene,  
Sich a starne, shynand so shene,  
Sagh I neuer none; 136  
It gyffys lyght<sup>t</sup> ouer a<sup>ll</sup>, bedene,  
By hym alone. 138

(24)

What it may mene, that know I noght;  
Bot yonder ar two, me thynk, in thoght,  
I thank hym that thaym heder has broght

He sees the  
other kings

Thus vnto me;

142

I shaH assay if thay wote oght  
what it may be.

144

(25)

[Turns to the Magi.]

lordyngys, that ar leyf and dere,  
I pray you tel me with good chere  
wheder ye weynd, on this manere,

& asks them  
the meaning  
of the star.

And where that ye haue bene;

148

And of this starne, that shynys thus clere,  
what it may mene.

150

(26)

*primus rex.* Syr, I say you certanly,  
ffrom tars for yond starne soght haue I.

*ijus rex.* To seke yond light from araby,  
sir, haue I went.

They say  
they have  
come from  
Tars and  
Araby to  
seek it.

154

*ijus rex.* Now hertely I thank hym for-thy,  
That it has sent.

156

(27)

*primus rex.* Good sir, what cuntre cam ye fra?

*ijus rex.* This light has led me fro saba;

And balthesar, my name to say,

The sothe to tel.

The third  
king is  
named Bal-  
thasar and  
comes from  
Saba.

160

*ijus rex.* And kyngis, sir, are we twa,

Ther as we dweH.

162

(28)

*ijus rex.* Now, syrs, syn we ar semled here,

I rede we ryde togeder, in fere,

vnto we wytt, on aH manere,

ffor good or yH,

He proposes  
that they  
shall all ride  
together.

166

what it may mene, this sterne so clere

Shynand vs tyH.

168

(29)

*primus rex.* A, lordyngys! behold the lyght  
Of yond starne, with bemys bright!

Jaspar is  
amazed at



the star's brightness.	ffor sothe I sagh neuer sich a sight In no-kyns land ;	172
	A starne thus, aboute mydnyght, so bright' shynand.	174
	(30)	
	It' gyfys more light it' self alone	
[Fol. 48, b.] The star is brighter than the sun or moon.	Then any son that' euer shone, Or mone, when he of son has ton his light' so cleyn ;	178
	Sich selcouth sight' haue I sene none, what so euer it' meyn.	180
	(31)	
Melchior notes its nearness to the earth.	<i>Secundus rex.</i> Behold, lordyngys, vnto his pase, And se how nygh the erth hit gase ; It' is a tokyn that' it mase Of nouelry ;	184
	A merueH it is, good tent' who tase, Now here in hy.	186
	(32)	
He marvels what it may mean.	ffor sich a starne was neuer ere seyn, As wyde in world as we haue beyn, ffor blasyng bemys, shynand fuH sheyn, ffrom hit ar' sent' ;	190
	MerueH I haue what' it' may meyn In myn intent.	192
	(33)	
Balthasar re- members that this has been fore- told.	<i>Tercius rex.</i> Certys, syrs, the sothe to say, I shaH dyscry now, if I may, what' it' may meyn, yond starne veray, Shynand tyH vs ;	196
	It' has bene sayde syn many a day It' shuld be thus.	198
	(34)	
The star be- tokens the birth of a prince, un- less the rules of astronomy deceive him.	yond starne betokyns, weH wote I, The byrth of a prynce, syrs, securly, That' shewys weH the prophecy That it so be ;	202
	Or els the rewlys of astronomy Dyssauys me.	204

(35)

*primus rex.* Certan, balaam spekys of this thyng,  
That of Iacob a starne shaH spryng  
That shaH ouercom kasar and kyng,

Jaspar re-  
calls the pro-  
phcy of  
Balaam.

Withoutten stryfe ;

208

AH folk shalbe to hym obeyng

That berys the lyfe.

210

All folk shall  
obey the star  
of Iacob.

(36)

Now wote I weH this is the same,  
In euery place he shaH haue hame,  
AH shaH hym bowe that berys name,

Doubtless  
this is He,  
and all shall  
bow before  
Him.

In ilk cuntre ;

214

who trowys it not, thay ar to blame,

what so thay be.

216

(37)

*ijus rex.* Certys, lordyngys, fuH weH wote I,  
ffulfyllyd is now the prophecy ;

Melchior  
recognizes  
that the pro-  
phcy is ful-  
filled.

That prynce that shaH ouer com in hy

kasar and kyng,

220

This starne berith witnes, wytterly,

Of his beryng.

222

(38)

*ijus rex.* Now is fulfyllyd here in this land  
That balaam sayd, I vnderstand ;

So also Bal-  
thasar.

Now is he borne that se and sand

ShaH weylde at wyH :

226

That shewys this starne, so bright shynand,

vs thre vntyH.

228

(39)

*primus rex.* Lordyngys, I rede we weynd aH thre  
ffor to wyrship that chylde so fre,

In tokyn that he kyng shalbe

Of alkyn thyng ;

232

This gold<sup>1</sup> now wyH I bere with me,

To myn offeryng.

234

Jaspar pro-  
poses that  
they all  
three go &  
worship the  
child. His  
own offering  
shall be  
gold.

(40)

*ijus rex.* Go we fast, syrs, I you pray,  
To worship hym if that we may ;

<sup>1</sup> The word "gold" is omitted, by mistake of the original copier, probably.

Melchior is bringing in- cense in token that the child is very God.	I bryng rekyls, the sothe to say, here in myn hende, In tokyn that he [is] god veray, Withoutten ende.	238 240
--	---	------------

(41)

Balthasar  
is bringing  
myrrh as a  
token of the  
child's  
death.

*ijus rex.* Syrs, as ye say right so I red ;  
hast' we tytt vnto that sted  
To wirship hym, as for oure hed,  
    *with* oure offeryng ;  
In tokyn that he shaibe ded,  
    This Myrr I bryng.

244  
246

(42)

Jaspur asks  
where the  
king is to be  
found.

*primus rex.* where is that kyng of Iues land,  
That shalbe lord of se and sand,  
And folk shaſt bow vnto his hand  
Both more and myn?  
To wyrship hym *with* oure offerand  
we wyſt not blyn.

250  
252

(43)

*ijus rex.* we shaſt not reſt, euen nor morne,  
vnto we com ther he is borne.

Balthasar counsels following the star.	<i>ii</i> us <i>re</i> x. ffolowe this light, els be we lorne,	
	ffor sothe, I trowe,	256
	That frely to we com beforne ;	
	Syrs, go we now.	258

[*The kings retire. Herod and his messenger advance.*]

(44)

Herod's messenger is re-  
proached for  
his long  
absence.

*Nuncius.* Mahowne, that<sup>t</sup> is of greatt<sup>t</sup> pausty,  
My lord, *sir* herode, the saue and se!  
*herodes.* where has þou bene so long fro me,  
Vyle stykand lad?  
*Nuncius.* Lord, gone youre herand<sup>t</sup> in this cuntre,  
As ye me bad.

(45)

*Herod.* Thou lyys, lurdan, the dewiH the hang!  
why has thou dwelt away so lang?

His tidings  
are good &  
ill, mingled  
together.

why has thou dwelt away so lang?  
*Nuncius.* lord ye wyte me aH with wrang.  
*Herodes.* what tythyngys? say!

268

*Nuncius.* Som good, som yH, mengyd emang.  
*herod.* how? I the pray. 270

(46)

Do teH me fast how thou has farne ;

Thy waryson shaH thou not tharne.

[Fol. 49, b.]

*Nuncius.* As I cam walkand, I you warne,

Lord, by the way,

274 He has met  
three kings  
seeking a  
child,

I met thre<sup>1</sup> kyngis sekeand a barne,

Thus can thay say.

276

(47)

*Herodes.* To seke a barne ! for what thyng ?

Told thay any new tythyng ?

*Nuncius.* yey, lord ! thay sayd he shuld be kyng

Of towne and towre ;

280 who, they  
said, should  
be a king.

ffor thy thay went, with thare offeryng,

hym to honoure.

282

(48)

*herod.* Kyng ! the dewiH ! bot of what empyre ?

Of what land shuld that lad be syre ?

Herod will  
make the  
child rue.

Nay, I shaH with that trature tyre ;

Sore shaH he rewe !

286

*Nuncius.* lord, by a starne as bright as fyre

This kyng thay knew ;

288 The mes-  
senger tells  
of the star.

(49)

It led thaym outt of thare cuntre.

*Herod.* we, fy ! fy ! dewyls on thame aH thre !

he shaH neuer haue myght to me,

That new borne lad ;

292 Herod  
thinks the  
three kings  
mad.

when thare wytt in a starne shuld be,

I hold thaym mad.

294

(50)

Those lurdans wote not what thay<sup>2</sup> say ;

Thay ryfe my hede, that dar I lay ;

Ther dyd no tythyngis many a day,

Sich harme me to ;

298

ffor wo my wytt is aH away ;

what shaH I do ?

300

Nevertheless  
he is greatly  
troubled,

<sup>1</sup> MS. iij.

<sup>2</sup> "Thay" is overlined, but the original word "I" remains unaltered.

(51)

and would  
fain find out  
the truth  
about this  
new king.

why, what the dewyH is in thare harnes ?

Is thare wytt aH in the starnes ?

These thythyngis mar my mode in ernes ;

And of this thyng

304

To wytt the sothe, fuH sore me yarnes,

Of this new kyng.

306

(52)

Herod won-  
ders, if the  
child is to be  
king so soon,  
who the  
devil made  
him knight.

Kyng ? what the dewyH, other then I !

we, fy on dewyls ! fy, fy !

Certys, that boy shaH dere aby !

his ded is dight !

310

ShaH he be kyng thus hastely ?

who the dewiH made hym knyght ?

312

(53)

He con-  
tinues to  
rage,

Alas, for shame ! this is a skorne !

Thay fynde no reson thaym beforne ;

Shuld that brodeH, that late is borne,

Be most of mayn ?

316

Nay, if the dewyH of heH had sworne,

he shaH agane.

318

(54)

[Fol. 50, a.]

Alas, alas ! for doyn and care !

So mekyH sorow had I neuer are ;

resolves to  
seek the  
truth of  
clerks &  
learned men,

If it be sothe, for euer mare

I am vndoyn ;

322

At good clerkys and wyse of lare

I wyH wyt soyn.

324

(55)

but first will  
send for the  
three kings  
& question  
them.

Bot fyrst yit wiH I send and se

The answeere of those lurdans thre. [Calls to messenger.]

Messyngere, tytt hy thou the,

And make the yare ;

328

Go, byd those kyngys com speke with me,

That told thou of are.

330

(56)

The messen-  
ger is sent  
off.

Say I haue greatt herand thaym tyH.

Nuncijs. It shalbe done, lord, at youre wyH,

youre byddyng shaH I soyn fulfyH

In ilk cuntre.

334

*Herod.* Mahowne the shelde from aH kyns yH,

ffor his pauste.

336

[*The messenger goes to where the kings stand.*]

(57)

*Nuncius.* Mahowne you sauc, *sir* kyngys thre,

I haue message to you preuè,

ffrom herode, kyng of this cuntre,

That is oure chefe ;

340

And lo, syrs, if ye trow not me,

ye rede this brefe.

342

(58)

*primus rex.* welcom be thou, belamy !

what is his wyH ? teH vs in hy.

*Nuncius.* Certys, *sir*, that wote not I,

Bot thus he sayde to me,

346

That ye shuld com fuH hastely

To hym aH thre,

348

(59)

ffor nede herand, he sayd me so.

*Secundus rex.* Messynger, before thou go,

And teH thi lord we ar aH thro

his wyH to do ;

352

Both I and my felose two

ShaH com hym to. [*The messenger returns to Herod.*]

(60)

*Nuncius.* Mahowne you looke, my lord so dere.

*herod.* welcom be thou, messyngere !

how has thou farne syn thou was here ?

Thou teH me tytt.

358

*Nuncius.* lord, I haue traueld far and nere

withoutten lett,

360

(61)

And done youre herand, *sir*, sothely ;

Thre kyngis with me broght haue I,

ffro saba, tars, and araby,

Then haue thay soght.

364

*herodes.* Thi waryson shaH thou haue for thy,

By hym me boght ;

366

He hails the kings in Herod's name,

and exhibits his "brief."

The kings are to come to Herod at once.

Melchior bids the messenger return & announce their approach.

Herod welcomes the messenger,

who announces his success, & is promised a reward.

(62)

And, certanly, that is good skyH,

And syrs, ye ar welcom me tyH.

Balthasar  
announces  
the readiness  
of the kings  
to obey  
Herod.

*ijus rex.* Lord, thi bydyng to fulfyH[*The three kings come to Herod.*]

Are we fuH thro.

370

*herodes.* A, mekyH thank of youre good wyH

That ye wyH so.

372

(63)

[Fol. 50, b.]

ffor, certys, I haue couett greattly

Herod ques-  
tions them  
concerning  
the token in  
the sky.

'To speke with you, and here now why :

TeH me, I pray you specyally,

ffor any thyng,

376

what tokynyng saw ye on the sky

Of this new kyng ?

378

(64)

Jaspar re-  
counts the  
rising of the  
star in the  
East.

*primus rex.* we sagh his starne ryse in the eest,

That shaH be kyng of man and best,

ffor thy, lord, we haue not cest,

Syn that we wyst,

382

with oure gyftys, riche and honest,

To bere that blyst.

384

(65)

Melchior  
says that by  
the star they  
knew of the  
child's birth.

*ijus rex.* lord, when that starne rose vs beforne,

Ther by we knew that chylde was borne.

*herodes.* Out, alas, I am forlorne

ffor euer mare !

388

I wold be rent and al to-torne

ffor doyh and care !

390

(66)

Herod  
laments &  
desires his  
learned men

Alas, alas, I am fuH wo !

Syr kyngys, syt downe, &amp; rest you so.

By scrypture, syrs, what say ye two ?

[*To the doctors.*]

withoutten lytt ;

394

what ye can say ther to

let se now tytt.

396

(67)

to search  
their books

These kyngys do me to vnderstand,

That borne is newly, in this land,

A kyng that shaH weld<sup>t</sup> se and sand ;

Thay teH me so ; 400

And therfor, syrs, I you commaunde

youre bookys go to, 402

(68)

And looke grathly, for any thyng,

If ye fynd oght<sup>t</sup> of sich a kyng.

for a prophecy of any such king.

*primus consultus & doctor.* It shaH be done at<sup>t</sup> youre

bydyng,

By hym me boght, 406

And soyn we shaH you tythyngys bryng

If we fynd<sup>t</sup> oght<sup>t</sup>. 408

(69)

*ijus consultus & doctor.* Soyn shaH we wyt, lord, if I may,

If oght<sup>t</sup> be wretyn in oure lay.

*herod.* Now, masters, therof I you pray

On aH manere. 412

*primus consultus.* Com furth, let vs assay

Oure bookys both in fere. 414

& consult their books together.

(70)

*ijus consultus.* Certys, *sir*, lo, here fynd<sup>t</sup> I

weH wretyn in a prophecy,

how that profett<sup>t</sup> Isay,

That neuer begyld<sup>t</sup>, 418

Tellys that a madyn of hir body

ShaH bere a chyld<sup>t</sup>. 420

(71)

*primus consultus.* And also, *sir*, to you I teH

The meruellest thyng that euer feH,

Hyr madynhede with hir shaH dweH,

As dyd before ; 424

That child shaH hight ‘ emanueH ’

when he is borne. 426

(72)

*ijus consultus.* lord, this is sothe, securely,

wytnes the profett<sup>t</sup> Isay.<sup>1</sup>

*herod.* Outt, alas ! for doyh I dy,

long or my day ! 430

ShaH he haue more pauste then I ?

A, waloway ! 432

Herod laments.

<sup>1</sup> The expected ryme *aaa* is turnd into *aba*.



(73)

He bids  
them look  
where the  
boy shall be  
born.

Alas, alas, I am forlorne !  
I wold be rent and aH to torne ;  
Bot looke yit, as ye dyd beforne,  
ffor luf of me ; 436  
And telH me where that boy is borne ;  
Onone lett se. 438

(74)

The doctors  
must be  
quick or  
Herod will  
go mad.

*primus consultus.* AH redy, lord, with mayn & mode.  
*herod.* haue done belyf, or I go wode ;  
And, certys, that gadlyng wer as good  
haue greuyd me noght ; 442  
I shaH se that brodeH bloode,  
By hym that me has boght ! 444

(75)

They say  
that accord-  
ing to the  
prophet  
Micah a  
duke shall  
come forth  
from Beth-  
lehem.

*ijus consultus.* Micheas the prophett, withoutten nay,  
how that he tellys I shaH you say ;  
In bedlem, land of Iuda,  
As I say you, 448  
Out of it a duke shaH spra ;  
Thus fynd we now. 450

(76)

Therefore in  
Bethlehem  
is the king  
born.

*primus consultus.* Syr, thus we rynd in prophecy :  
Therfor we say you, securely,  
In bedlem, we say you truly,  
Borne is that kyng. 454

Herod curses  
them for  
their news.

*herod.* The dewiH hang you high to dry,  
ffor this tythyng ! 456

(77)

They bid him  
read for him-  
self.

And certys ye ly ! it may not be !  
*ijus consultus.* lord, we wytnes it truly ;  
here the sothe youre self may se,  
If ye can rede. 460  
*herod.* A, waloway ! fuH wo is me !  
The dewiH you spede ! 462

(78)

It is so  
written  
down.

*primus consultus.* lord, it is sothe, aH that we say,  
We fynde it wretyn in oure lay.

herod. Go hens, harlottys, in twenty<sup>1</sup> dewiH way,  
ffast<sup>t</sup> and belyfe! 466 Herod curses  
all the more.

Mighty mahowne, as he weH may,  
lett you nener thryfe! 468

(79)

Alas, wherto were I a crowne?

Or is cald of greatt renowne?

I am the fowlest borne downe

That euer was man; 472 He laments  
his fate.

And namely with a fowH swalchon,

That no good can. 474

(80)

[Fol. 51, b.]

Alas, that euer I shuld be knyght,

Or holdyn man of mekyH myght,

If a lad shuld reyfe me my right

AH thus me fro; 478

Alas that a  
lad should  
reive his  
right from  
him.

Myn dede ere shuld I dyght,

Or it were so. 480

(81)

[Turns to the kings.]

ye nobyH kyngys, harkyns as heynd!

ye shaH haue saue condyth to weynd;

Bot com agane with me to leynd,

Syrs, I you pray; 484

He gives the  
kings a safe-  
conduct, but  
bids them  
come to him  
again.

ye shaH me fynd a faythfuH freynd,

If ye do swa. 486

(82)

If it be sothe, this new tythyng,

Som worship wold I do that kyng,

Therfor I pray you that ye bryng

Me tythyngys soyn. 490

If this news  
be true he  
would fain  
do that king  
some wor-  
ship.

*primus rex.* AH redy, lord, at youre bydyng

It shalbe doyn. [The kings mount their horses.]

Jaspar pro-  
mises to do  
his bidding.

(83)

*ijus rex.* Alas, in world how haue we sped!

where is the lyght that vs has led?

Som clowde, for sothe, that starne has cled

ffrom vs away; 496

Melchior  
notes that  
the star has  
disappeared.

In strong stowre now ar we sted;

what may we say? 498

(84)

Melchior  
curses  
Herod,  
through  
whose guile  
they have  
lost sight of  
the star.

*ijus rex.* wo worth herode, that cursyd wyght!  
wo worth that tyrant day and nyght!  
ffor through hym haue we lost that sight,

And for his gyle,

502

That shoynt vs with bemys bright

within a whyle.

504

*here lyghtys the kyngys of thare horses.*

(85)

Jaspar sug-  
gests that  
they pray to  
the lord  
whose birth  
the star be-  
tokens, that  
he show it to  
them again.

*primus rex.* lordyngys, I reke we pray all thre  
To that lord, whose natyunte

The starne betokyned that we can se,

All with his wyth;

508

pray we specyally that he

wold show it vs vntyth

510

*here knele all thre kyngys downe.<sup>1</sup>*

(86)

Melchior's  
prayer.

*ijus rex.* Thou chyld, whose myght no tong may tel,

As thou art lord of heuen and hel,

Thy nobyth starne, emanueh,

Thou send vs yare;

514

That we may wytt by fyrth and fel

how we shall fare.

516

(87)

Balthasar's  
prayer.

*ijus rex.* A, to that chyld be euer honoure,

That in this tyd has stynt oure stoure,

And lent vs lyght to oure socoure,

On this manere;

520

we loue the, lord of towne and towre,

holly in fere.

522

*here ryse thay all vp.*

(88)

[Fol. 52, a.  
Sig. I. ij.]

The star re-  
appears, &  
he expresses  
his love &  
hope.

we owe to loue hym ouer all thyng,

That thus has send vs oure askyng;

Behold, yond starne has made stynyng,

Syrs, securly;

526

Of this chyld shall we haue knowyng,

I hope, in hy.

528

<sup>1</sup> "the" has been inserted in the MS. after "all" by a later hand, but seems unnecessary.

(89)

*ijus rex.* lordyngys dere, drede thar vs noght,  
Oure greatt traueH tyll end is broght;  
yond is the place that we haue soght  
ffrom far cuntre;  
yond is the chylde that aH has wroght,  
Behold and se!

Melchior re-  
cognizes  
that their  
travel is at  
an end & the  
child near at  
hand.  
532  
534

(90)

*ijus rex.* I red we make offeryng, aH thre,  
vnto this chylde of greatt pauste,  
And worship hym with gyftys fre  
That we haue broght;  
Oure boytte of bayH ay wyH he be,  
weH haue we soght.

Balthasar  
proposes to  
make their  
offerings at  
once.  
538  
540

(91) [They enter the house.]

*primus rex.* hayH be thou, maker of aH kyn thyng!  
That boytte of aH oure bayH may bryng!  
In tokyn that thou art oure kyng,  
And shalbe ay,  
Resayf this gold to myn offeryng,  
prynce, I the pray.

Jaspar offers  
the child  
gold in token  
of his king-  
ship.  
544  
546

(92)

*ijus rex.* hayH, ouercomer of kyng and of knyght!  
That fourmed fysh, and fowyH in flyght!  
ffor thou art god's son most of myght,  
And aH weldand,  
I bryng the rekyls, as is right,  
To myn offerand.

Melchior  
offers in-  
cense in  
token of his  
godhead.  
550  
552

(93)

*ijus rex.* hayH, kyng in kyth, cowrand on kne!  
hayH, oone-fold god in persons thre!  
In tokyn that thou dede shalbe,  
By kyndly skyH,  
To thy grauyng this myr of me  
Resaue the tyH.

Balthasar  
offers myrrh  
in token of  
his death.  
556  
558

(94)

*Maria.* Syr kyngys, make comforth you betweyn,  
And merueH not what it may mene;

Mary tells  
them of he.  
child's

might. She  
is his mother  
& yet a clean  
maid.

This chyld, that on me borne has bene,

AH bayH may blyn ;

562

I am his moder, and madyn clene

withoutten syn.

564

(95)

Therfor, lordyngys, where so ye fare,

Boldly looke ye tell ay whare

how I this blyst of besom bare,

Mary bids  
them pro-  
claim this  
wherever  
they go.

That best shalbe ;

568

And madyn cleyn, as I was are,

ThrugH his pauste.

570

(96)

[Fol. 52, b.]

And truly, syrs, looke that ye trow

She blesses  
the kings.

That othere lord is none at-lowe ;

Both man and beest to hym shaH bowe,

In towne and feyld ;

574

My blyssyng, syrs, be now with you

where so ye beyld.

576

(97)

Jaspar says  
they have  
made a good  
journey.

*primus rex.* A, lordyngys dere ! the sothe to say,

we haue made a good Iornay ;

we loue this lord, that shaH last ay

with outten ende ;

580

he is oure beyld, both nyght and day,

where so we weynd.

582

(98)

Melchior  
says they  
have rested  
little, let  
them take  
a sleep be-  
fore they go.

*ijus rex.* lordyngys, we haue traueled lang,

And restyd haue we lytyH emang,

ffor-thi I red now, or we gang,

with aH oure mayn

586

et vs fownde a slepe to fang ;

Then were I fayn ;

588

(99)

Here is a  
litter ready  
for them.

ffor in greatt stowres we haue ben sted.

lo, here a lytter redy cled.

*ijus rex.* I loue my lord ! we haue weH sped,

Balthasar  
bids the  
others get to  
bed first.

To rest with wyn ;

592

lordyngys, syn we shaH go to bed,

ye shaH begyn. [*They sleep: an angel appears above.*]

(100)

*Angelus.* Syr curtes kyngys, to me take tent,

An angel  
warns the  
kings of  
Herod's evil  
designs.

And turne by tyme or ye be tenyd ;

ffrom god his self thus am I sent

To warne you, as youre faythfuH freynd,

598

how herode kyng has malyce ment,

And shapys with shame you for to sheynd ;

And so that ye no harmes hent,

By othere ways god wyH ye weynd

602

Into youre awne cuntre ;

And if ye ask hym boyn,

He bids  
them return  
home by  
another way.

ffor this dede that ye haue done,

youre beyld ay wyH he be. [Exit.]

606

(101)

*primus rex.* wakyns, wakyns, lordyngys dere !

Jaspar  
wakes the  
others &  
tells them  
the angel's  
message.

Oure dwellyng is no longer here ;

An angeH spake tyH vs in fere ;

Bad vs, as heynd,

610

That we ne shuld, on no manere,

home by herode weynd.

612

(102)

*ijus rex.* AH myghty god in trynyte,

Melchior  
thanks the  
Trinity for  
this warn-  
ing.

with hart enterely thank I the,

That thyn angeH send tyH vs thre,

And kend vs so,

616

Oure fals fo man for to fle,

That wold vs slo.

618

(103)

*ijus rex.* We aght to loue hym more and myn,

That comly kyng of aH man-kyn ;

I rew fuH sore that we shaH twyn

On this manere ;

622

ffor comen we haue, with mekyH wyn,

By wayes sere.

624

Balthasar  
is sorry they  
must part.

(104)

*primus rex.* Twyn must vs nedys, syrs, permafay,

And ilk on weynd by dyuers way ;

Jaspar says  
they must  
take their

divers ways,  
& bids the  
others fare-  
well.

This wyH me lede, the sothe to say,

To <sup>1</sup> my cuntre ;

628

ffor-thy, lordyngys, now haue good day !

God with you be !

630

(105)

Melchior  
finds his  
road & com-  
mends the  
other kings  
to heaven.

*ijus rex.* Certys, I must<sup>t</sup> pas by se and sand :

This is the gate, I vnderstand,

That<sup>t</sup> wyH me lede vnto my land

634

The right<sup>t</sup> way ;

To god of heuen I you commaunde,

And haue good day !

636

(106)

Balthasar  
also departs,  
praying  
God's help  
against the  
fiend.

*ijus rex.* This is the way that I must<sup>t</sup> weynd ;

Now god tiH vs his socoure send,

And he, that<sup>t</sup> is withoutten end

640

And ay shalbe,

Saue vs from fowndyng of the feynd,

ffor his pauste.

642

*Explicit oblatio trium Magorum.*

## XV.

### Incipit fugacio Iosep & Marie in egiptum.

[13 stanzas of 13 lines, abab aab aab, cbc ; 1 of 12 lines abab aab aa cbc.]

[*Dramatis Personae :*

*Angelus.*

*Josephus.*

*Maria.*

*Jesus.]*

*Angelus.*

(1)

An angel  
bids Ioseph  
awake, &  
warns him  
to flee from  
danger.

**A**

wake, Ioseph, and take intent !

Thou ryse, and slepe nomare !

If thou WyH saue thy self vnshent<sup>t</sup>

4

ffownde the fast<sup>t</sup> to fare ;

I am an angeH to the sent,

ffor thou shaft no harmes hent,

To each the outt<sup>t</sup> of care.

7

If thou here longer lent,

ffor rewth thou mon repent,

[Fol. 53, b.]

<sup>1</sup> MS. ty.

And rew it wonder sare.  
*Ioseph.* A ! myghtfuH god,  
 what euer this ment,  
 so swete of toyn<sup>1</sup>?

10 Joseph wonders at this sound so sweet of tune,

13

(2)

*Angelus.* lo, Ioseph, it' is I,  
 An angeH send to the.  
*Ioseph.* we ! leyf, I pray the why ?  
 what is thy wyH with me ?

& why an angel is sent to him.

17

*Angelus.* hens behufys the hy,  
 And take with the mary,  
 Also hir chyld so fre ;  
 ffor herode dos to dy

The angel bids him flee, with Mary and her child, for Herod will kill all knave-children under two years.

20

AH knaue chydren, securly,  
 with in two yere that be  
 Of eld.

23

*Ioseph.* Alas, fuH wo is me !  
 where may we beyld ?

26

(3)

*Angelus.* TyH egypp shaH thou fare  
 with aH the myght thou may ;  
 And, Ioseph, hold the thare,  
 tyH I wyll the at say.

He is to go to Egypt and stay there till warned to return.

30

*Ioseph.* This is a febyH fare,  
 A seke man and a sare  
 To here of sich a fray ;

Joseph grumbles, he is old and knows not the way.

33

My bonys ar bursyd and bare  
 ffor to do ; I wold it ware

Comen my last day

36

TyH ende ;

I ne wote which is the way ;

how shaH we weynde ?

39

(4)

*Angelus.* Ther of haue thou no drede ;  
 weynd furth, & leyf thi dyn ;  
 The way he shaH you lede,  
 the kyng of aH man-kyng.

The angel says the king of all mankind shall lead him, but Joseph still

43

<sup>1</sup> Note the absence of ryme.



thinks on his  
age and  
feebleness.

*Ioseph.* That heynd til vs take hede,  
ffor I had lytyH nede

Sich bargans to begyn ;

46

No wonder if I wede,

I that may do no dede ;

how shuld I theder wyn

49

ffor eld ?

I am fuH bare and thyn,

And aH vnweld ;

52

(5)

Joseph is  
grieved for  
Mary. He  
tells her they  
must flee.

My fors me faly's to fare,<sup>1</sup> [*Mary with her Babe advances.*]  
and sight that I shuld se.

Mary, my darlyng dere,

I am fuH wo for the !

56

*Maria.* A, leyf Ioseph, what chere ?

youre sorow on this manere

It mekiH meruels me.

59

*Ioseph.* Oure noyes ar neghand nere

If we dweH longer here ;

ffor-thi behofes vs fle,

62

And flytt.

*Maria.* Alas ! how may this be ?

what euer menys it ?

65

(6)

[Fol. 54, a.  
Sig. I. 4.]

*Ioseph.* It menys of sorow enoghe.

*Maria.* A, dere Ioseph, how so ?

An angel has  
warned him  
that Herod  
would slay  
her son.

*Ioseph.* As I lay in a swogh,

ffuH sad slepand and thro,

69

An angeH to me drogh,

As blossom bright on bogh,

And told betwix vs two,

72

That herode wroght greatt wogh,

And aH knaue children slogh

In land that he myght to,

75

That feynd !

And he thy son wold slo

And shamely sheynd.

78

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs ' fere.'

(7)

*Maria.* My son ? alas, for care !

who may my doyllys dyH ?

wo worth fals herode are !

my son why shuld he spyH ?

82

Alas ! I lurk and dare !

To slo this barne I bare,

what wight in ward had wyH ?

85

his hart shuld be fuH sare

Sichon for to fare,

That neuer yit dyd yH,

88

Ne thoght.

*Ioseph.* Now leyfe mary, be styH !

This helpys noght ;

91

Mary is  
aghast at  
Herod's  
wickedness.

Joseph says  
this helps  
nought.

(8)

It is no boytt to grete,

truly withoutten trayn ;

Oure bayH it may not boytt <sup>1</sup>

bot weH more make oure payn.

95

*Maria.* Alas ! how shuld I lete ?

My son that is so swete

Is soght for to be slayn ;

98

ffuH gryle may I grete,

My fomen and I mete ;

TeH me, Ioseph, with mayn,

101

youre red.

*Ioseph.* Shortly swedyH vs this swayn,

And fle hys dede.

104

Mary asks  
his counsel.

Joseph bids  
her swaddle  
the child  
and flee.

(9)

*Maria.* his ded wold I not se,

ffor aH this ward to wyn ;

Alas ! fuH wo were me,

In two if we shuld twyn ;

108

My chylde so bright of ble,

To slo hym were pyte,

And a fuH hedus syn.

111

Dere Ioseph, what red ye ?

*Ioseph.* TyH egyp weynd shaft we ;

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs 'bete' or 'beytt,' remedy.

They are to  
go to Egypt.

ffor-thi let be thi dyn  
And cry.

114

*Maria.* how shaft we theder wyn?

*Ioseph.* ffulle weß wote I; 117  
(10)

There is nothing to say, but pack up quickly.

The best wyse that we may  
hast vs outt' of this here.  
Ther is noght els to say  
bot' tytt' pak vp oure gere ;

121

[Fol. 54, b.]    ffor ferd of this affray,  
                   lett vs weynd hens away,  
                   Or' any do vs dere.

124

Mary calls to God to protect them. *Maria.* Greatt god, as he weH may,  
That shope both nyght and day,  
ffrom wandreth he vs were, 127  
And shame ;  
My chyld how shuld I bere  
So far from hame? 130

She is full of woe. Alas! I am full wo!  
was neuer wyght so wyH!

Joseph says *Joseph*. God wote I may say so,  
he may well I haue mater ther tyff;  
be also. 134

Why will not  
death slay  
him?

ffor I may vnyth go  
To lede of land sich two ;  
No wonder if I be wyth,

137

And sythen has many a fo.

A, why wyllt no ded me slo?  
My lyfe I lyke yll

And sare ;  
he that aH doyls may dyH,  
he keyH my care !

Young men      So wyth a wyght as I,  
should be-      In warld was neuer man ;  
ware, for      howsehold and husbndry  
wedding is      making him  
making him      all wan.

That bargain dere I by.  
yong men, bewar, red I :  
wedynge makys me all wan. 150

Take me thi brydyH, mary ;  
 Tent thou to that page grathly  
 with aH the craft thou can ; 153  
 And may  
 he that this world began,<sup>1</sup>  
 wysH vs the way ! 156

(13)

*Maria.* Alas, fuH wo is me !

Is none so wyH as I !

My hart wold breke in thre,

My son to se hym dy. 160

Mary's heart  
 would break  
 in three to  
 see her son  
 die.

*Ioseph.* we ! leyf mary, lett be,

And nothyng drede thou the,

Bot hard hens lett vs hy ; 163

Joseph com-  
 forts her, but  
 they must  
 flee quickly.

To saue thi foode so fre,

ffast furth now lett vs fle,

Dere leyf ; 166

To mete with his enmy,

It were a greatt myschefe, 168

(14)

And that wold I not wore,<sup>2</sup>

Away if we myght wyn ;

My hart wold be fuH sore,<sup>3</sup>

In two to se you twyn. 172

TyH egypp lett vs fare ;

This pak, tyH I com thare,

To bere I shaH not blyn : 175

He will bear  
 the pack and  
 help her all  
 he can.

ffor-thi haue thou no care ;

If I may help the mare,

Thou fyndys no fawte me in, 178

I say.

God blys you more and myn,

And haue now aH good day ! 181

*Explicit fugacio Iosep & marie in egiptum.*

[Fol. 55, a.]

<sup>1</sup> MS. beban.

[<sup>2</sup> ? wold...ware,]

[<sup>3</sup> ? wold...sare.]

## (XVI.)

## Incipit magnus Herodes.

[57 nine-lined stanzas, aaaab cccb, (no. 6, has aaaaa ccca) with central rhymes marked by bars.]

## [Dramatis Personae.]

Nuncius.  
Herodes.  
Primus Miles.  
Secundus Miles.

Tercius Miles.  
Primus Consultus.  
Secundus Consultus.

Prima Mulier.  
Secunda Mulier.  
Tercia Mulier.]

## (1)

Nuncius.

Herod's messenger begins a ranting speech to the people.

They must attend to him or they will take harm.

**M**oste myghty mahowne / meng you with myrth !  
Both of burgh and of towne / by fellys and by  
fyrth,  
Both kyng with crowne / and barons of brith,  
That radly wyH rowne / many greatt grith  
ShaH be happ. 5

Take tenderly intent  
what sondys ar sent,  
Els harnes shaH ye hent,  
And lothes you to lap. 9

## (2)

Herod sends them greeting and commands them to be obedient to him.

Herode, the heynd kyng / by grace of mahowne,  
Of Iury, Iourmontyng / sternly with crowne,  
On lyfe that ar lyfyng / in towre and in towne,  
Gracyus you gretyng / commaundys you be bowne  
At his bydyng; 14  
luf hym with lewte,  
drede hym, that doughty !  
he chargys you be redy  
lowly at his lykyng. 18

## (3)

Any treason shall be paid for twelve thousand fold. He is now abashed

What man apon mold / menys hym agane,  
Tytt teyn shaH be tolde, knyght, sqwyere, or swayn;  
Be he neuer so bold / byes he that bargan,  
Twelf thowsand fold / more then I sayn

- May ye trast ; 23 about a new  
 he is worthy wonderly, born boy,  
 Selecouthly sory ;  
 ffor a boy that is borne her by  
 Standys he abast. 27
- (4)  
 A kyng thay hym eath / and that we deny ; who is called  
 how shuld it so fath / greatt merueH haue I ; a king.  
 Therfor ouer aH / ShaH I make a cry, No king  
 That ye busk not to braH / nor lyke not to ly must be  
 This tyde ; 32 spoken of  
 Carpys of no kyng but Herod.  
 Bot herode, that lordyng,  
 Or busk to youre beyl lyng,  
 youre heedys for to hyde. 36
- (5)  
 He is Kyng of Kyngys / Kyndly I Knowe, [Fol. 55, b.]  
 Chefe lord of lordyngys / chefe leder of law,  
 Ther watys on his wyngys / that boldt bostt wyH blaw,  
 Greatt dukys downe dyngys / ffor his greatt aw, He recites  
 And hym lowtys. 41 Herod's  
 Tuskane and turky, kingdoms.  
 All Inde and Italy,  
 CceyH and surry,  
 Drede hym and dowlty. 45
- (6)  
 ffrom paradyse to padwa / to mownt flaseon ;  
 ffrom egyp to mantua / vnto kemp towne ;  
 ffrom sarceny to susa / to grece it abowne ;  
 Both normondy and norwa / lowtys to his crowne ;  
 his renowne 50  
 Can no tong teH,  
 ffrom heuen vnto heH ;  
 Of hym can none speH  
 Bot his cosyh mahowne. 54
- (7)  
 he is the worthiest of aH / barnes that are borne ;  
 ffree men ar his thraH / fuH teynfully torne ;  
 Begyn he to braH / many men caeh skorne ;  
 Obey must we aH / or els be ye lorne
- All men  
 must obey  
 him or be  
 lost.

Att onys.

59

Downe dyng of youre knees,

AH that hym seys,

Dysplesyd he beys,

And byrkyn many bonys.

63

(8)

He is now  
coming and  
must be wel-  
comed wor-  
shipfully.

here he *commys* now, I cry / that lord I of spake ;

ffast afore wyH I hy / radly on a rake,

And welcom hym worshipfully / laghyng *with* lake,

As he is most worthy / and knele for his sake

So low ;

68

Downe dernly to fah,

as renk most ryaH :

hayH, the worthyest of aH !

to the must I bow !

[*Herod advances.*]

72

(9)

He greets  
Herod, and  
says he has  
called for  
silence for  
him.  
The people  
talk of a  
king and  
won't cease  
chattering.

hayH, luf lord ! lo / thi letters haue I layde ;

I haue done I couth do / and peasse haue I prayd ;

MekyH more therto / opynly dysplayd ;

Bot romoure is rasyd so / that boldly thay brade

Emangis thame ;

77

Thay carp of a kyng,

thay seasse not sich chateryng.

*herodes.* Bot I shaH tame thare talkyng,

And let thame go hang thame :

81

(10)

Stynt, brodels, youre dyn / yei, euerychon !

I red that ye harkyn / to I be gone,

[Fol. 56, a.]

ffor if I begyn / I breke ilka bone,

He begins to  
rant, and  
bids them  
hearken on  
pain of  
broken  
bones and  
skinning.

And puH fro the skyn / the carcas anone,

yei, perde !

86

Sesse aH this wonder,

and make vs no blonder,

ffor I ryfe you in sonder,

Be ye so hardy.

90

(11)

They are not  
to speak or  
stir, till he  
has said his  
say.

Peasse both yong and old / at my bydyng, I red,

ffor I haue aH in wold / in me standys lyfe and dede ;

who that is so bold / I brane hym through the hede ;

Speke not or I haue told / what I wiH in this stede ;

ye wote nott 95  
 Aȝ that I wiȝ mefe ;  
 Styr not bot ye haue lefe,  
 ffor if ye do, I clefe  
 you smaȝ as flesh to pott. 99

(12)

My myrthes ar turned to teyn / my mekenes into Ire,  
 And aȝ for oone I weyn / *with-in* I fare as fyre.  
 May I se hym *with* eyn / I shaȝ gyf hym his hyre ;  
 Bot I do as I meyn / I were a fuȝ lewde syre

His mirth is  
 turned to  
 grief because  
 of a boy  
 whose bones  
 he would  
 break if he  
 could catch  
 him.

In wonys ; 104  
 had I that lad in hand,  
 As I am kyng in land,  
 I shuld *with* this steyȝ brand  
 Byrkyn aȝ his bonys. 108

(13)

My name spryngys far and nere / the doughtyest, men me  
 caȝ,

That euer ran *with* spere / A lord and kyng ryaȝ ;  
 what ioy is me to here / A lad to sesse my staȝ !  
 If I this crowne may bere / that boy shaȝ by for aȝ.

He is so  
 teased with  
 tales that  
 "by God's  
 dear nails"  
 he will hold  
 peace no  
 longer.

I anger ; 113  
 I wote not what dewiȝ me alys,  
 Thay teyn me so *with* talys,  
 That by gottys dere nalys,  
 I wyȝ peasse no langer. 117

(14)

what dewiȝ ! me thynk I brast / ffor anger and for teyn ;  
 I trow thyse kyngys be past / that here *with* me has beyn ;  
 Thay promysed me fuȝ fast / or now here to be seyn,  
 ffor els I shuld haue cast / an othere slegȝt, I weyn ;

He fears  
 that the  
 kings are  
 going to  
 break their  
 promise of  
 returning.

I telȝ you, 122  
 A boy thay sayd thay sogȝt,  
*with* offeryng that thay brogȝt ;  
 It mefys my hart right nogȝt  
 To breke his nek in two. 126

(15)

Bot be thay past me by / by mahowne in heuen,  
 I shaȝ, and that in hy / set aȝ on sex and seuen ;

If they have  
 passed by



him, he will  
set all things  
at sixes and  
sevens.

Trow ye a kyng as I / wiȝ suffrè thaym to neuen

Any to haue mastry / bot my self fuȝ euen ?

Nay, leyfe !

131

[Fol. 56, b.]

The dewiȝ me hang and draw,

If I that loseȝ know,

Bot I gyf hym a blow,

That lyfe I shaȝ hym reyfe.

135

(16)

If any one  
hears tell of  
them, Herod  
prays him to  
report to  
him.

ffor parelȝ yit I woldȝ / wȝst if thay were gone ;

And ye therof her told / I pray you say anone,

ffor and thay be so boldȝ / by god that syttys in trone,

The payn can notȝ be toldȝ / that thay shaȝ haue ilkon,

ffor Ire ;

140

Sich panys hardȝ neuer man tell,

ffor vgly and for fell,

That lucyfer in hell

Thare bonys shaȝ aȝ to-tyre.

144

(17)

The first  
knight tells  
him that the  
kings have  
passed by  
another way.

*primus Miles.* Lord, thynk notȝ iȝ if I / tell you how  
they ar pastȝ ;

I kepe notȝ layn, truly / Syn thay cam by you last,

An othere way in hy / thay soghtȝ, & thatȝ fuȝ fast.

*Herodes.* why, and ar thay pastȝ me by ? / we ! outȝ ! for  
teyn I brastȝ !

we ! fy !

149

Herod  
blames his  
knights for  
not having  
spied them.

ffy on the dewiȝ ! where may I byde ?

Botȝ fyghtȝ for teyn and al to-chyde<sup>1</sup> !

Thefys, I say ye shuldȝ haue spyde

And toldȝ when thay wentȝ by ;

153

(18)

ye ar knyghtys to trastȝ ! / nay, losels ye ar, and thefys ;

I wote I yelde my gast / so sore my hartȝ itȝ grefys.

*Secundus Miles.* what nede you be abastȝ / ther ar no  
greattȝ myschefys

ffor these maters to gnast. /

*Tercius Miles.*

why put ye sich reprefys

They  
grumble at  
his threats.

<sup>1</sup> MS. alto chyde.

withoutt cause ? 158

Thus shuld ye not thrett vs,  
vngaynly to bete vs,  
ye shuld not rehett vs,

withoutt othere sawes. 162

(19)

herod. ffy, losels and lyars ! / lurdans ilkon !  
Tratoures and weH wars ! / knafys, bot knyghtys none !  
had ye bene woth youre eres / thus had thay not gone ;  
Gett I those land lepars / I breke ilka bone ;

Herod still  
abuses them.

ffyrst vengeance 167

ShaH I se on thare bonys ;  
If ye byde in these wonys  
I shaH dyng you with stonys,  
yei, ditizance dountance.

If they con-  
tinue like  
this he will  
ding them  
with stones,  
"ditizance  
dountance."

171

(20)

I wote not where I may sytt / for anger & for teyn ;  
we haue not done aH yit / if it be as I weyn ;  
ffy ! dewiH ! now how is it ? / as long as I haue eyn  
I think not for to flytt / bot kyng I wiH be seyn  
ffor euer.

176 He does not  
mean to flit  
himself, but  
will make  
men see that  
he is king.

Bot stand I to quart,  
I teH you my hart,  
I shaH gar thaym start,

Or els trust me neuer. 180

(21)

primus Miles. Syr, thay went sodanly / or any man wyst,  
Els had mett we, yei, perdy / and may ye tryst.

[Fol. 57, a.]

Secundus Miles. So bold nor so hardy / agans oure lyst,  
was none of that company / durst mete me with fyst

The knights  
boast what  
they would  
haue done  
had they met  
the kings.

ffor ferd. 185

Tercius Miles. IH durst thay abyde,

Bot ran thame to hyde ;

Might I thaym haue spyde,

I had made thaym a berd. 189

(22)

what couth we more do / to saue youre honoure ?

primus Miles. we were redy therto / and shal be ilk howre.

herod. Now syn it is so / ye shaH haue fauoure ;

Go where ye wyH, go / by towne and by towre,

What could  
they do more  
to save  
Herod's  
honour ?

He forgives  
them ;                      Goys hens !                      [The Soldiers retire.]                      194  
I haue maters to meH  
and calls his                      with my preuey counseH ;                      [The Council advance.]  
privy  
council.                      Clerkys, ye bere the beH,  
ye must me encense.                      198

## (23)

Oone spake in myne eere / A wonderfuH talkyng,  
And sayde a madyn shuld bere / anothere to be kyng ;  
He bids his                      Syrs, I pray you inquire / in aH wrytyng,  
clerks en-                      In vyrgyH, in homere / And aH other thyng  
quire in                      Bot legende ;                      [They look at their books.]                      203  
Virgil, in  
Homer, and  
everywhere  
but in legend  
—in Boece  
and tales but  
not in ser-  
vice-books—  
as to this  
talk of a  
maiden and  
her child.  
Mes, matyns, noght avalys,  
A H these I defende ;                      207

## (24)

I pray you teH heyndly / now what ye fynde.  
primus consultus. Truly, sir, prophecy / It is not blynd ;  
we rede thus by Isay / he shalbe so kynde,  
That a madyn, sothely / which neuer synde,  
The first                      ShaH hym bere :                      212  
councillor  
quotes the  
prophecy of  
Isaiah as to  
the birth of  
Emmanuel.  
“ virgo concipiet,  
Natumque pariet ; ”  
“ EmanueH ” is hete,  
his name for to lere,                      216

## (25)

“ God is with vs,” that is forto say.  
Secundus consultus. And othere says thus / tryst me ye  
may :  
“ Of bedlem a gracyus / lord shaH spray,  
That of Iury myghtyus / kyng shalbe ay,  
The second                      lord myghty ;                      221  
quotes the  
prophecy of  
the birth of  
a king at  
Bethlehem.  
And hym shaH honoure  
both kyng and emperoure.”  
herodes. why, and shuld I to hym cowre ?  
Nay, ther thou lyys lyghtly !                      225

## (26)

Herod rages  
at them, and                      ffy ! the dewiH the spede / and me, bot I drynk onys !  
This has thou done in dede / to anger me for the nonys ;

And thou, knafe, thou thy mede / shaH haue, by cokys [Fol. 57, b.]  
dere bonys!

Thou can not half thi crede! / outt, thefys, fro my wonys!  
ffy, knafys! 230

ffy, dotty-pols, with youre bookys!

Go kast thaym in the brookys!

with sich wylys and crokys

My wytt away rafys! 234

(27)

hard I neuer sich a trant / that a knafe so sleght

Shuld com lyke a sant / and refe me my right;

Nay, he shaH on slant / I shaH kyH hym downe stryght;

war! I say, lett me pant / now thynk I to fyght

ffor anger; 239

My guttys wiH outt thryng

Bot I this lad hyng;

withoutt I haue a vengyng,

I may lyf no langer. 243

(28)

Shuld a carH in a kafe / bot of oone yere age,

Thus make me to rafe? /

*primus consultus.* Syr, peasse this outrage!

A-way let ye wafe / aH sich langage,

youre worship to safe / is he oght bot a page

Of a yere? 248

we two shaH hym teyn

with oure wyttys betweyn,

That, if ye do as I meyn,

he shaH dy on a spere. 252

(29)

*Secundus consultus.* ffor drede that he reyn / do as we red;

Thrug outt bedlem<sup>1</sup> / and ilk othere stede,

Make knyghtys ordeyn / and put vnto dede

AH knaue chyldren / of two yerys brede,

And with-in;

257

This chylde may ye spyH

Thus at youre awne wiH.

*Herodes.* Now thou says here tyH

A right nobyH gyn! 261

<sup>1</sup> Assonant to 'reyne,' 'chyldren.'

bids the  
"dottypols"  
fly and throw  
their books  
into the  
water.

Unless he  
have ven-  
geance on  
this lad he  
can live no  
longer.

The council-  
lors bid him  
put away all  
such lan-  
guage, and  
they shall  
find him a  
remedy.

Let him bid  
his knights  
slay all chil-  
dren at Beth-  
lehem and  
elsewhere  
under two  
years old and  
this child  
must die.

(30)

✓ Herod  
thinks this a  
right noble  
gin; if he  
lives he will  
make the  
Councillor  
Pope; mean-  
while he  
shall have  
castles and  
lands.

If I lyf in land / good lyfe, as I hope,  
This dar I the warand / to make the Pope.<sup>1</sup>  
O, my hart is rysand / now in a glope!  
ffor this nobyH tythand / thou shaH haue a drope

Of my good grace;

266

Markys, rentys, and powndys,

Greatt<sup>t</sup> castels & groundys;

ThrugH aH sees and sandys

I gyf the the chace. [*The Council retires.*] 270

(31)

Herod bids  
his messen-  
ger call the  
flower of his  
knights.

Now wyH I procede / and take veniance;  
aH the flowre of knyghthede / caH to legeance;  
Bewshere, I the byd<sup>2</sup> / it may the avance.

*Nuncius.* lord, I shaH me spede / and bryng, perchaunce,  
To thy syght. [*Herod retires. Knights advance.*]

[Fol. 58, a.]

The messen-  
ger bids the  
knights  
hasten to  
Herod,

hark, knyghtys, I you bryng

here new tythyng;

vnto herode kyng

hast with aH youre myght! 279

(32)

armed and in  
their best  
array.

In aH the hast that ye may / in armowre fuH bright,

In youre best aray / looke that ye be dight.

*primus Miles.* why shuld we fray? /

*Secundus Miles.*

this is not aH right.

*Tercius Miles.* Syrs, withoutten delay I drede that we  
fight.

*Nuncius.* I pray you, 284

As fast as ye may,

com to hym this day.

*primus Miles.* what, in oure best aray?

*Nuncius.* yei, syrs, I say you. 288

(33)

*ijus Miles.* Somwhat is in hand / what euer it meyn.

*ijj Miles.* Tarry not for to stand / ther or we haue beyn.

[*Herod advances.*]

*Nuncius.* kyng herode aH weldand / weH be ye seyn!

youre knyghtys ar comand / in armoure fuH sheyn,

<sup>1</sup> This word is erased in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> The ryme needs 'bede.'

At youre wyH. 293

*primus Miles.* hayH, dughtyest' of aH !

we are comen at' youre caH

ffor to do what we shaH,

yourc lust to fullfyH. 297

(34)

*herod.* welcom, lordyngys, Iwys / both greatt and smaH !

The cause now is this / that I send for you aH :

A lad, a knafe, borne is / that' shuld' be kyng ryah ;

Bot' I kyH hym and his / I wote I brast my gaH ;

Therfor, Syrs, 302

Veniance shaH ye take,

AH for that lad' sake,

And men I shaH you make

where ye com ay where, syrs. 306

(35)

To bedlem loke ye go / And aH the coste aboute,

AH knaue chyl dren ye slo / and lordys, ye shalbe stoute ;

Of yeres if they be two / and within, of aH that rowte

On lyfe lyefe none of tho / that' lygys in swedyH clowte,

I red you ; 311

Spare no kyns bloode,

lett aH ryn on floode,

If women wax woode ;

I warn you, syrs, to spede you ; 315

(36)

hens ! now go youre way / that ye were thore.

*ijus Miles.* I wote we make a fray / bot' I wyH go before.

*ijus Miles.* A, thynk, syrs, I say / I mon whett lyke a bore.

*primus Miles.* Sett' me before ay / good enogh for a skore ;

hayH heyndly ! 320

we shaH for youre sake

make a dulfuH lake.

*herodes.* Now if ye me weH wrake

ye shaH fynd me freyndly. [*Exit Herod.*] 324

(37)

*ijus Miles.* Go ye now tyH oure noytt / and handyH

thaym weyH.

*ijus Miles.* I shaH pay thaym on the cote / begyn I to

reyH. [*First Woman and Child advance.*]

The first  
knight hails  
Herod.

Herod tells  
them of the  
boy who  
must be  
killed.

The knights  
are to go to  
Bethlehem  
and there-  
abouts and  
slay all  
knave-child-  
ren under  
two years of  
age.

The knights  
promise  
obedience.

[Fol. 58, b.] *primus Miles.* hark, felose, ye dote / yonder commys  
vnceyH ;

They see a  
woman  
coming. The  
first knight  
tells her not  
to take it ill  
if he kill her  
child.

I hold here a grote / she lykys me not weyH  
Be we parte ; [To the Woman.] 329

Dame, thynk it not yH,  
thy knafe if I kyH.

*prima Mulier.* what, thefe ! agans my wyH ?  
lord, kepe hym in qwarte ! 333

(38)

*primus Miles.* Abyde now, abyde / no farther thou gose.

The woman  
remem-  
strates.

*prima Mulier.* Peasse, thefe ! shaH I chyde / and make  
here a nose ?

*primus Miles.* I shaH reyfe the thy pryde / kyH we  
these boyse !

She attacks  
the knight,  
but her boy  
is slain.

*prima Mulier.* Tyd may betyde / kepe weH thy nose,  
ffals thefe ! 338

haue on loft on thy hode.

*primus Miles.* what, hoore, art thou woode ?

[Kills the Child.]

*prima Mulier.* Outt, alas, my chyldys bloode !  
Outt, for reprefe ! 342

(39)

She laments  
over him and  
calls for  
vengeance.

Alas for shame and syn / alas that I was borne !  
Of wepyng who may blyn / to se hir chylde forlorne ?  
My comforth and my kyn / my son thus alto torne !  
veniance for this syn / I cry, both euyne and morne.

*Secundus Miles.* weH done ! 347

[Second Woman and Child advance.]

Com hedyr, thou old stry !

that lad of thyne shaH dy.

*Secunda Mulier.* Mercy, lord, I cry !

It is myn awne dere son. 351

(40)

The same  
scene is gone  
through be-  
tween a  
second  
woman and  
the second  
knight.

*ijus Miles.* No mercy thou mefe / it mendys the not, mawd !

*Secunda Mulier.* Then thi skalp shaH I clefe ! / lyst  
thou be clawd ?

lefe, lefe, now by lefe ! /

*Secundus Miles.* peasse, byd I, bawd !

*Secunda Mulier.* ffy, fy, for reprefe ! fy, fuH of frawde !



No man ! 356

haue at thy tabard,

harlot and holard !

Thou shaft not be sparde !

I cry and I ban ! [He kills the boy.] 360

(41)

Outt ! morder ! man, I say / strang tratoure & thefe !

Out ! alas ! and waloway ! / my child that was me lefe !

My luf, my blood, my play / that neuer dyd man grefe !

Alas, alas, this day ! / I wold my hart shuld clefe

She, also,  
cries for  
vengeance  
for her mur-  
dered son.

In sonder ! 365

veniance I cry and caH,

on herode and his knyghtys aH !

veniance, lord, apou thaym faH,

And mekyH warldys wonder ! 369

(42)

*Tercius Miles.* This is weH wrought gere / that euer  
may be ; [Third woman and child advance.]

The third  
knight kills  
the child of  
a third  
mother.

Comys hederward here ! / ye nede not to fle !

*Tercia Mulier.* wyH ye do any dere / to my chyld and me ?

*ijus Miles.* he shaft dy, I the swere / his hart blood shaft  
thou se.

*ijja mulier.* God for-bede ! 374

Thefe ! thou shedys my chyldys blood ! [He kills the boy.] She laments

Out, I cry ! I go near wood !

Alas ! my hart is aH on flood,

To se my chyld thus blede ! 378

(43)

By god, thou shaft aby this dede that thou has done.

*Tercius Miles.* I red the not stry / by son and by moyn.

[Fol. 59, a.  
Sig. K. 1.]

*ijja Mulier.* haue at the, say I ! / take the ther a foyn !

Out on the I cry / haue at thi groyn

An othere ! 383

and attacks  
him till he  
cries "Peace  
now, no  
more."

This kepe I in store.

*Tercius Miles.* Peasse now, no more !

*Tercia Mulier.* I cry and I rore,

Out on the, mans mordre ! 387

(44)

Alas ! my bab, myn Innocent / my fleshly get ! for sorow

That god me derly sent / of bales who may me borow ?

She cries for  
vengeance.



The first  
knight bids  
the women  
go off.

Thy body is aH to-rent / I cry both euen and morow,  
veniance for thi blod thus spent / out ! I cry, and horow !  
*primus Miles.* Go lightly ! 392

Gett' out of thise wonys !

ye trattys, aH at' onys,—

Or by cokys dere bonys

I make you go wyghtly ! [The mothers retire.]

(45)

They are  
frightened  
now, says  
the second  
knight.  
The third  
knight pro-  
poses to tell  
their ex-  
ploits to  
Herod.

Thay ar flayd now, I wote, thay wiH not abyde. 397

*Secundus Miles.* lett vs ryn fote hote / now wold I we hyde,

And teH of this lott / how we haue betyde.

*Tercius Miles.* Thou can do thi note / that haue I aspyde ;

Go furth now, 401

TeH thou herode oure tayH !

ffor aH oure awayH,

I teH you, saunce fayH,

he wyH vs alow. 405

(46)

The first  
claims to  
have done  
the best.

*primus Miles.* I am best of you aH / and euer has bene ;

The deuyH haue my sauH / bot I be fyrst sene ;

It fyttys me to caH / my lord, as I wene.

*ijus Miles.* what nedys the to braH ? / be not so kene

In this anger ; 410

I shaH say thou dyd best,

saue myself, as I gest.

*primus Miles.* we ! that is most honest.

*Tercius Miles.* go, tary no langer ! 414

(47) [They approach Herod.]

They boast  
to Herod of  
having mur-  
dered many  
thousands,

*primus Miles.* hayH herode, oure kyng / fuH glad may ye be !

Good tythyng we bryng / harkyn now to me ;

we haue mayde rydyng / through outt Iure :

weH wyt ye oone thyng / that morderH haue we

Many thowsandys. 419

*ijus Miles.* I held thaym fuH hote,

I payd them on the cote ;

Thare dammys, I wote,

Neuer bynde them in bandys. 423

(48)

they are  
worthy a  
reward.

*ijus Miles.* had ye sene how I fard / when I cam emang them !

Ther was none that I spard / bot lade on and dang them.

I am worthy a rewarde / where I was emangys them. [Fol. 59, b.]  
 I stud and I stard / no pyte to hang them  
 had I. 428

*herodes.* Now, by myghty mahowne,  
 That is good of renowne!  
 If I bere this crowne  
 ye shaH haue a lady 432

(49)

Ilkon to hym layd, and wed at his wyH.  
*primus Miles.* So haue ye lang sayde / do somewhat thertyH!  
*ijus Miles.* And I was neuer flayde / for good ne for yH.  
*iius Miles.* ye might hold you weH payde / oure lust to  
 fulfyH,

Herod promises them each a lady to wed at his will. ✓

Thus thynk me, 437  
 with tresure vntold,  
 If it lyke that ye wold,  
 Both syluer and gold,  
 To gyf vs greatt plente. 441

The third knight suggests a gift of gold and silver. ✓

(50)

*herodes.* As I am kyng crownde / I thynk it good right!  
 Ther goys none on grownde / that has sich a wyght;  
 A hundreth thowsand pownde / is good wage for a knyght,  
 Of pennys good and rownde / now may ye go light  
 with store; 446  
 And ye knyghtys of oures  
 ShaH haue castels and towres,  
 Both to you and to youre,  
 ffor now and euer more. 450

Herod says a hundred thousand pounds is good wage for a knight, and promises castles and towers as well as money.

(51)

*primus Miles.* was neuer none borne / by downes ne by  
 dalys, The knights rejoice at their wealth  
 Nor yit vs beforne / that had sich avalys.  
*ijus Miles.* we haue castels and corne / mych gold in  
 oure malys.  
*iius Miles.* It wyH neuer be worne / withoutt any talys;  
 hayH heyndly! 455  
 hayH lord! hayH kyng!  
 we ar furth foundyng!  
*herod.* Now mahowne he you bryng  
 where he is lord freyndly; 459

(52)

Herod  
thanks  
Mahound  
that he may  
stand in  
peace.  
Each of the  
knights shall  
have a thou-  
sand marks  
—next time  
he comes.

Now in peasse may I stand / I thank the, mahowne !  
And gyf of my lande / that longys to my crowne ;  
Draw therfor nerehande / both of burgh and of towne ;  
Markys ilkon a thowsande / when I am bowne,

ShaH ye haue.

464

I shalbe fuH fayn

To gyf that I sayn !

wate when I com agayn,

And then may ye craue.

468

(53)

He is not  
troubled by  
the blood he  
has shed.

I sett by no good / now my hart is at easse,  
That I shed so mekyH blode / pes aH my ryches !  
ffor to se this flode / from the fote to the nese  
Mefys nothing my mode / I lagH that I whese ;

A, mahowne !

473

So light is my sauH,

His gall now  
is all of  
sugar.

that aH of Sugar is my gaH ;

I may do what I shaH,

And bere vp my crowne.

477

(54)

[Fol. 60, a.  
Sig. K. 2.]

I was castyn in care / so frightly afrayd,  
Bot I thar not dyspare / for low is he layd  
That I most dred are / so haue I hym flayd ;  
And els wonder ware / and so many strayd

He need not  
despair now,  
for the boy  
must be  
killed.

In the strete,

482

That oone shuld be harmeles,

and skape away haffes,

where so many chyldes

Thare balys can not bete.

486

(55)

144,000 have  
been slain :  
never was  
there such a  
murder.

A hundreth thowsand, I watt / and fourty ar slayn,  
And four thowsand ; ther-at / me aght to be fayn ;  
Sich a morder on a flat / shaH neuer be agayn.  
had I had bot oone bat / at that lurdan

So yong,

491

It shuld haue bene spokyn

how I had me wrokyn,

were I dede and rotyn,

with many a tong.

495

(56)

Thus shaH I tech knauys / ensampyH to take,  
In thare wyttys that rauys / sich mastre to make ;  
aH wantones wafys / no langage ye crak !  
No sufferan you saus / youre nekkys shaH I shak

Let knaves  
take ex-  
ample by it,  
and call no  
man king  
but Herod.

In sonder ; 500

No kyng ye on caH  
Bot on herode the ryah,  
Or els many oone shaH

Apon youre bodys wonder. 504

(57)

ffor if I here it spokyn / when I com agayn,  
youre bransy bese brokyn / therfor be ye bayn ;  
Nothyng bese vnlokyn / it shalbe so playn ;  
Begyn I to rekyn / I thynk aH dysdayn

If he hear  
them speak  
of any other  
he will  
knock their  
brains out.  
But now he  
"can no  
more  
French."

ffor daunche. 509

Syrs, this is my counseH—

Bese not to crueH,

Bot adew!—to the deuyH !

I can nomore fraunch ! 513

*Explicit Magnus Herodes.*

(XVII.)

*Incipit Purificacio marie.*

[Fol. 63, b.]

[10 eight-line stanzas aab ccb ; 10 six-line aab ccb ; and one line.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

*Symeon.*

*Primus Angelus.*

*Secundus Angelus.*

*Josephus.*

*Maria.*

*Jesus.]*

*Symeon.*

(1)

**M**IghtfuH god, thou vs glad !  
That heuen and erthe and aH has mayde ;  
Bryng vs to blys that neuer shaH fade,  
As thou weH may ;  
And thynk on me that is vnweld—

Simeon  
prays to God  
to remember  
him in his  
old age.

4

lo ! so I hobyH aH on held,  
That vnethes may I walk for eld—

Now help, lord, adonay !

8

## (2)

He wonders  
whether the  
good men of  
old be safe or  
lost.

Bot yit I merueH, both eyn and morne,  
Of old elders that were beforne,  
wheder thay be safe or lorne,

where thay may be ;

12

AbeH, noye, and abraham,

Dauid, danieH, and balaam,

And aH othere mo by name,

Of sere degre.

16

## (3)

He thanks  
God for  
giving him  
so long a  
life.

I thank the, lord, with good intent,

Of aH thy sond thou has me sent,

That thus long tyme my lyfe has lent,

Now many a yere ;

20

ffor aH ar past now oonly bot I ;

I thank the, lord god almyghty !

ffor so old know I none, sothly,

Now lyfyng here.

24

## (4)

He knows no  
man so old  
as himself :  
no wonder if  
he be feeble.

ffor I am old symeon :

So old on lyfe know I none,

That is mayde on flesh and bone,

In aH medyH-erH.

28

No wonder if I go on held :

The feuyrs, the flyx, make me vnweld ;

Myn arnes, my lymmes, ar stark for eld,

And aH gray is my berH.

32

## (5)

Myn ees are woren both marke and blynd ;

Myn and is short, I want wynd ;

Thus has age dystroed my kynd,

And reft myghtis aH ;

36

His own  
time to go  
away will  
soon come.

Bot shortly mon I weynd away ;

what tyme ne when, I can not say,

ffor it is gone fuH many a day

Syn dede began to caH.

40

## (6)

[Fol. 61, a.  
Sig. K. 3.]

Ther is no warke that I may wyrk,

Bot oneths craH I to the kyrk ;

Be I com home I am so irk

That farther may I noght ;  
 Bot settys me downe, and grankys, and gronys,  
 And lygys and restys my very bonys,  
 And aH nyght after grankys and goonys,  
 On slepe tyH I be broght.

44 He can do  
 no work save  
 church-  
 going, and  
 when he  
 comes back  
 from that all  
 his bones  
 ache.

(7)

Bot neuer the les, the sothe to say,  
 If I may nather, by nyght ne day,  
 ffor age nather styr ne play,  
 Nor make no chere,  
 yit if I be neuer so old,  
 I myn fuH weH that prophetys told,  
 That now ar dede and layde fuH cold,  
 Sythen gone many a yere.

Yet feeble as  
 age has made  
 him, he re-  
 members the  
 words of the  
 dead pro-  
 phets,

(8)

Thay sayde that god, fuH of myght,  
 Shuld send his son from heuen bright,  
 In a madyn for to light,  
 Commen of dauid kyn ;  
 flesh and bloode on hyr to take,  
 And becom man for oure sake,  
 Our redempeyon for to make,  
 That slayn were thurgh syn.

who foretold  
 the birth of  
 God's Son for  
 man's re-  
 demption.

(9)

Bot, lord, that vs thy grace has hight,  
 Send me thy sond, both day and nyght,  
 And graunt me grace of lyfys light,  
 And let me neuer de,  
 To thou sich grace to me send,  
 That I may handyH hym in my hend,  
 That shaH cum oure mys to amend,  
 And se hym with myn ee.

He prays  
 God that he  
 may not die  
 till he has  
 held this  
 Child in his  
 hand.

(10)

*primus angelus.* Thou, symeon, drede the noght !  
 My lord, that thou has long besoght,  
 ffor thou has rightwys beyn,  
 Thyn askyng has he grauntyd the,  
 with outen dede on lyfe to be  
 To thou thy cryst' haue seyn.

An angel  
 announces  
 the granting  
 of his  
 prayer.

78

(11)

A second  
angel tells  
him he shall  
find God's  
Son in the  
Temple.

*Secundus angelus.* Than sytheon, harkyn a space !

I bryng the thythyngys of solace ;

ffor-thy, ryse vp and gang

81

To the temple ; thou shalt fynd thore

Godys son the before,

That thou has yernyd lang.

84

(12)

Symeon  
praises God  
for His  
goodness.

*Symeon.* Louyd be my lord in wyH and thoght,

That his *seruant* forgettys noght,

when that he seys tyme !

87

weH is me that I shaH dre

TyH I haue sene hym *with* myn ee,

And no longer hyne.

90

(13)

[Fol. 61, b.]

Louyd be my lord in heuen,

That thus has by his angeH steuen

warnyd me of his commyng !

93

He will put  
on his vest-  
ment in  
honour of  
that king.

Therfor wiH I with intent

putt on me my vestment,

In worship of that kyng.

96

(14)

for welcome  
shall that  
Lord be to  
him, who  
shall make  
men free.

he shalbe welcom vnto me :

That lord shaH make vs alle fre,

kyng of aH man-kyn ;

99

ffor *with* his blood he shaH vs boroo

Both fro catyfdam & from soroo,

That was slayn through syn.

102

*Tunc pulsabunt.*

(15)

The bells  
ring so  
solemnly he  
thinks it  
must be for  
the coming  
of the Lord.

A, dere god ! what may this be ?

Oure bellys ring so solemnly,

ffor whom soeuer it is ;

105

Now certys, I can not vnderstand,

Bot if my lord god aH weldand

Be comen, that aH shaH wyse.

108

(16)

This noyse lyghtyns fuH weH myn hart !

ShaH I neuer rest, and I haue quart,

Or I com ther onone ;

111

Now weH were I and it so were,  
ffor sich noyse hard I neuer ere ;

The bells are  
ringing of  
themselves.

Oure bellys ryng by thare oone ! 114

[*Joseph, with two doves, and Mary, with her baby, advance.*]

(17)

*Ioseph.* Mary, it begynnys to pas,  
ffourty dayes syn that thou was

Joseph bids  
Mary draw  
near the  
Temple,

Delyner of thy son ; 117

To the temple I red we draw,  
To clens the, and fulfyH the law,

As oure elders were won. 120

(18)

Therfor, mary, madyn heynd,  
Take thi chylde and let vs weynd

taking her  
Child with  
her, and they  
will bring  
two doves for  
an offering.

The tempyH vntyH ; 123

And we shaH with vs bryng  
Thise turtyls two to oure offryng,

The law we wiH fulfyH. 126

(19)

*Maria.* Ioseph, that wyH I fuH weH,  
That the law euery deyH

Mary is well  
pleased to  
fulfil all the  
Law.

Be fulfyllyd in me. 129

Lord, that aH myghtys may,  
Gyf vs grace to do this day

That it be pleassyng to the ! 132

*Angeli cantant ; simeon. . . . [the rest is illegible].*

(20)

*primus angelus.* Thou, symeon, rightwys and trew,  
Thou has desyred both old and new,

The first  
Angel an-  
nounces to  
Simeon that  
this is the  
Child whom  
he longed to  
see.

To haue a sight of cryst ihesu

As prophecy has told ! 136

Oft has thou prayd to haue a sight

Of hym that in a madyn light ;

here is that chylde of mekyH myght,

Now has thou that thou wold. 140

(21)

*Secundus angelus.* Thou has desyryd it most of aH.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> The end of this Play, and the beginning of the next, are wanting, two leaves of the manuscript being lost.



## (XVIII.)

[17 eight-line stanzas *ab ab ab ab* ; 33 four-line *ab ab* ; 2 couplets ; and one line of Latin.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

*Primus Magister.*  
*Secundus Magister.*

| *Tercius Magister.*  
*Jesus.*

| *Maria.*  
*Josephus.*]

[Fol. 62, a.]

\* \* \* \* \*

(1)

The Doctors  
talk of the  
prophecy of  
Emanuel.

[*Secundus Magister.*] That a madyn a barn shuld bere ;

And his name thus can thay tell,

fro the tyme that he born were,

he shalbe callyd emanueH ;

4

(2)

Counselloure, and god of strengthe,

And wonderfuH also

ShaH he be callyd, of brede and lengthe

As far as any man may go.

8

(3)

*ijus magister.* Masters, youre resons ar right good,

And wonderfuH to neuen,

yit fynde I more by abacuk ;

Syrs, lysten a whyle vnto my steuen.

12

(4)

Habakkuk  
had foretold  
the rod that  
should  
spring from  
the root of  
Jesse.

Oure bayH, he says, shaH turn to boytt,

her-afterward som day ;

A wande shaH spryng fro Iesse roytt,—

The certan sothe thus can he say,—

16

(5)

And of that wande shaH spryng a floure,

that shaH spryng vp fuH hight :

Ther of shaH com fuH swete odowre,

And therapon shaH rest and lyght

20

(6)

The holy gost, fuH mych of myght ;

The goost of wysdom and of wyt,

ShaH beyld his nest, with mekyH right,

And in it brede and sytt.

24

(7)

*primus magister.* Bot when trow ye this prophecy  
Shalbe fulfyllyd in dede,  
That here is told so openly,  
As we in scripture rede ?

The first  
Doctor wou-  
ders when  
this shall be  
fulfilled.

28

(8)

*ijus magister.* A greatt merueH for sothe it is,  
To vs to here of sich mastry ;  
A madyn to bere a chyld, I wys,  
without mans seyde, that were ferly.

They discuss  
the con-  
ception by  
the Holy  
Ghost.

32

(9)

*ijus magister.* The holy gost shaH in hyr lyght,  
And kepe hir madynhede fuH clene ;  
whoso may byde to se that sight  
Thay ther not drede, I wene.

36

(10)

*primus magister.* Of aH thise prophetys wyse of lore  
That knew the prophecy, more and les,  
was none that told the tyme before,  
when he shuld com to by vs peasse.

None of the  
prophets  
were told  
the time of  
these things.

40

(11)

*Secundus magister.* wheder he be commen or not  
No knowlege haue we in certayn ;  
Bot he shaH com, that dowt we not ;  
fluH prophetys haue prechyd it fuH playn.

He may be  
come or not,  
but of His  
coming they  
have no  
doubt.

44

(12)

*ijus magister.* MekyH I thyнк that thise prophetys  
Ar holden to god, that is on hight,  
That haue knowyng of his behetys,  
And for to telH of his mekyH myght.

48

*Tunc venit ihesus.*<sup>1</sup>

(13)

*Ihesus.* Masters, luf be with you lent,  
And mensk be vnto this meneze !

Jesus greets  
them.

*primus magister.* Son, hens away I wold thou went,  
ffor othere haft in hand haue we.

52

The first  
doctor says  
they are  
busy.

<sup>1</sup> MS. ihe : as it rymes with 'thus,' 'vs,' it is always expanded as *ihesus*.

(14)

The second  
Doctor says  
they have  
other things  
to do than  
to play with  
children.

*Ijus magister.* Son, whosoener the hyder sent,

Thay were not wyse, thus tel I the ;

ffor we haue othere tayllys to tent

Then now with barnes bowrland to be.

56

(15)

[Fol. 62, b.]  
But the third  
bids Jesus  
listen to  
their speech,  
that He may  
learn by it.

*Tercius magister.* Son, thou lyst oght lere / To lyf by

moyses lay ;

Com heder, and thou shaH here / The sawes that we wyH

say ;

58

(16)

ffor in som mynde it may the bryng

To here oure sawes red by rawes.

Jesus says  
He has no  
need to learn  
of them.

*Ihesus.* To lere of you nedys me no thyng,

ffor I know both youre dedys & sawes.

62

*primus magister.* hark, yonder barn with his bowrdyng !

he wenys he kens more then he knawys ;

The first  
Doctor  
thinks He is  
too young to  
know their  
laws "by  
clergy."

Nay, certys, son, thou art ouer ying

By elergy yit to know oure lawes.

66

(17)

*Ihesus.* I wote as weH as ye / how that youre lawes was  
wroght.

They bid  
Him sit to be  
examined.

*Secundus magister.* Com sytt ! soyn shaH we se, / ffor

certys so semys it noght.

68

(18)

*Tercius magister.* It were wonder if any wyght

vntiH oure resons right shuld reche ;

And thou says thou has in sight

Oure lawes truly to tel and teche.

72

Jesus says  
the Holy  
Ghost has  
given Him  
power to  
teach.

*Ihesus.* The holy gost has on me lyght,

And anoynt me lyke a leche,

And gyffen to me powere and myght

The kyngdom of heuen to preche.

76

(19)

*Secundus magister.* whens euer this barne may be

That shewys thise novels new ?

*Ihesus.* Certan, syrs, I was or ye,

And shaH be after you.

80

(20)

*primus magister.* Son, of thi sawes, as we haue ceyH,

And of thi wytt is wonder thyng ;

Bot neuer the les fully I feyH

That it may fayH in wyrkyng ;

ffor dauid demys euer ilk deyH,

And thus he says of chylder ying,

“Ex ore infancium & lactencium, perfecisti laudem.”

Of thare mowthes, sayth dauid, wele,

Oure lord he has perfourmed louyng.

(21)

Neuer the les, son, yit shuld thou lett

her for to speke in large ;

ffor where masters ar mett,

Chylder wordys ar not to charge.

(22)

ffor, certys, if thou wold neuer so fayn

Gyf all thi lyst to lere the law,

Thou art nawther of myght ne mayn

To know it, as a clerk may knaw.

*Ihesus.* Syrs, I say you in certan,

That sothfast shaH be aH my saw ;

And powere haue I plene and playn,

To say and answere as me aw.

(23)

*primus magister.* Masters, what may this mene ?

MerueH, methynk, haue I

where euer this barne has bene

That carpys thus conandly.

(24)

*Secundus magister.* In warld as wyde as we haue went

ffand we neuer sich ferly fare ;

*Certys,* I trow the barn be sent

Sufferanly to salfe our sare.

*Ihesus.* Syrs, I shaH preue in youre present

AH the sawes that I sayde are.

*Tercius magister.* which callys thou the fyrst commaunde-  
ment

And the most, in moyses lare ?

The first  
Doctor re-  
members the  
text, “Out of  
the mouths  
of babes and  
sucklings  
hast thou  
perfected  
praise,”

84

88

yet thinks  
Jesus should  
not speak  
so boldly  
before  
masters,

92

for it is im-  
possible for  
Him to know  
the Law like  
a clerk.

96

Jesus says  
He has  
power to  
answer as  
He ought.

100

[Fol. 63, a.]  
The Doctors  
are astonish-  
ed at His  
words.

104

108

The third  
Doctor asks  
Him which  
is the first  
command-  
ment, and  
the chief, in  
Moses' Law.

112

(25)

Jesus bids  
them read  
from their  
books.

*Ihesus.* Syrs, synthen ye syt on raw,  
And hafe youre bookys on brede,  
let se, syrs, in youre saw  
how right that ye can rede.

116

(26)

The first  
Doctor says  
that the first  
command-  
ment is to  
honour God.

*primus magister.* I rede that this is the fyrst bydyng  
That moyses told vs here vntylh ,  
honoure thi god ouer ilka thyng,  
with aH thi wyt and aH thi wyH ;  
And aH thi hart in hym shaH hyng,  
Erly and late, both lowde and styH.

120

*Ihesus.* ye nede none othere bookys to bryng,  
Bot fownd this to fulfyll ;

124

(27)

Jesus says  
that the  
second is to  
love your  
neighbour.

The seconde may men profe  
And clergy know therby ;  
yours neyghburs shaH ye lofe  
Right as yours self truly.

128

(28)

<sup>1</sup> *Illegible.*

[Thise] <sup>1</sup> commaunded moyses tyH aH men  
In his commaundes clere ;

On these two  
biddings  
hang all the  
law.

In thise two bydyngys, shaH ye ken,  
hyngys aH the law we aght to lere.  
who so fulfylls thise two then

132

with mayn and mode and good manere,  
he fulfylls truly aH ten  
That after thaym folows in fere.

136

(29)

Then shuld we god honowre  
with aH oure myght and mayn,  
And luf weH ilk neghbourne  
Right as oure self certayn.

140

(30)

The Doctor  
asks, What  
are the other  
eight?

*primus magister.* Now, son, synthen thou has told vs two,  
which ar the aght,<sup>2</sup> can thou oght say ?

*Ihesus.* The thyrd bydys, " where so ye go,

<sup>2</sup> MS. viii.

That ye shaH halow the holy day ;

144

(31)

from bodely wark ye take youre rest ;  
 youre household, looke the same thay do,  
 Both wyfe, chyld, seruande, and beest.”  
 The fourt<sup>t</sup> is then in weyft and wo

[Fol. 63, b.]  
 Jesus an-  
 swers (8) to  
 keep the  
 holy day  
 hallowed,

148

(32)

“ Thi fader, thi moder, thou shaft honowre,  
 Not only *with* thi reuerence,  
 Bot in thare nede thou thaym socoure,  
 And kepe ay good obedyence.”

(4) honour  
 and succour  
 father and  
 mother,

152

(33)

The fyft bydys the “ no man slo,  
 Ne harme hym neuer in word ne dede,  
 Ne suffre hym not to be in wo  
 If thou may help hym in his nede.”

(5) kill nor  
 harm no  
 man,

156

(34)

The sext bydys the “ thi wyfe to take,  
 Bot none othere lawfully ;  
 lust<sup>t</sup> of lechery thou fle and fast forsake,  
 And drede ay god where so thou be.”

(6) take thy  
 own wife,  
 but none  
 other,

160

(35)

The seuen<sup>1</sup> bydys the “ be no thefe feyr,  
 Ne nothyng wyn *with* trechery ;  
 Oker, ne symony, thou com not nere,  
 Bot consyence clere ay kepe truly.”

<sup>1</sup> MS. vii.  
 (7) to win  
 nothing by  
 theft, teach-  
 ery, usury  
 or simony,

164

(36)

The aght<sup>2</sup> byddys the “ be true in dede,  
 And fals wytnes looke thou none bere ;  
 looke thou not ly for freynd ne syb,  
 lest<sup>t</sup> to thi sauft that it do dere.”

<sup>2</sup> MS. viij.  
 (8) bear no  
 false wit-  
 ness,

168

(37)

The neyn<sup>3</sup> byddys the “ not desyre  
 Thi neighbors wyfe ne his women,  
 Bot as holy kyrk wold it were,  
 Right so thi purpose sett it in.”

<sup>3</sup> MS. ix.  
 (9) desire no  
 man's wife,

172

(38)

The ten<sup>4</sup> byddys the “ for nothyng  
 Thi neighbors goodys yerne wrongwysly ;  
 his house, his rent, ne his hafyng,  
 And crysten fayth trow stedfastly.”

<sup>4</sup> MS. x.  
 (10) covet no  
 man's goods.

176

(39)

These are  
the ten  
command-  
ments.  
1 *overlined*  
later.

Thus in tabyls, shaft ye ken,  
Oure lord <sup>1</sup> to moyses wrate;  
Thise ar the commaundmentys ten,  
who so wiH lely layt.

180

(40)

The second  
Doctor won-  
ders at the  
knowledge  
of Jesus.

*Secundus magister.* Behald how he lege oure lawes,  
And leryd neuer on booke to rede!  
ffuH soteH sawes, me thynk, he says,  
And also true, if we take hede.

184

The third  
fears the  
people will  
praise Him  
more than  
themselves;

*Tercius magister.* yei, lett hym furth on his wayes,  
ffor if he dweH, withoutten drede  
The pepyH wiH ful soyn hym prayse  
weH more then vs, for aH oure dede.

188

(41)

but is re-  
buked by  
the first.

*primus magister.* Nay, nay, then wyrk we wrang!  
sieh spekyng wiH we spare;  
As he cam let hym gang,  
And mefe vs, not no mare.

192

*Tunc venient Ioseph et maria, & dicet Maria;*

(42)

Mary is in  
great  
trouble:  
they have  
sought Jesus  
everywhere,  
but cannot  
find Him.

*Maria.* A, dere Ioseph! what is youre red?  
Of oure greatt bayH no boytt may be;  
My hart is heuy as any lede,  
My semely son to I hym se.  
Now haue we soght in euery sted,  
Both vp and downe, thise dayes thre;  
And wheder he be whik or dede  
yit wote we not; so wo is me!

196

200

(43)

*Ioseph.* Sorow had neuer man mare!  
Bot mowr[n]yng, mary, may not amend;  
ffarther do I red we fare,  
To god som socoure send.

204

(44)

[Fol. 64, a.]  
Joseph  
would fain  
know if He  
is about the  
Temple.

Abowtt the tempyH if he be oght,  
That wold I that we wyst this nyght.  
*Maria.* A, certys, I se that we have soght!  
In world was neuer so semely a sight;

208

lo, where he syttys! se ye hym noght

Amangys yond masters mekyH of myght?

*Ioseph.* Blyssyd be he vs heder broght!

In land now lyfys there none so light.

212

Joseph  
blesses God  
for enabling  
them to find  
Jesus.

(45)

*Maria.* Now dere Ioseph, as haue ye seyH,

Go furth and fetch yeoure son and myne;

This day is goyn nere ilka deyH,

And we haue nede for to go hien.

216

Mary bids  
Joseph fetch  
Jesus, but  
he is afraid  
of meddling  
with men of  
might, gay  
in fine furs.

*Ioseph.* with men of myght can I not meH,

Then aH my traueH mon I tyne;

I can not with thaym, that wote ye weH,

Thay are so gay in furrys fyne.

220

(46)

*Maria.* To thaym youre erand forto say,

Surely that thar ye drede no deyH!

Thay wiH take hede to you alway

Be cause of eld, this wote I weyH.

224

Mary says  
they will  
respect his  
age.

*Ioseph.* when I com ther what shaH I say?

ffor I wote not, as haue I ceyH;

Bot thou wiH haue me shamyd for ay,

ffor I can nawthere crowke ne knele.

228

Joseph asks  
what he is to  
say.

(47)

*Maria.* Go we togeder, I hold it best,

Vnto yond worthy wyghtys in wede;

And if I se, as haue I rest,

That ye wiH not, then must I nede.

232

Mary will go  
with him  
and speak,  
if he won't.

*Ioseph.* Go thou and tell thi tayH fyrst,

This son to se wiH take good hede;

weynd furth, mary, and do thi best,

I com behynd, as god me spede.

236

Joseph  
makes her  
go first.

(48)

*Maria.* A, dere son, Ihesus!<sup>1</sup>

sythen we luf the alone,<sup>1</sup>

whi dos thou tyH vs thus,

And gars vs make this mone?

240

Mary asks  
Jesus why  
He has done  
thus to  
them?

(49)

Thi fader and I betwix vs two,

Son, for thi luf has lykyd yH,

<sup>1</sup> Written as one line with central ryme in MS., and so to end of Play.



- [Fol. 64, b.] we haue the soght both to and fro  
 His father and she wepeand sore, as wyghtis wyH. 244  
 have sought *Ihesus.* wherto shuld ye, moder, seke me so?  
 Him weeping. Oft tymes it has bene told ye tyH  
 Jesus says My fader warkys, for wele or wo,  
 He must fulfil His Thus am I sent for to fulfyH. 248  
 Father's works. (50)
- [Mary?] will <sup>1</sup>Thise sawes, as haue I ceyH,  
 think well I can weH vnderstonde,  
 on all these saws. I shaH thynk on them weyH  
 To fownd what is folowand. 252  
 (51)
- Joseph bids *Ioseph.* Now sothly, son, the sight of the  
 Jesus come has comforthed vs of aH oure care;  
 home with them. Com furth, now, with thi moder and me!  
 At nazareth I wold we ware. 256
- He bids *Ihesus.* Be leyf then, ye lordyngys fre!  
 farewell to the Doctors, ffor with my freyndys now wyH I fare.  
 who bless *primus magister.* Son, where so thou shaH abyde or be  
 Him, God make the good man euer mare. 260  
 (52)
- predict that He *Secundus magister.* No wonder if thou, wife,  
 shall prove Of his fyndyng be fayn;  
 a good he shaH, if he haue lyfe,  
 swain, prefe to a fuH good swayn. 264  
 (53)
- and welcome *Tercius magister.* Son, looke thou layn, for good or yH,  
 Him to live The noyttys that we haue nevened now;  
 with them. And if thou lyke to abyde here styH,  
 And with vs won, welcom art thou. 268
- Jesus says *Ihesus.* Gramercy, syrs, of youre good wyH!  
 He must No longer lyst I byde with you,  
 obey His My freyndys thoght I shaH fulfyH,  
 friends, And to thare bydyng baynly bow. 272  
 (54)
- Maria.* ffuH weH is me this tyde,  
 Now may we make good chere.  
*Ioseph.* No longer wyH we byde;  
 ffar weH aH folk in fere. 276

*Expl[i]cit Pagina Doctorum.*<sup>1</sup> This stanza must be assigned to Mary, see Luke iii. 51.

(XIX.)

Incipit Iohannes baptista.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

*Johannes. Primus Angelus. Secundus Angelus. Jesus.*]

[35 eight-line stanzas *ab ab ab ab*, and 1 four-line *ab ab*.]

*Johannes.*

(1)

**G**od, that mayde both more and les,  
Heuen and erth, at his awne wyH,  
And merkyd man to his lyknes,  
As thyng that wold his lyst ffulfyH,  
Apon the erth he send lightnes,  
Both son and moyne lymett thertyH,

John prays  
God to save  
the specta-  
tors from  
sin.

4

He saue you all from synfulnes,  
And kepe you clene, both lowd and styH.

[Fol. 65, a.  
Sig. 1. 1.]

8

(2)

Emang prophetys then am I oone  
That god has send to teche his law,  
And man to amend, that wrang has gone,  
Both *with* exampyH and *with* saw.

He is a pro-  
phet, Bap-  
tist John,  
son of  
Zachary and  
Elizabeth.

12

My name, for sothe, is baptyst Iohn,  
My fader zacary ye know,  
That was dombe and mayde great mone,  
Before my byrth, and stode in awe.

16

(3)

Elezabeth my moder was,  
Awntt vnto mary, madyn mylde ;  
And as the son shynys thorow the glas,  
Certys, in hir wombe so dyd hir chylde.

20

The Jews  
have asked  
if he be  
Christ.

Yit the Iues inqueryd me has  
If I be cryst ; thay ar begyld,  
For *ihesus* shal amend mans trespas,  
That *with* freylte of fylthe is fyld.

24

(4)

I am send bot messyngere  
ffrom hym that alkyn mys may mend ;  
I go before, bodword to bere,  
And <sup>1</sup> as forgangere am I send,

He is only  
the messen-  
ger and fore-  
ganger

28

to prepare  
His ways.

his wayes to wyse, his lawes to lere,  
Both man and wyfe that has offende.  
ffuH mekyH barett mon he bere,  
Or tyme he haue broght aH tyH ende,

32

(5)

These Jews  
shall crucify  
Christ as a  
traitor or  
thief, not  
for His guilt  
but our  
good.

Thise Iues shaH hyng hym on a roode,  
Man's sauH to hym it is so leyfe,  
And therapon shaH shede his bloode,  
As he were tratoure or a thefe,  
Not for his gylt bot for oure goode,  
Because that we ar in myschefe ;  
Thus shaH he dy, that frely foode,  
And ryse agane tyH oure relefe.

36

40

(6)

He baptises  
with water,  
but Christ  
with the  
Holy Ghost.

In water clere then baptyse I  
The pepyH that ar in this coste ;  
Bot he shaH do more myghtely,  
And baptyse in the holy goost ;  
And with the bloode of his body  
wesh oure synnes both leste and moost,  
Therfor, me thynk, both ye and I  
Agans the feynde ar weH endoost.

44

48

(7)

He is un-  
worthy to  
loose  
Christ's  
shoestring.

I am not worthy for to lawse  
The leste thwong that longys to his shoyne ;  
Bot god almyghty, that aH knawes,  
In erth thi wiH it must be done.

52

He praises  
God for His  
bounty,

I thank the, lord, that thi sede sawes  
Emong mankynde to groyf so sone,  
And euery day that on erth dawes  
ffeydys vs with foode both euen and none.

56

(8)

and for send-  
ing His Son  
to save  
man's soul.

we ar, lord, bondon vnto the,  
To luf the here both day and nyght,  
ffor thou has send thi son so fre  
To saue mans sauH that dede was dight  
Thru gh adam syn and eue foly,  
That synnyd thru gh the feynd's myght ;  
Bot, lord, on man thou has pyte,  
And beyld thi barnes in heuen so bright.

60

64

(9)

*primus angelus.* harkyn to me, thou Iohn baptyst !

An angel  
announces  
to him that  
he shall bap-  
tise Christ  
in Jordan.

The ffader of heuen he gretys the weyH,

ffor he has fon the true and tryst,

And dos thi deuer euery deyH ; 68

wyt thou weH his wiH thus ist,

Syn thou art stabyH as any steyH,

That thou shaft baptysed ihesu cryst

In flume Iordan, mans care to beyH 72

(10)

*Iohannes.* A, dere god ! what may this be ?

[Fol. 65, b.]

I hard a steuen, bot noght I saw.

*primus angelus.* Iohn, it is I that spake to the ;

To do this dede haue thou none aw. 76

*Iohannes.* Shuld I abyde to he com to me ?

John says he  
will go meet  
Christ.

That that shaft neuer be, I traw ;

I shaft go meyt that lord so fre,

As far as I may se or kuaw. 80

(11)

*Secundus angelus.* Nay, Iohn, that is not weH syttand ;

his fader wiH thou must nedys wyrk.

But he is  
bidden to  
await His  
coming.

*primus angelus.* Iohn, be thou here abydand,

Bot when he commys be then not yrk. 84

*Iohannes.* By this I may weH vnderstand

That childer shuld be broght to kyrk,

ffor to be baptysyd in euery land ;

To me this law yit is it myrk. 88

Hence he  
understands  
that children  
should be  
brought to  
church to be  
baptised.

(12)

*Secundus angelus.* Iohn, this place it is pleassyng,

And it is callyd flume Iordan ;

here is no kyrk, ne no bygyng,

Bot where the fader wyH ordan,

It is godys wyH and his bydyng.

92

*Iohannes.* By this, for sothe, weH thynk me than

his warke to be at his lykyng,

And ilk folk please hym that thay can. 96

The second  
angel shows  
him that  
Jordan is to  
be the place,  
though there  
is neither  
church nor  
building  
there.

(13)

John yields  
himself to  
Christ's will  
wherever he  
be.

Sen I must nedys his lyst fulfyH

he shaH be welcom vnto me ;

I yeldt me holy to his wiH,

where so euer I abyde or be.

100

I am his seruande, lowd and styH,

And messyngere vnto that fire ;

whethere that he wiH saue or spyH

I shaH not gruch in no degre.

104

(14)

Jesus comes  
to be bap-  
tised in clear  
water,

*I*hesus. Iohā, godys seruand and prophete,

My fader, that is vnto the dere,

has send me to the, weH thou wytt,

To be baptysyd in water clere ;

108

ffor reprefe vnto mans rytt

The law I wiH fulfyH right here ;

My fader ordynance thus is it,

And thus my wyH is that it were.

112

(15)

I com to the, baptym to take,

To whome my fader has me sent,

with oil and  
cream there-  
to.

with oyle and creme that thou shal make

vnto that worthi sacrament.

116

And therfor, Iohā, it not forsake,

Bot com to me in this present,

ffor now wiH I no farther rake

Or I haue done his commaundement.

120

(16)

John is  
ready to do  
Christ's will,  
but how may  
a knight  
baptise his  
Lord King?

*I*ohannes. A, lord ! I loue the for thi commyng !

I am redy to do his wiH,

In word, in wark, in aH kyn thyng,

what soeuer he sendys me tyH ;

124

This bewteose lord to bryng to me,

his awne seruande, this is no skyH,

A knyght to baptyse his lord kyng,

My pauste may it not fulfyH.

128

(17)

And if I were worthy  
 ffor to fulfyH this sacrament,  
 I haue no connyng, securly,  
 To do it after thyn intent ; 132  
 And therfor, lord, I ask mercy ;  
 hald me excusyd as I haue ment ;  
 I dar not towche thi blyssyd body,  
 My hart wiH neuer to it assent. 136

He asks  
 Christ to  
 hold him  
 excused, for  
 he dare not  
 touch His  
 blessed  
 body.

(18)

Ihesus. Of thi connyng, Johñ, drede the noght ;  
 My fader his self he wiH the teche ;  
 he that aH this worlde has wrought,  
 he send the playnly forto preche ; 140  
 he knawys mans hart, his dede, his thoght ;  
 he wotys how far mans myght may reche,  
 Therfor hedir haue I soght ;  
 My fader lyst may none appeche. 144

[Fol. 66, a.  
 Sig. l. 2.]

Jesus says  
 God will  
 teach Johñ,

(19)

Behold, he sendys his angels two,  
 In tokyn I am both god and man ;  
 Thou gyf me baptysm or I go,  
 And dyp me in this flume Iordan. 148  
 Sen he wyH thus, I wold wytt who  
 Durst hym agan stand ? Iohñ, com on than,  
 And baptyse me for freynde or fo,  
 And do it, Iohñ, right as thou can. 152

sending two  
 angels in  
 token of His  
 own double  
 nature.

(20)

*primus angelus.* Iohñ, be thou buxom and right bayn,  
 And be not gruchand in no thyng ;  
 Me thynk thou aght to be ful fayn  
 ffor to fulfyH my lordis bydyng 156  
 Erly and late, with moyde and mayn,  
 Therfor to the this word I bryng,  
 My lord has gyffen the powere playn,  
 And drede the noght of thi conyng. 160

The first  
 angel bids  
 John obey,  
 for God has  
 given him  
 power.

(21)

The second  
angel bids  
John baptise  
God's dear  
child here  
sent to him.

*Secundus angelus.* he sendys the here his awne dere  
chylde,

Thou welcom hym and make hym chere,  
Born of a madyn meke and mylde,  
That frely foode is made thi fere ; 164  
with syn his moder was neuer fylde,  
Ther was neuer man neghyd hyr nere,  
In word ne wark she was neuer wylde,  
Therfor hir son thou baptyse here. 168

(22)

The first  
shows that  
Jesus has  
come to ful-  
fil the Law.

*Primus angelus.* And, securly, I wiH thou know  
whi that he commys thus vnto the ;  
he commys to fulfyH the law,

As pereles prynce most of pauste ; 172  
And therfor, Iohn, do as thou awe,  
And gruch thou neuer in this degre  
To baptyse hym that thou here saw,  
ffor wyt thou weH this same is he. 176

(23)

John trem-  
bles and  
quakes and  
will not  
touch Jesus  
with his  
hand, but  
will not lose  
his meed.

*Iohannes.* I am not worthy to do this dede ;

Neuer the les I wiH be godys seruande ;  
Bot yit, dere lord, sen I must nede,  
I wiH do as thou has commaunde. 180  
I tremyH and I whake for drede !  
I dar not towche the with my hande,  
Bot, certys, I wiH not lose my mede ;  
Abyde, my lord, and by me stande. 184

(24) [*He baptises Jesus.*]

He baptises  
Jesus in the  
name of  
Father, Son,  
and Holy  
Ghost, and  
begs His  
blessing.

I baptyse the, Ihesu, in hy,  
In the name of thi fader fre,  
In nomine patris & filii,  
Sen he wiH that it so be, 188  
Et spiritus altissimi,  
And of the holy goost on he ;  
I aske the, lord, of thi mercy,  
here after that thou wold blys me. 192

(25)

He anoints  
Him also

here I the anoynt also  
with oyle and creme, in this intent,

That men may wit, where so thay go,		
This is a worthy sacrament.	196	with oil and cream.
Ther ar sex <sup>1</sup> othere and no mo,		
The which thi self to erthe has sent,		This is the first of the Seven Sacraments.
And in true tokyn, oone of tho,		
The fyrst on the now is it spent. <sup>2</sup>	200	

(26)

Thou wyssh me, lord, if I do wrang ;		
My wiith it were forto do weyth ;		He prays the Lord pardon him if he do wrong.
I am ful ferd yit ay emang,		
If I dyd right I shuld done knele.	204	
Thou blys me, lord, hence or thou gang,		[Fol. 66, b.]
So that I may thi frenship fele ;		
I haue desyryd this sight ful lang,		
ffor to dy now rek I no dele.	208	

(27)

<i>I</i> hesus. This beest, Iohn, thou bere with the,		
It is a beest fuH blyst ;		Christ delivers to him His Lamb as a token.
<i>hic tradat ei agnum dei.</i>		

Iohn, it is the lamb of me,	
Beest none othere ist ;	212
It may were the from aduersyte,	
And so looke that thou tryst ;	
By this beest knowen shaH thou be,	
That thou art Iohn baptyst.	216

(28)

<i>I</i> ohannes. ffor I haue sene the lamb of god		
which weshys away syn of this warlde,		John prays he may be blest as he draws "home-ward."
And towchid hym, for euen or od,		
My hart therto was ay ful hard.	220	
ffor that it shuld be better trowed,		
An angeH had me nerehand mard,		
Bot he that rewlys aH with his rod		
he blys me when I draw homward.	224	

<sup>1</sup> MS. vj originally, but the v has been erased.

<sup>2</sup> Stanza 25 has been struck through, evidently after the Reformation, because Seven Sacraments are named ; and in the margin is added, in a later hand, "corectyd & not playd."



(29)

Jesus prom-  
ises bliss  
to him, and  
to all who  
believe this  
tale and saw  
Him not yet  
glorified.

Ihesus. I graunt the, Iohn, for thi trauale,

Ay lastand ioy in blys to hyde ;

And to aH those that trowys this tayH,

And saw me not yit gloryfyde.

228

I shalbe boytt of aH thare bayH,

And send them socoure on euery syde ;

My fader and I may thaym auayH,

Man or woman that leyffys thare pryde.

232

(30)

He bids  
John go  
forth and  
preach to  
the people.

Bot, Iohn, weynd thou furth and preche

Agans the folk that doth amys ;

And to the pepyH the trowthe thou teche ;

To rightwys way look thou tham avys,

236

And as far as thi wyt may reche

Byd thaym be bowne to hyde my blys ;

ffor at the day of dome I shaH thaym peche

That herys not the nor trowys not this.

240

(31)

He Himself  
must die for  
their sins,

Byd thaym leyfe syn, for I it hate ;

ffor it I mon dy on a tre,

By prophecy ffuH weH I wate ;

My moder certys that sight mon se,

244

That sorowfuH sight shaH make hir maytt,

ffor I was born of hir body.

and He now  
bids John  
farewell and  
blesses Him.

ffarweH Iohn, I go my gaytt ;

I blys the with the trynnye !

248

(32)

John thanks  
God for His  
grace.

Iohannes. Almyghty god in persons thre,

AH in oone substance ay ingroost,

I thank the, lord in mageste,

ffader and son and holy goost !

252

Thou send thi son from heuen so he,

To mary mylde, into this cooste,

And now thou sendys hym vnto me,

ffor to be baptysid in this oost.

256

(33)

ffarweH! the frelyst that euer was fed!

John apos-  
trophizes  
Jesus.

ffarweH! floure more fresh then floure de lyce!

ffarweH! stersman to theym that ar sted

In stormes, or in desese lyse!

260

Thi moder was madyn and wed;

ffarweH! pereles, most of pryce!

ffarweH! the luflyst that euer was bred!

His mother  
is Emprress  
of Hell.

Thi moder is of heH emprise.

264

(34)

ffarweH! blissid both bloode and bone!

He is the  
seemliest  
that ever  
was seen.

ffarweH! the semelyst that euer was seyn!

To the, ihesu, I make my mone;

ffarweH! comly, of cors so cleyne!

268

ffarwel! gracyouse gome! where so thou gone,

fful mekiH grace is to the geyn;

Thou leyne vs lyffying on thi lone,

Thou may vs mende more then we weyn.

272

(35)

I wyH go preche both to more and les,

[Fol. 67, a.  
Sig. 1. 3.]

As I am chargyd securly;

Syrs, forsake youre wykydnes,

He preaches  
to the people  
to forsake  
sin.

Pryde, envy, slowth, wrath, and lechery.

276

here gods seruice,<sup>1</sup> more & lesse;

Pleas god with prayng, thus red I;

Be war when deth comys with dystres,

So that ye dy not sodanly.

280

(36)

Deth sparis none that lyf has borne,

Death spares  
none, so let  
them not  
lose God's  
love.

Therfor thynk on what I you say;

Beseche youre god both euen and morne

you for to saue from syn that day.

284

Thynk how in baptym ye ar sworne

To be god's seruand's, withoutten nay;

let neuer his luf from you be lorne,

God bryng you to his blys for ay. Amen.

288

*Explicit Iohannes Baptista.*

<sup>1</sup> The words "God's service, more and lesse," are in a later hand, the original words having been erased.

## XX.

Incipit Conspiracio.<sup>1</sup>

[2 *thirteen-line stanzas* nos. 97, 100, ab ab ab abc, ddde; 1 *twelve*, no. 16 ab abb ebeb, abc; 7 *nine-line*, nos. 1-5, aaaab cccb; nos. 99, 102, ab abc ddde; 24 *eight-line*, most ab ab ab ab, no. 6 aaaab aab, no. 107, ab abb ebc, no. 117 ab ab cb eb; 90 *fours* ab ab; 46 *couplets*.

## [Dramatis Personae.]

<i>Pilatus.</i>	<i>Judas.</i>	<i>Andreas.</i>
<i>Cayphas.</i>	<i>S. Johannes.</i>	<i>Simcon.</i>
<i>Anna.</i>	<i>Petrus.</i>	<i>Thadeus.</i>
<i>Primus Miles.</i>	<i>Paterfamilias.</i>	<i>Trinitas.</i>
<i>Secundus Miles.</i>	<i>Jesus.</i>	<i>Marcus Miles.]</i>

Pilatus.

(1)

Pilate calls  
for silence.

**P** eas, carles, I commaunde<sup>2</sup> / vnconand I caH you;  
I say stynt and stande / or fouH myght befaH  
you.  
ffro this burnyshyd brande / now when I  
behalde you,

I red ye be shunand / or els the dwiH skald you,

At onys.

5

I am kyd, as men knawes,

leyf leder of lawes;

Seniours, seke to my sawes,

ffor bryssyng of youre bonys.

9

(2)

He is the  
grandsir of  
Great  
Mahound,  
and is called  
Pilate.

ye wote not wel, I weyn / what wat is comen to the towne,

So comly cled and cleyn / a reowler of great renowne;

In sight if I were seyn / the granser of great mahowne,

My name pylate has beyn / was neuer kyng with crowne

More wor[thy];

14

My wysdom and my wytt,

In sete here as I sytt,

was neuer more lyke it,

My dedys thus to dyscry.

18

(3)

He can make  
or mar a  
man, like  
men of court  
now.

ffor I am he that may / make or mar a man;

My self if I it say / as men of cowrte now can;

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. *Conspiracio* is followed by the letter c.

<sup>2</sup> The bars / marking the central ryms are represented in the MS. by dots:

Supporte a man to day / to-morri agans hym than,  
On both parties thus I play / And fenys me to ordan

The right;

23

Bot<sup>t</sup> aH fals indytars,<sup>1</sup>

Quest<sup>t</sup> mangers and Iurers,

And aH thise fals out rydars,

Ar welcom to my sight.

27

False in-  
dictors,  
questmon-  
gers, jurors,  
and all  
these false  
outriders are  
dear to him.

(4)

More nede had I neuer / of sich seruand now, I say you,

[Fol. 67, b.]

So can I weH consider / the trowth I most displeas you,

And therfor com I hedyr / of peas therfor I pray you;

Ther is a lurdan ledyr / I wold not shuld dysmay you,

A bowtt;

32

He has  
heard of a  
lazy rascal  
praised as a  
prophet.

A prophete is he prasyd,

And great vnright has rasyd,

Bot<sup>t</sup>, be my banyes her blasid,

his deth is dight no dowtt.

36

(5)

he prechys the pepyH here / that fature fals ihesus,

That if he lyf a yere / dystroy oure law must vs;

And yit I stand in fere / so wyde he wyrkys vertus,

No fawt can on hym bere / no lyfand leyde tyH us;

Bot<sup>t</sup> sleyghtys

41

If He live a  
year He will  
destroy their  
law, but yet  
Pilate is in  
fear of Him.

Agans hym shaH be soght,

that aH this wo has wroght;

Bot on his bonys it shaH be boght,

So shaH I venge oure rightys.

45

(6)

That fatoure says that thre / shuld euer dweH in oone  
godhede,

That euer was and shaH be / Sothfast in man hede;

he says of a madyn born was he / that neuer toke mans  
sede,

And that his self shaH dy on tre / and mans sawH out of  
preson lede;

let hym alone,

50

If this be true in deyd,

his shech shaH spryng and sprede,

And ouer com euer ylkone.

53

This fellow  
says that  
three per-  
sons shall  
dwell in one  
godhead,  
that He was  
born of a  
maiden, and  
shall be  
crucified.

<sup>1</sup> MS. "indydytars."

(7)

Cayphas  
asks Pilate's  
advice as to  
hideous  
harms

*Cayphas.* Syr pilate, prynce of mekyH price,  
that preuyd is withoutten pere,  
And lordyngys that oure laws in lyse,  
on oure law now must vs lere,  
And of oure warkys we must<sup>t</sup> be wyse,  
or els is aH oure welthe in were,  
Therfor say sadly youre auyse,  
of hedus harmes that we haue here,

57

61

(8)

arising from  
that strong  
traitor.

Towchyng that tratoure strang,  
that<sup>t</sup> makys this beleyf,  
ffor if he may thus furth gang,  
It wiH ouer greatly grefe.

65

(9)

Anna sup-  
ports him.

*Anna.* Sir, oure folk ar so afayd,  
thruH lesyns he losys oure lay;  
Som remedy must be rayd,  
so that he weynd<sup>t</sup> not<sup>t</sup> thus away.

69

Pilate says  
they must  
find some  
privy point  
to mar  
Christ's  
might.

*pilatus.* Now certan, syrs, this was weH sayd,  
and I assent, right as ye say,  
Som preuay poynt<sup>t</sup> to be puruayd  
To mar his myght<sup>t</sup> if [that] we may;

73

(10)

And therfor, sirs, in this present,  
What poynt so were to prase,  
let aH be at assent,  
let se what ilk man says.

77

(11)

Cayphas and  
Anna en-  
large on the  
danger from  
Christ.

*Cayphas.* Sir, I haue sayde you here beforne  
his sotelytes and<sup>t</sup> grefys to sare;  
he turnes oure folk both euen & morne,  
and ay makys mastres mare & mare.  
*Anna.* Sir, if he skape it were great skorne;  
to spyH hym tytt we wiH not<sup>t</sup> spare,  
ffor if oure lawes were thus-gatys lorne,  
men wold say it were lake of lare.

81

85

(12)

*Pilatus.* ffor certan, syrs, ye say right weyH  
ffor to wyrk witterly ;  
Bot yit som fawt must we feyH,  
wherfor that he shuld dy ;

[Fol. 68, a.  
Sig. 1. 4.]

Pilate says  
they must  
find some  
fault for  
which He is  
to die.

89

(13)

And therfor, sirs, let se youre saw,  
ffor what thyng we shuld hym slo.  
*Cayphas.* Sir, I can rekyn you on a raw  
a thowsand wonders, and weH moo,  
Of crokyd men, that we weH knaw,  
how graythly that he gars them go,  
And euer he legys agans oure law,  
tempys oure folk and turnys vs fro.

Cayphas  
says Christ  
straightens  
the crooked,  
and is  
always  
tempting the  
people from  
the law.

93

97

(14)

*Anna.* lord, dom and defe in oure present  
delyuers he, by downe & dayH ;  
what hurtys or ha[r]mes thay hent,  
ffuH hastely he makys theym hayH.  
And for sich warkys as he is went  
of ilk welth he may awayH,  
And vnto vs he takys no tent,  
bot ilk man trowes vnto his tayH.

101

He takes no  
heed unto  
them.

105

(15)

*Pilatus.* yei, dewiH ! and dos he thus  
as ye weH bere wytnes ?  
sich fawte faH to vs,  
be oure dom, for to redres.

Pilate says  
he must re-  
dress this.

109

(16)

*Cayphas.* And also, sir, I haue hard say,  
an other noy that neghys vs nere,  
he wiH not kepe oure sabate day,  
that holy shuld be haldyn here ;  
Bot forbedys far and nere  
to wyrk at oure bydyng.  
*Pilatus.* Now, by mahowns bloode so dere,  
he shaH aby this bowrdyng !

Also, Cay-  
phas says  
Christ  
breaks the  
Sabbath.

113

117

what dewiH wiH he be there?

this hold I great hethyng.

Anna says  
Christ calls  
Himself  
heaven's  
King.

*Anna.* Nay, nay, weH more is ther;

he callys hym self heuens kyng,

121

(17)

And says that he is so myghty

aH rightwytnes to rewH and red.

Pilate will  
make Christ  
pay dearly  
for this.

*pilatus.* By mahowns blood, that shaH he aby

with bytter baylls or I ett bred!

125

The knights  
recall the  
raising of  
Lazarus.

*primus Miles.* lord, the loth lazare of betany

that lay stynkand in a sted,

vp he rasyd bodely

the fourt day after he was ded.

129

(18)

*Secundus Miles.* And for that he hym rasyd,

that had lyne dede so long a space,

The people hym fuH mekyH prasyd

ouer aH in euery place.

133

(19)

The people  
think Jesus  
God's Son.

*Anna.* Emangys the folke has he the name

that he is godys son, and none els,

And his self says the same

that his fader in heuen dwelles;

137

That he shaH rewH both wyld and tame;

of aH sich maters thus he mels.

*Pilatus.* This is the dwyHs payn!<sup>1</sup>

who trowys sich talys as he tels?

141

(20)

*Cayphas.* yis, lord, haue here my hand,

and ilk man beyldys hym as his brother;

Sich whaynt cantelys he can,

lord, ye knew neuer sich an othere.

145

(21)

Pilate com-  
mands  
knight and  
knave to be  
forward to  
slay Him.

*Pilatus.* why, and wotys he not that I haue

bold men to be his bayn?

I commaunde both knyght and knaue

sesse not to that lad be slayn.

149

<sup>1</sup> assonance with *tame*, &c.

(22)

*primus Miles.* Sir pylate, mefe you now no mare,<sup>1</sup>

The first knight says they will take Jesus in the Temple.

bot' mese youre hart and mend youre mode ;

ffor bot if that loseH lere oure lare <sup>1</sup>

and leyf his gawdys, he were as goode ;

153

ffor in oure tempyH we wiH not spare

to take that loseH, if he were woode.

[Fol. 68, b.]

*Pilatus.* In oure tempyH? the dwiH! what dyd he thare?

that shaH he by, by mahouns blode!

157

Pilate is enraged at His being there.

(23)

*Secundus Miles.* lord, we wist not' youre wyH ;

with wrang ye vs wyte ;

If the knights had known this they would have taken Jesus before.

had ye so told vs tyH,

we shuld haue takyn hym tyte.

161

(24)

*Pilatus.* The dwiH, he hang you high to dry!

whi, wold ye lese oure lay?

Pilate orders His immediate arrest.

Go bryng hym heder hastely,

so that he weynd not' thus away.

165

*Cayphas.* Sir pilate, be not to hasty,

bot' suffer ouer oure sabote day ;

Cayphas bids him wait till after the next Sabbath, that they may spy on Jesus.

In the mene tyme to spyr and spy

mo of his meruels, if men may.

169

(25)

*Anna.* yei, sir, and when this feste is went,

then shaH his craftys be kyd.

*Pilatus.* Certys, syrs, and I assent

ffor to abyde then, as ye byd.

173

Pilate agrees.

*Tunc venit Iudas.*

(26)

*Iudas.* Masters, myrth be you emang,

and mensk be to this meneye!

Judas greets them, but is badly received.

*Cayphas.* Go! othere gatys thou has to gang

with sorow; who send after the?

177

*Iudas.* Syrs, if I haue done any wrang,

at' youre awne bydyng wiH I be.

*Pilatus.* Go hence, harlot, hy mot' thou hang!

where in the dwiH hand had we the?

181

<sup>1</sup> MS. more, lore.



(27)

Cayphas  
says Judas  
should ask  
leave before  
intruding.

*Iudas.* Goode sir, take it to no grefe;  
for my menyng it<sup>1</sup> may awayH.

*Anna.* we, lad, thou shuld ask lefe  
to com in sich counsayH.

185

(28)

Judas knows  
they mean  
to take his  
"Master."

*Iudas.* Sir, aH youre counseH weH<sup>1</sup> I ken;  
ye mene my master for to take.

*Anna.* A ha! here is oone of his men  
that thus vnwynly gars vs wake.

189

Pilate bids  
them lay  
hands on  
him for his  
"Master's"  
sake.

*Pilatus.* la hand on hym, and hurl hym then  
emangys you, for his master sake;  
ffor we haue maters mo then ten,  
that weH more myster were to make.

193

(29)

Cayphas<sup>1</sup>  
orders him  
to be  
buffeted.

*Cayphas.* Set on hym buffettys sad,  
Sen he sich mastrys mase,  
And teche ye sich a lad  
to profer hym in sich a place.

197

(30)

*Iudas.* Sir, my profer may both pleas and pay  
to aH the lordys in this present.

*Pilatus.* we! go hens in twenty<sup>2</sup> dwiH way!  
we haue no tome the for to tent.

201

Judas offers  
to sell  
Jesus.

*Iudas.* yis, the profete that has lost youre lay  
by wonder warkys, as he is went,  
If ye wiH sheynd hym as ye say,  
to seH hym you I wyH assent.

205

(31)

Pilate is  
ready to hear  
him.

*Pilatus.* A, sir, hark! what says thou?  
let se, and shew thi skyH.

*Iudas.* Sir, a bargan bede I you,  
by it<sup>1</sup> if ye wiH.

209

(32)

Anna asks  
who he is.

*Anna.* what is thi name? do teH in hy,  
if we may wit if thou do wrang.

He is Judas  
who has  
dwelt long  
with Jesus.

*Iudas.* Iudas scarioth, so hight I,  
that with the profet has dwellyd lang.

213

<sup>1</sup> MS. will.<sup>2</sup> MS. xx.

*Pilatus.* Sir, thou art welcom witterly !  
say what thou wilt vs here emang.

Judas repeats his offer to sell Jesus.

*Iudas.* Not els bot if ye wilt hym by ;  
do say me sadly or I gang.

217

(33)

*Cayphas.* yis, freynd, in fathe wilt we  
noght els ; bot hartely say  
how that bargan may be,  
and we shall make the pay.

Cayphas and Anna are willing to buy, but Judas must explain more.

221

(34)

*Anna.* Iudas, forto hold the hayt,  
And for to fet a h fowt defame,  
looke that thou may avow thi sayt ;  
then may thou be withoutten blame.

[Fol. 69, a.]

225

*Iudas.* Sir, of my teyn gyf ye neuer taye,  
so that ye haue hym here at hame ;  
his bowrdyng has me broght in bayt,  
and certys his self shall haue the same.

Judas says Jesus has brought him trouble, and shall have trouble Himself.

229

(35)

*Cayphas.* Sir pylate, tentys here tyt,  
and lightly leyf it noght,  
Then may ye do youre wyt  
of hym that ye haue boght.

Cayphas and Anna exhort Pilate to listen.

233

(36)

*Anna.* yei, and then may we be bold  
fro a h the folk to hald hym fre ;  
And hald hym hard with vs in hold,  
right as oone of youre meneye.

237

*Pilatus.* Now, Iudas, sen he shalbe sold,  
how lowfes thou hym ? belyfe let se.

*Iudas.* ffor thretty<sup>1</sup> pennys truly told,  
or els may not that bargan be ;

Pilate inquires the price of Jesus ; Judas asks thirty pence,

241

(37)

So mych gart he me lose,  
malycyusly and yt ;  
Therfor ye shall haue chose,  
to by or let be styh.

so much had Jesus made him lose.

245

(38)

Anna asks  
how Jesus  
made him  
lose it.  
Judas tells  
how in  
Simon's  
house

*Anna.* Gart he the lose? I pray the, why?  
teH vs now pertly or thou pas.

*Judas.* I shaH you say, and that in hy,  
euery word right as it was.

249

In symon house with hym sat I

with othere meneze that he has ;

A woman cam to company,

callyng hym "lord" ; sayng, "alas!"

253

(39)

a woman  
brought  
precious  
ointment,

ffor synnes that she had wrought  
she wepyd sore always ;

And an oyntment she broght,  
that precyus was to prayse.

257

(40)

and poured  
it upon  
Jesus.

She weshyd hym with hir terys weytt,  
and sen dryed hym with hir hare ;

This fare oyntment, hir bale to beytt,  
apon his hede she put it thare,

261

That it ran aH abowte his feytt ;

I thocht it was a ferly fare,

The house was full of odowre sweytt ;

then to speke myght I not spare,

265

(41)

Judas had  
never seen  
such fine  
ointment.

ffor, certys, I had not seyn

none oyntment half so fyne ;

Ther-at my hart had teyn,

sich tresoure for to tyne.

269

(42)

He said at  
the time it  
was worth  
three hun-  
dred pence,  
which might  
have been  
given to the  
poor, out of  
which he  
would have  
kept thirty  
for himself.

I sayd it was worthy to sell

thre hundreth pens in oure present,

ffor to parte poore men emeH ;

bot wiH ye se wherby I ment?

273

The tent parte, truly to tell,

to take to me was myne intent ;

ffor of the tresure that to vs fel,

the tent parte euer with me went ;

277

(43)

And if thre<sup>1</sup> hundreth be right told,  
the tent parte is euen thyrty ;  
Right so he shalbe sold<sup>t</sup> ;  
say if ye wiH hym by.

So for these  
thirty pence  
he will sell  
Jesus.

281

(44)

*Pilatus.* Now for certan, *sir*, thou says right wele,  
sen he wate the *with* sich a wrast,  
ffor to shape hym som vncele,  
and for his bost<sup>t</sup> be not abast.

Pilate  
praises him.

285

*Anna.* Sir, aH thyn askyng euery dele  
here shaH thou hafe, therof be trast ;  
Bot looke that we no falshede fele.

Anna pro-  
mises what  
he asks.

289

*Iudas.* *sir*, with a profe may ye frast ;

(45)

AH that I haue here hight  
I shaH fulfilH in dede,  
And weH more at my myght,  
In tyme when I se nede.

[Fol. 69, b.]  
Judas pro-  
mises to  
make good  
his offer.

293

(46)

*Pilatus.* Iudas, this spekyng must be spar,  
and neuen it<sup>t</sup> neuer, nyght ne day ;  
let no man wyt where that we war,  
for ferdnes of a fowH enfray.

Pilate en-  
joins  
secrecy.

297

*Cayphas.* Sir, therof let vs moyte no mare ;  
we hold vs payde, take ther thi pay.

Cayphas  
pays Judas,

[Giving him money.]

*Iudas.* This gart<sup>t</sup> he me lose lang are ;  
now ar we euen for onys and ay.

who says he  
is now even  
with Jesus.

301

(47)

*Anna.* This forwarde wiH not fayH,  
therof we may be glad ;  
Now were the best counsayH,  
in hast that we hym haH.

Anna asks  
how they  
may best  
take Jesus,

305

(48)

*Pilatus.* we shall hym haue, and that in hy,  
ffuH hastely here in this haH.

Sir knyghtys, that ar of dede dughty, [To the knights.]  
stynt neuer in stede ne staH,

309

Pilate bids  
his knights  
bring the  
false  
"fatur"  
at once.

Bot looke ye bryng hym hastely,  
that fatur fals, what so befaH.

*primus Miles.* Sir, be not abast therby,  
ffor as ye byd wyrk we shaH.

313

[*All retire : then Jesus & his disciples advance.*]

*Tunc dicet sanctus Iohannes.*

(49)

John asks  
Jesus where  
He will eat  
His Pass-  
over.

*Iohannes apostolus.* Sir, where wiH ye youre pask ette ?

Say vs, let vs dight youre mete.

He bids  
John and  
Peter go to  
the city,  
there they  
shall meet a  
man bearing  
water, who  
will lend  
a room for  
them to eat  
it in.

*Ihesus.* Go furth, Iohn and peter, to yond cyte ;

when ye com ther, ye shaH then se

317

In the strete, as tyte, a man

beryng water in a can ;

The house that he gose to grith,

ye shaH folow and go hym with ;

321

The lord of that house ye shaH fynde,

A sympyH man of cely kynde ;

To hym ye shaH speke, and say

That I com here by the way ;

325

Say I pray hym, if his wiH be,

A lytyH whyle to ese me,

That I and my dyseppyls aH

myght rest a whyle in his haH,

329

That we may ete oure paske thore.

*petrus.* lord, we shaH hy vs before,

To that we com to that cyte ;

your paske shaH ordand be.

333

*Tunc pergent Iohannes & petrus ad Ciuitatem, & obuiet  
eis homo, &c.*

They meet  
the "pater-  
familias,"  
who offers  
them a room  
in which to  
make their  
"mangery."

Sir, oure master the prophett

commys behynde in the strete ;

And of a chamber he you prays,

To ete and drynk ther-in with casse.

337

*paterfamilias.* Sirs, he is welcom vnto me,

and so is aH his company ;

with aH my hart and aH my wiH

is he welcom me vntyH.

341

lo, here a chambre fast by,

Ther-in to make youre mangery,

I shal warand fare strewed ;  
it shuld not els to you be shewed. 345

*Tunc parent Iohannes & petrus mensam.*

*Iohannes.* Sir, youre mett is redy bowne, [Jesus enters.] John tells  
with ye wesh and syt downe ? Jesus the  
meat is  
ready.

*Ihesus.* yei, gyf vs water tyH oure hande,  
take we the grace that god has send ; 349 He bids the  
disciples eat  
with Him.  
*Commys* furth, both oone and othere ;  
If I be master I wiH be brothere.

*Tunc comedent, & Iudas porrigit manum in discum  
cum Ihesu.*

*Iudas,* what menys thou ? [Fol. 70, a.]

*Iudas.* No thyng, lord, bot ette with you. 353

*Ihesus.* Ette on, brether, hardely,  
for oone of you shaH [me] betray.<sup>1</sup> One of them  
shall betray  
Him.

*Petrus.* lord, who euer that be may,  
lord, I shaH neuer the betray ; 357 First Peter,  
then seven  
others ask,  
"Is it I?"  
Dere master, is it oght I ?

*Ihesus.* Nay thou, peter, certainly.

*Iohannes.* Master, is oght I he then ?

*Ihesus.* Nay, for trowth, Iohn, I the ken. 361

*Andreas.* Master, am oght [I] that shrew ?

*Ihesus.* Nay, for sothe, thou andrew.

*Simon.* Master, then is oght I ?

*Ihesus.* Nay, thou Simon, securly. 365

*philippus.* Is it oght I that shuld do that dede ?

*Ihesus.* Nay, philyp, withoutten drede.

*Thadeus.* was it oght I that hight thadee ?

*Iacobus.* Or we two Iamys ?

*Ihesus.* Nay none of you is he ; 369

Bot he that ette with me in dysh,

he shaH my body betray, Iwys.

*Iudas.* what then, wene ye that I it am ?

*Ihesus.* Thou says sothe, thou berys the blame ; 373 It is he that  
eats with  
Jesus in the  
dish. "Wene  
ye, that I it  
am?" asks  
Judas, and is  
told he says  
sooth. All  
shall forsake  
Jesus.

Ichon of you shaH this nyght

ffor sake me, and fayn he myght.

*Iohannes.* Nay certys, god forbeyd

that euer shuld we do that deyde ! 377

<sup>1</sup> This *betray* is evidently meant to ryme with *hardely*.

Peter says  
he will never  
flee from  
Jesus,  
and is told  
he shall for-  
sake Him  
thrice ere  
cockcrow.

*petrus.* If aH, master, forsake the,  
shaH I neuer fro the fle.

*Ihesus.* Peter, thou shaH thryse apon a thraw  
fforsake me, or the cok craw.

381

Take vp this clothe and let vs go,  
ffor we haue othere thyngys at do.

*hic lauet pedes discipulorum.*

Jesus begins  
to wash the  
disciples'  
feet.

Sit aH downe, and here and sees,  
ffor I shaH wesh youre feet on knees.

385

*Et mittens aquam in peluim venit ad petrum.*

Peter at first  
objects,

*Petrus.* lord, shuld thou wesh feytt myne?  
thou art my lord, and I thy hyne.

*Ihesus.* why I do it thou wote not yit,  
peter, hereafter shaH thou wytt.

389

*Petrus.* Nay, master, I the heytt,  
thou shaH neuer wesh my feytt.

*Ihesus.* Bot I the wesh, thou mon mys  
parte with me in heuens blys.

393

but after-  
wards asks  
that head  
and hands  
may be  
washed also.

*Petrus.* Nay, lord, or I that forgo,  
wesh heede, handys, and feytt also.

*Ihesus.* ye ar clene, bot not aH;  
that shaH be sene when tyme shaH faH;

397

who shaH be weshyn as I weyn,  
he thar not wesh his feytt clene;

And for sothe clene ar ye,  
bot not aH as ye shuld be.

401

[Fol. 70, b.]

I shaH you say take good hede

whi that I haue done the dede;

ye caH me master and lord, by name;

ye say fuH weH, for so I am;

Sen I, both lord and master, to you wold knele  
to wesh youre fete, so must ye wele.

407

(50)

Now wote ye what I haue done;

EnsampyH haue I gyffen you to;

loke ye do so eft sone;

Ichon of you wesh othere fete, lo!

411

Let each  
wash the  
other's feet.

(51)

ffor he that seruand is,  
for sothe, as I say you,  
Not more then his lord he is,  
to whome he *seruyce* owe.

For the  
servant is  
not more  
than the  
lord.

415

(52)

Or that this nyght be gone,  
Alone with ye leyf me;  
ffor in this nyght ilkon  
ye shaH fro me fle;

Jesus re-  
peats that  
they will  
forsake Him.

419

(53)

ffor when the hyrd is smeten,  
the shepe shaH fle away,  
Be skaterd wyde and byten;  
the *prophetys* thus can say.

When the  
herdsman is  
smitten the  
sheep flee.

423

(54)

*Petrus.* lord, if that I shuld dy,  
fforsake the shaH I noght.

Peter says  
he will not  
forsake  
Jesus, but is  
told that ere  
the cock  
crow twice  
he will deny  
Him thrice.

427

*Ihesus.* ffor sothe, peter, I say to the,  
In so great drede shaH thou be broght,

(55)

That or the cok haue crowen twyse,  
thou shaH deny me tymes thre.

*Petrus.* That shaH I neuer, lord, Iwys;  
ere shaH I with the de.

431

(56)

*Ihesus.* Now loke youre hartys be grefyd noght,  
nawthere in drede ne in wo;

Let them not  
be grieved,

Bot trow in god, that you has wroght,  
and in me trow ye also;

435

(57)

In my fader house, for sothe,  
is many a wonnyng stede,  
That men shaH haue aftyr thare trowthe,  
soyn after thay be dede.

in His  
Father's  
house are  
many  
"woning  
stedes."

439

(58)

And here may I no longer leynd,  
bot I shaH go before,  
And yit if I before you weynd,  
ffor you to ordan thore,

He goes be-  
fore to or-  
dain for  
them there.

443



(59)

He will  
come to  
them again.

I shaH com to you agane,  
and take you to me,  
That where so euer I am <sup>1</sup>,  
ye shaH be with me.

447

(60)

He is the  
Way, the  
Truth, and  
the Life.

And I am way, and sothe-fastnes,  
and lyfe that euer shalbe ;  
And to my fader commys none, Iwys,  
bot oonly thorow me.

451

(61)

He will not  
leave them  
helpless.

I wiH not leyf you aH helples,  
as men withoutten freynd,  
As faderles and moderles,  
thof aH I fro you weynd ;

455

(62)

The world  
shall not see  
Him, but  
they shall.

I shaH com eft to you agayn :  
this world shaH me not se,  
Bot ye shaH se me weH certan,  
and lyfand shaH I be.

459

(63)

In heaven  
they shall  
know that  
He is in the  
Father, and  
the Father  
in Him.

And ye shaH lyf in heuen ;  
Then shaH ye knaw, Iwys,  
That I am in my fader euen,  
and my fader in me is.

463

(64)

He in them,  
and they in  
Him.

And I in you, and ye in me,  
and ilka man therto,  
My commaundement that kepys trule,  
and after it wiH do.

467

(65)

Let them be  
glad of His  
going.

[Fol. 71, a.]

Now haue ye hard what I haue sayde ;  
I go, and com agayn ;  
Therfor loke ye be payde,  
and also glad and fayn ;

471

<sup>1</sup> assonance with *agane*.

(66)

ffor to my fader I weynd ;  
ffor more then I is he ;  
I let you wytt, as faythfuH freynd,  
or that it done be,

For He goes  
to His  
Father.

475

(67)

That ye may trow when it is done ;  
ffor certys, I may noght now  
Many thyngys so soyn  
at this tyme speake with you ;

There are  
many things  
He may not  
say to them  
now ;

479

(68)

ffor the prynce of this world is commyn,  
and no powere has he in me,  
Bot as that aH the world within  
may both here and se,

for the  
prince of  
this world is  
coming, that  
all may see

483

(69)

That I owe luf my fader to,  
Sen he me hyder sent,  
And aH thyngys I do  
after his commaundement.

His obedi-  
ence to His  
Father.

487

(70)

Ryse ye vp, ilkon,  
and weynd we on oure way,  
As fast as we may gone,  
to olyuete, to pray.

Let them go  
to Olivet to  
pray.

491

(71)

Peter, Iamys, and thou Iohn,  
ryse vp and folow me !  
My tyme it commys anone ;  
Abyde styH here, ye thre.

He bids  
Peter,  
James, and  
John follow  
Him

495

(72)

Say youre prayers here by-netH,  
that ye faH in no fowdyng ;  
My sawH is heuy agans the deth  
and the sore pynyng.

and pray.  
His soul is  
heavy  
against  
death.

499

*Tunc orabit, & dicet,*

(73)

Jesus prays. ffader, let this great payn be styH,  
 And pas away fro me ;  
 Bot not, fader, at my wyH,  
 bot thyn fulfyllyd be.

503

&amp; reuertet ad discipulos.

(74)

He finds the  
 disciples  
 sleeping,  
 and bids  
 them watch  
 against the  
 fiend.

Symon, I say, slepys thou ?  
 awake, I red you aH !  
 The feynd ful fast salys you,  
 In wan-hope to gar you faH ;

507

(75)

He will pray  
 for them.

Bot I shaH pray my fader so  
 that his myght shaH not dere ;  
 My goost is prest therto,  
 my flesH is seke for fere.

511

&amp; iterum orauit.

(76)

He prays  
 again.

ffader, thi son I was,  
 of the I aske this boyn ;  
 If<sup>1</sup> This payn may not pas,  
 fader, thi wiH be doyn !

516

&amp; reuertet ad discipulos.

(77)

Again finds  
 them sleep-  
 ing.

Ye slepe, brether, yit I see,  
 it is for sorow that ye do so ;  
 Ye haue so long wepyd for me  
 that ye ar masyd and lappyd in wo.

519

&amp; tercio orabit :

(78)

He prays a  
 third time.

Dere fader, thou here my wyH !  
 this passyon thou put fro me away ;  
 And if I must nedys go ther-tyH,  
 I shaH fulfiH thi wyH to-day ;

523

(79)

Therfor this bytter passyon  
 if I may not put by,  
 I am here redy at thi dom ;  
 thou comforte me that am drery !

527

<sup>1</sup> " If " in margin.

(80)

Trinitas. My comforte, son, I shaH the teth,  
of thyngys that feH by reson ;

The Trinity  
strengthens  
him.

As lueyfer, for syn that feH,  
betrayd eue with his fals treson,

531 Through  
Adam's sin,

Adam assent<sup>t</sup> his wyfe vntyH ;  
the wekyd goost then askyd a bone  
which has hurt mankynde fuH yH ;

this was the wordys he askyd soyn :

535

(81)

AH that<sup>t</sup> ener of adam com

all that came  
from Adam  
were  
doomed

holly to hym to take,  
with hym to dweH, withoutten dome,

In payn that<sup>t</sup> neuer shaH slake,

539

(82)

To that<sup>t</sup> a chylde myght<sup>t</sup> be borne

[Fol. 71, b.]

of a madyn, and she wemles,

till a child  
might be  
born of a  
pure maiden,

As cleyn as that<sup>t</sup> she was beforne,

as puryd syluer or shynand glas ;<sup>1</sup>

543

(83)

To tyme that<sup>t</sup> childe to deth were dight<sup>t</sup>,

and rasyd hym self apon the thryd<sup>t</sup> day,

And stenen to heuen thurgh<sup>t</sup> his awne myght<sup>t</sup>.

who may do that<sup>t</sup> bot<sup>t</sup> god veray ?

547

be done to  
death, rise  
the third  
day, and  
ascend to  
heaven, as  
God.

(84)

Sen thou art<sup>t</sup> man, and nedys must dee,

and go to heH as othere done,

Bot<sup>t</sup> that<sup>t</sup> were wrong, withoutten lee,

that<sup>t</sup> godys son there shuld won

551

As man  
Jesus must  
go to Hell,  
but as God  
He may not  
stay there,

(85)

In payn with his vnder-lowte ;

wytt<sup>t</sup> ye weH withoutten weyn,

when oone is borod<sup>t</sup>, aH shaH owtt<sup>t</sup>,

and borod be from teyn.

[Jesus returning to the  
disciples.]

and "when  
one is bor-  
rowed all  
shall out."

(86)

Ihesus. Slepe ye now and take youre rest !

my tyme is nere command ;

Awake a whyle, for he is next<sup>t</sup>

that<sup>t</sup> me shaH gyf into synners hand.

559

Jesus bids  
His dis-  
ciples sleep  
on.

[All retire : Pilate, etc. advance.]

<sup>1</sup> ? assonance with *wemles*, or originally *gles* ?

(87)

Pilate calls  
for silence.

*Pilatus.* Peas ! I commaunde you, carles vnkynde,  
to stand as styH as any stone !  
In donyon depe he shalbe pynde,  
that wiH not sesse his tong anone ;

563

(88)

ffor I am gouernowre of the law ;  
my name it is pilate !  
I may lightly gar hang you or draw,  
I stand in sich astate,

567

(89)

He may do  
what he will.

To do what so I wiH.  
and therfor peas I byd you aH !  
And looke ye hold you stiH,  
and with no brodels braH,

571

(90)

And will  
break the  
neck of any  
one who  
interrupts.

TyH we haue done oure dede ;  
who so makys nose or cry,  
his nek I shaH gar blede,  
with this I bere in hy.

575

(91)

He calls on  
Judas to  
keep his  
promise.

To this tratoure be take,  
that wold dystroy oure lawe,  
Iudas, thou may it not forsake,  
take hede vnto my sawe.

579

(92)

Thynk what thou has doyn,  
that has thi master sold ;  
Performe thi bargan soyn ;  
thou has thi money takyn and told.

583

(93)

Judas asks  
for the help  
of the  
knights

*Iudas.* Ordan ye knyghtys to weynd with me,  
Richly arayd in rewyH and rowtt ;  
And aH my couandys holden shaH be,  
So I haue felyship me abowte.

587

(94)

They must  
lay hands on  
Him Whom  
he shall  
kiss.

*Pilatus.* wherby, Iudas, shuld we hym know,  
If we shaH wysely wyrk, Iwys ?  
ffor som of vs hym neuer saw.

*Iudas.* lay hand on hym that I shaH kys.

591

(95)

*Pilatus.* haue done, *sir knyghtys*, and kythe youre strengthe,  
 And wap you wightly in youre wede ;  
 Seke ouer aH, both brede and lengthe !  
 Spare ye not, spende and spede !

Pilate bids  
the knights  
seek out  
Jesus.

595

(96)

We haue soght hym les and more,  
 And falyd ther we haue farn ;  
*Malcus*, thou shaH weynd before,  
 And bere with the a light<sup>t</sup> lantarne.

[Fol. 72, a.]

Malchus is  
to go before  
with a  
lantern.

[To Malchus]

599

(97)

*Malcus Miles.* Sir, this Iornay I vndertake  
 with aH my myght<sup>t</sup> and mayn.  
 If I shuld, for mahowns sake,  
 here in this place be slayn,  
 Crist<sup>t</sup> that<sup>t</sup> prophett for to take,  
 we may be aH fuH fayn.

Malchus is  
ready to  
die for  
Mahound's  
sake, if he  
may take  
Christ.

603

Oure weppyns redy loke ye make,  
 to bryng hym in mekyH grame<sup>1</sup>  
 This nyght.

608

Go we now on oure way,  
 oure mastres for to may ;  
 Oure lantarnes take with vs alsway,  
 And loke that<sup>t</sup> thay be light !

612

(98)

*Secundus Miles.* Sir pilate, prynce pereles in paH,  
 of aH men most<sup>t</sup> myghty merked on mold,  
 we ar euer more redy to com at<sup>t</sup> thi caH,  
 and bow to thi bydyng as bachlers shold.<sup>2</sup>

The second  
knight bids  
Pilate fare-  
well.

616

(99)

Bot<sup>t</sup> that<sup>t</sup> prynce of the apostyls puppylyshed beforne,  
 Men caH hym crist<sup>t</sup>, comen of dauid kyn,  
 his lyfe fuH sone shalbe forlorne,  
 If we haue hap hym forto wyn.  
 haue done !  
 ffor, as euer ete I breede,  
 or I styr in this stede  
 I wold stryke of his hede ;  
 lord, I aske that<sup>t</sup> boyne.

As sure as  
he eats  
bread, he  
will strike  
off Christ's  
head.

621

625

<sup>1</sup> assonance with *fayn*, &c.

<sup>2</sup> MS. shuld.

(100)

The first  
knight pro-  
mises Pilate  
speedy ven-  
geance.

*primus miles.* That boyn, lord, thou vs bede,

and on hym wreke the sone we shaH ;

ffro we haue lade on hym good spede ;

he shaH no more hym godys son caH.

629

we shaH marke hym truly his mede ;

by mahowne most, god of aH,

Three such  
knights as  
they are  
would bind  
the devil !

Siche thre knyghtys had lytyH drede

To hynde the dwiH that we on caH,

In nede ;

634

ffor if thay were a thowsand mo,

that prophete and his apostels also

with thise two handys for to slo,

had I lytyH drede.

638

(101)

Pilate  
salutes them  
as courteous  
kaisers of  
Cain's kind,

*pilatus.* Now curtes kasers of kamys kyn,

most gentyH of lure to me that I fynde,

My comforth from care may ye sone wyn,

if ye happely may hent that vnheynde.

642

(102)

Bot go ye hens spedely and loke ye not spare ;

My frenship, my fortherans, shaH euer with you be ;

and bids  
them bring  
Jesus safe  
and sound  
to him.

And mahowne that is myghfuH he menske you euermare !

Bryng you safe and sownde with that brodeH to me !

In place

647

where so euer ye weynd,

ye knyghtys so heynde,

Sir lucyfer the feynde

he lede you the trace ! [All retire, Jesus & his

(103) disciples advance.]

Jesus bids  
Peter arise,  
for Judas is  
coming.

*Ihesus.* Ryse vp, peter, and go with me,

and folowe me withoutten stryfe ;

Iudas wakys, and slepys not he ;

he commys to betray me here belyfe.

655

(104)

wo be to hym that bryngys vp slaunder !

he were better his dethe to take ;

Bot com furthi, peter, and tary no langere :<sup>1</sup>

lo, where thay com that wiH me take !

659

<sup>1</sup> assonance with *slaunder*.

(105)

*Iulus.* Rest weH, master, iHesus fre!

[Fol. 72, b.]

I pray the that thou wold kys me enys;

Judas asks  
Jesus to kiss  
him.

I am commen to socoure the;

thou art aspyed, what so it menys.

663

(106)

*Ihesus.* Iudas! whi makys thou sich a brayde?

throwys thou not I knowe thi wiH?

Jesus says  
that He  
knows  
Judas'  
intent.

with kyssyng has thou me betrayd:

that shaH thou rew som tyme ful yH.

667

(107)

whome seke ye, syrs, by name?

[To the Knights.]

He asks the  
knights  
whom they  
seek.

*Secundus Miles.* we seke ihesu of nazarene.

*Ihesus.* I kepe not my name to layn;<sup>1</sup>

lo, I am here, the same ye mene;

671

Bot whome seke ye with wepyns kene?

*Primus Miles.* To say the sothe, and not to ly,

we seke ihesu of nazarene.

"Jesus of  
Nazarene."

*Ihesus.* I told you ere that it was I.

675

(108)

*Malcus.* Dar no man on hym lay hand?

I shaH each hym, if I may;

Malchus  
boasts that  
he will catch  
Jesus.

A flateryng foyH has thou bene lang,<sup>2</sup>

bot now is commen thyn endyng day.

679

(109)

*Petrus.* I wold be dede within short space

or I shuld se this sight!

[Cuts off Malchus' ear.]

Peter cuts  
off his ear  
and bids him  
complain to  
Sir Cayphas.

Go, pleyn the to sir cayphas,

and byd hym do the right!

683

(110)

*Malcus.* Alas, the tyme that I was borne,

or today com in this stede!

Malchus  
laments.

My right ere I haue forlorne!

help, alas, I blede to dede!

687

(111)

*Ihesus.* Thou man, that menys thi hurt so sare,

com heder, let me thi wounde se;

Jesus re-  
stores his  
ear.

Take me thi ere that he of share:

In nomine patris hole thou be!

691

<sup>1</sup> assonance with *name*.

<sup>2</sup> assonance with *hand*.



(112)

Malchus is  
again eager  
to take  
Jesus.

*Malcus.* Now am I hole as I was ere,  
My hurt is neuer the wars;  
Therfor, felows, drawe me nere!  
the dwiH hym spede that hym spars!

695

(113)

Jesus ad-  
monishes  
Peter

*Ihesus.* Therfor, peter, I say the this,  
my wiH it is that aH men witten:  
Put vp thi swerde and do no mys,  
for he that smytys, he shalbe smyten.

699

(114)

and re-  
proaches the  
knights,

ye knyghtys that be commen now here,  
thus assemblyd in a rowte,  
As I were thefe, or thefys fere,  
with wepyns com ye me abowte;

703

(115)

but asks  
them to let  
his "fel-  
lows" go.

Me thynk, for sothe, ye do fuH yH  
thus for to seke me in the nyght;  
Bot what penance ye put me tyH,  
ye let my felows go with gryth.

707

(116)

The knights  
bring Jesus  
to Pilate.

*Secundus Miles.* Lede hym furth fast by the gate!  
hangyd be he that sparis hym oght!  
*Primus Miles.* how thynk the, sir pilate,  
bi this brodeH that we haue broght?

711

(117)

Pilate says  
Jesus has  
troubled  
them by His  
deeds,

*Pilatus.* Is he the same and the self, I say,  
that has wroght vs this care?  
It has bene told, sen many a day,  
sayngys of hym fuH sare.

715

[Fol. 73, a.  
Sig. M. 1.]

It was tyH vs greatt woghe,  
ffrom dede to lyfe thou rasyd lazare;  
Sen stalkyd styllly bi the see swoghe;  
both domb and defe thou salfyd from sare.

719

(118)

in which He  
surpasses  
Cæsar and  
Herod.

Thou passys cesar bi dede,  
or sir herode oure kyng.  
*Secundus Miles.* let deme hym fast to dede,  
and let for no kyn thyng.

723

(119)

*Primus Miles.* Sen he has forfett agans oure lawe,  
let vs deme hym in this stede.

The knights  
clamour for  
His death.

*Pilatus.* I wiH not assent vnto youre saw ;  
I can ordan weH better red.

727

Pilate knows  
a better  
rede.

(120)

*Malcus.* Better red ? yei dwiH ! how so ?  
then were oure sorow lastand ay ;  
And he thus furth shuld go,  
he wold dystroy oure lay.

Malchus is  
furious.

731

(121)

wold ye aH assent to me,  
this bargan shuld be strykyn anone ;  
By nyghtertayH dede shuld he be,  
and tiH oure awnter stand ilkon.

735

(122)

*Pilatus.* Peasse, harlottis, the dwiH you spede !  
wold ye thus preuayl morder a man ?

Pilate is  
unwilling to  
murder  
Jesus,

*Malcus.* when euery man has red his red,  
let se who better say can.

739

(123)

*Pilatus.* To cayphas haH loke fast ye wyrk,  
And thider right ye shaH hym lede ;  
he has the rewH of holy kyrk,  
lett hym deme hym whyk or dede ;

and will  
send Him to  
Cayphas,  
who has the  
rule of Holy  
Church.

743

(124)

ffor he has wroght agans oure law,  
ffor-thi most skyH can he ther on.

*Secundus Miles.* Sir, we assent vnto youre saw ;  
Com furth, bewshere, and lett vs gone.

747

(125)

[To Jesus.]

*Malcus.* Step furth, in the wenyande !  
wenys thou ay to stand styH ?

Malchus  
brings Jesus  
to Cayphas  
with much  
abuse.

Nay, luskand loseH, lawes of the land  
ShaH fayH bot we haue oure wiH ;

751

(126)

Out of my handis shaH thou not pas  
ffor aH the craft thou can ;

TiH thou com to sir cayphas,

Saue the shaH no man. *Explicit Capcio Ihesu.* 755

## (XXI.)

## Incipit Coliphizacio.

[Dramatis Personae.

[Fol. 73, b.]	<i>Primus Tortor.</i>		<i>Cayphas.</i>		<i>Jesus.</i>
	<i>Secundus Tortor.</i>		<i>Anna.</i>		<i>Froward.]</i>

[50 nine-line stanzas, aaaab cccb. The aaaa lines have central rymes, marked by bars [.]

*Primus tortor.*

(1)

The first  
Torturer  
hurries  
Jesus to  
Anna and Sir  
Cayphas,  
with threats.

**D**o Io furth, Io ! / and trott' on a pase !  
To anna wiH we go / and sir cayphas ;  
witt' thou weH of thaym two / gettys thou no  
grace,  
Bot' euerlastyng wo / for trespas thou has  
so mekiH. 5

Thi mys is more

then euer gettys thou grace fore ;

Thou has beyn<sup>1</sup> ay-whore

ffuH fals and fuH fekyH. 9

(2)

The second  
reproaches  
Him as a  
deceiver of  
the people.

*Secundus tortor.* It is wonder to dre / thus to be gangyng ;  
we haue had for the / mekiH hart' stangyng ;

Bot' at last shaH we be / out' of hart' langyng,

Be thou haue had two<sup>2</sup> or three / hetys worth a hangyng ;

No wonder ! 14

Sich wyles can thou make,

gar the people farsake

Oure lawes, and thyne take ;

thus art' thou broght' in blonder. 18

(3)

They join in  
reviling  
Jesus.  
He shall rue  
being called  
a saint.  
Better had  
he held His  
clatter !

*Primus tortor.* Thou can not say agaynt / If thou be trew ;  
Som men holdys the sant' / and that shaH thou rew ;  
ffare wordys can thou paynt' / and lege lawes new.

*Secundus tortor.* Now be ye ataynt' / for we wiH persew

On this mater. 23

Many wordys has thou saide

Of which we ar not' weH payde ;

As good that' thou had

halden stiH thi clater. 27

<sup>1</sup> "beyn" overlined later.<sup>2</sup> MS. ij.

(4)

*primus tortor.* It is better syt stiH / then rise vp and faH ;  
Thou has long had thi wiH / and made many braH ;  
At the last wold thou spiH / and for-do vs aH,

“ Better sit  
still than  
rise up and  
fall.”

If we dyd neuer yH. /

*Secundus tortor.* I trow not, he shaH

Indure it ;

They are  
ready to  
accuse Him  
themselves.

ffor if other men ruse hym,

we shaH accuse hym ;

his self shaH not excuse hym ;

To you I insure it,

32

36

(5)

with no legeance. /

*primus tortor.* fayn wold he wynk,

Els falyis his covntenance ; / I say as I thyнк.

*Secundus tortor.* he has done vs greuance / therfor shaH

he drynk ;

haue he mekiH mysehaunsee / that has gart vs swynke

In walkyng,

They owe  
Jesus a  
grudge for  
the trouble  
they have  
had in walk-  
ing with  
Him.

[Fol. 74, a.  
Sig. M. 2.]

41

That vnneth may I more.

*primus tortor.* Peas, man, we ar there !

I shaH walk in before,

And teH of his talkyng.

[*They come to Cayphas*

(6)

*and Anna.*]

haiH, syrs, as ye sytt / so worthi in wonys !

whi spyrd ye not yit / how we haue farne this onys ?

*Secundus tortor.* Sir, we wold fayn witt / aH very ar oure

bonys ;

we haue had a fytt / right yH for the nonys,

So tarid.

They greet  
Cayphas and  
Anna, and  
complain of  
their jour-  
ney.

50

*Cayphas.* Say, were ye oght adred ?

were ye oght wrang led ?

Or in any strate sted ?

Syrs, who was myscaryd ?

54

(7)

*Anna.* Say, were ye oght in dowte / for fawte of light

As ye wached ther owte ? /

*Primus tortor.*

sir, as I am true knyght,

Of my dame sen I sowked / had I neuer sich a nyght ;

My n een were not lowked / to-geder right

Their trouble  
is well spent  
since they  
have brought  
in this  
traitor.

Sen morowe ;  
Bot' yit' I thynk it' weH sett,  
Sen we with this tratoure met' ;  
Sir, this is he that' forfett  
And done so mekiH sorow.

59

63

(8)

He teaches a  
new law.

*Cayphas.* Can ye hym oght apeche ? / had he any ferys ?  
*Secundus tortor.* he has bene for to preche / fuH many  
long yeris ;  
And the people he teche / a new law.  
*primus tortor.* syrs, heris !  
As far as his witt' reche / many oone he lerys ;  
when we toke hym,  
we faunde hym in a yerde ;  
Bot' when I drew out' my swerde,  
his dyscepyls wex ferde,  
And soyn thay forsoke hym.

68

72

(9)

He said He  
could de-  
stroy the  
temple and  
build a new  
one on the  
third day.  
He "lies for  
the whet-  
stone" and  
must be  
given the  
prize.

*Secundus tortor.* Sir, I hard hym say he cowthe dystroew /  
oure tempyH so gay,  
and sithen beld a new / on the thrid' day.  
*Cayphas.* how myght' that' be trew ? / it toke more aray ;  
The masons I knewe / that' hewed it, I say,  
so wyse ;  
That' hewed ilka stone.  
*primus tortor.* A, good sir, lett hym oone ;  
he lyes for the quetstone,  
I gyf hym the pryce.

77

81

(10)

*Secundus tortor.* The halt' rynes, the blynd sees / thugh  
his fals wyles ;<sup>1</sup>  
Thus he gettis many fees / of thym he begyles.  
[Fol. 74, b.] *Primus tortor.* he rases men that' dees / thay seke hym  
be myles ;  
And euer thugh his soceres / oure sabate day defyles

<sup>1</sup> MS. lyes.

Euermore, *sir*.

*Secundus tortor*. This is his vse and his custom,  
To heyH the defe and the dom,  
where so euer he com ;

I telH you before, *sir*.

86 He works  
miracles for  
fees and does  
them on the  
Sabbath.

90

(11)

*Primus tortor*. Men caH hym / a prophete and godis  
son of heuen ;

he wold fayn downe bryng / oure lawes bi his steuen.

*Secundus tortor*. yit<sup>1</sup> is ther anothere thyng / that I hard  
hym neuen,

He is called  
God's Son,  
sets not a  
illy-wing by  
Cæsar, and  
is the same  
who excused  
the adul-  
teress.

he settys not a fle wyng / bi *sir* cesar fuH euen ;  
he says thus ;

95

*Sir*, this same is he

that excusyd with his sotelte

A woman in avowtre ;

ffuH weH may ye trust vs.

99

(12)

*Primus tortor*. *Sir* lazare can he rase / that men may persauē,  
when he had lyne fower<sup>1</sup> dayes / ded in his graue ;

AH men hym prase / both master and knaue,

Such wyeHcraft he mase. /

He raised  
Lazarus, and  
uses such  
witchcraft,  
all men  
praise Him.

*Secundus tortor*. If he abowte waue

Any langere,

104

his warkys may we ban ;

ffor he has turned many man

Sen the tyme he began,

And done vs great hangere.

108

(13)

*Primus tortor*. he wiH not leyfe yit / thof he be culpabyH ;

Men caH hym a prophete / a lord fuH renabyH.

*Sir* cayphas, bi my wytt / he shuld be dampnabiH,

Bot wold ye two, as ye sytt / make it ferme and stabyH

To geder ;

113

ffor ye two, as I traw,

May defende aH oure law ;

That mayde vs to you draw,

And bryng this loseH heder.

117

The first  
Torturer  
calls on  
Cayphas  
and Anna to  
defend the  
law.

<sup>1</sup> MS. iiij.

(14)

If Jesus  
reign any  
more their  
laws are  
ruined.

*Secundus tortor.* Sir, I can tell you before / as myght I  
be maryd,

If he reyne any more / oure lawes ar myscaryd.

*Primus tortor.* Sir, opposed if he wore / he shuld be  
fon waryd ;

That is weH seyn thore / where he has long tarid

And walkyd. 122

he is sowre lottyn :

Ther is somewhat forgottyn ;

I shaH thryng out the rottyn,

Be we haue aH talkyd. 126

(15)

Cayphas  
examines  
Jesus.

*Cayphas.* Now fare myght you faH / for youre talkyng !  
ffor, certys, I my self shaH / make examynyng. [*To Jesus.*]  
harstow, harlott, of aH ? / of care may thou syng !

[Fol. 75, a.  
Sig. M. 3.]

How durst thou the caH / aythere emperoure or kyng ?

I do fy the ! 131

what the dwiH doyst thou here ?

Thi dedys wiH do the dere ;

Com nar and rowne in myn eeyr,

Or I shaH asery the. 135

(16)

He is  
furious that  
Jesus does  
not answer.

Illa-hayH was thou borne ! / harke ! says he oght agane ?

Thou shaH onys or to-morne / to speke be full fayne.

This is a great skorne / and a fals trane ;

Now wols-hede and out-horne / on the be tane !

Vile fature ! 140

Oone worde myght thou speke ethe,

yit myght it do the som letht,

Et omnis qui tacet

hic consentire videtur. 144

(17)

Speke on oone word / right in the dwyllys name !

where was thi syre at bord / when he met with thi dame ?

what, nawder bowted ne spurd / and a lord of name !

Speke on in a torde / the dwiH gif the shame,

Sir sybre ! 149 He abuses  
 Perde, if thou were a kyng,  
 yit myght thou be ridyng ;  
 ffy on the, fundlyng !  
 Thou lyfys bot bi brybre. 153

(18)

Lad, I am a prelate / a lord in degre,  
 Syttys in myn astate / as thou may se,  
 knyghtys on me to wate / in dyuerse degre ;  
 I myght thole the abate / and knele on thi kne  
 In my present ; 158 and reminds  
 As euer syng I mes,  
 whoso kepis the lawe, I gess,  
 he gettis more lōy purches  
 Then bi his fre rent. 162 than rent"  
 (wins more  
 by his pro-  
 fession than  
 by his  
 lands).

(19)

The dwiH gif the shame / that euer I knew the !  
 Nather blynde ne lame / wiH none persew the ;  
 Therfor I shaH the name / that euer shaH rew the,  
 kyng copyn in oure game / thus shaH I indew the,  
 ffor a fatur. 167 Jesus is  
 Say, dar thou not speke for ferde ?  
 I shrew hym the lerd,  
 weme ! the dwillys durt in thi berd,  
 vyle fals tratur ! 171 King Coppin  
 (King  
 Empty-  
 Skein).

(20)

Though thi lyppis be stokyn / yit myght thou say, mom ;  
 Great wordis has thou spokyn / then was thou not dom.  
 Be it hole worde or brokyn / com, owt with som,  
 Els on the I shaH be wrokyn / or thi ded com  
 AH outt. 176 He will have  
 vengeance  
 on Him for  
 His silence.  
 Aythere has thou no wytt,  
 Or els ar thyn eres dytt ;  
 why bot herd thou not yit ?  
 So, I cry and I showte. 180 [Fol. 75, b.]

(21)

Ansa. A, sir, be not yH payde / though he not answare ;  
 he is inwardly flayde / not right in his gere.



Anna begs  
Cayphas to  
be less  
violent.

*Cayphas.* No, bot the wordis he has saide / doth my  
hart great dere.

*Anna.* Sir, yit may ye be dayde. /

*Cayphas.* Nay, whils I lif nere.

*Anna.* Sir, amese you. 185

*Cayphas.* Now fowth myght hym be faH!

*Anna.* Sir, ye ar vexed at aH,

And perauentur he shaH

here after pleas you ; 189

(22)

we may bi oure law / examyn hym fyrst.

*Cayphas.* Bot I gif hym a blaw / my hart wiH brist.

Cayphas is  
bursting to  
give Jesus a  
blow.

*Anna.* Abyde to ye his purpose knaw. /

*Cayphas.* nay, bot I shaH out thrist

Both his een on a raw. /

*Anna.* sir, ye wiH not, I tryst,

Be so vengeabyH ; 194

Bot let me oppose hym.

*Cayphas.* I pray you, and sloes hym.

*Anna.* Sir, we may not lose hym

Bot we were dampnabiH. 198

(23)

*Cayphas.* he has adyld his ded / a kyng he hym calde ;  
war ! let me gyrd of his hede ! /

If he may  
not strike off  
His head, he  
will not eat  
till Jesus is  
in the  
stocks.

*Anna.* I hope not ye wold ;<sup>1</sup>

Bot sir do my red / youre worship to hald.

*Cayphas.* ShaH I neuer ete bred / to that he be stald

In the stokys. 203

*Anna.* Sir, speke soft and styH,

let vs do as the law wiH.

*Cayphas.* Nay, I myself shaH hym kyH,

And murder with knokys. 207

(24)

*Anna.* Sir, thynk ye that ye ar / a man of holy kyrk,  
ye shuld be oure techer<sup>2</sup> / mekenes to wyrk.

Anna  
reminds  
Cayphas he  
is a man of  
holy church,

*Cayphas.* yei, bot aH is out of har / and that shaH he yrk.

*Anna.* AH soft may men go far / oure lawes ar not myrk,

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs 'wald.'

<sup>2</sup> The ryme needs 'techar.'

I weyn ;	212	and they must pro- ceed by law.
Youre wordys ar bustus,		
Et hoc nos volumus		
Quod de Iure possumus :		
ye wote what I meyn ;	216	

(25)

It is best that we trete hym / with farenes.

*Cayphas.* We, nay !

*Anna.* And so myght we gett hym / som word for to say. [Fol. 76, a. Sig. M. 4.]

*Cayphas.* war ! let me bett hym ! /

*Anna.* syr, do away !

ffor if ye thus thrett hym / he spekys not this day.

Bot herys ;	221	He will ex- amine Jesus himself.
wold ye sesse and abyde,		
I shuld take hym on syde		
And inquire of his pryde,		
how he oure folke lerys.	225	

(26)

*Cayphas.* he has reuyd ouer lang / with his fals lyys,

And done mekyH wrang / sir cesar he defyes ;

Therfor shaH I hym hang / or I vp ryse.

*Anna.* Sir, the law wiH not he gang / on nokyn wyse

Vndemyd ;	230	The law will not allow Him to go unjudged, but His guilt must be estab- lished.
-----------	-----	--

Bot fyrst wold I here

what he wold answere ;

Bot he dyd any dere

why shuld he be flemyd ?	234	
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(27)

And therfor examynyng / ffyrst wiH I make,

Sen that he callys hym a kyng. /

*Cayphas.* bot he that forsake

I shaH gyf hym a wryng / that his nek shaH crak.

*Anna.* Syr, ye may not hym dyng / no word yit he  
spake,

That I wyst.	239	<i>Cayphas</i> still threatens.
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hark, felow, com nar !

[To Jesus.]

wyH thou neuer be war ?

I haue merueH thou dar

Thus do thyn awne lyst.	243	
-------------------------	-----	--

(28)

Anna asks  
Jesus if He  
is God's Son,  
and is  
answered.

Bot I shaH do as the law wyH / if the people ruse the ;  
Say, dyd thou oght this yH ? / can thou oght excuse the ?  
why standys thou so styH / when men thus accuse the ?  
ffor to hyng on a hyH / hark how thay ruse the

To dam.

248

Say, art thou godys son of heuen,  
As thou art wonte for to neuene ?  
Ihesus. So thou says by thy steuen ;

And right so I am ;

252

(29)

ffor after this shaH thou se / when that [I] do com downe  
In brightnes on he / in clowdys from abone.

Cayphas  
says they  
need no  
more  
witness.

Cayphas. A, ih myght the feete be / that broght the to  
towne !

Thou art worthy to de ! / say, thefe, where is thi crowne ?

Anna. Abyde, sir,

257

let vs lawfully redres.

Cayphas. we nede no wytnes,

hys self says expres ;

whi shuld I not chyde, sir ?

261

(30)

Anna. was ther neuer man so wyk / bot he myght amende.  
when it com to the pryk / right as youre self kend.

[Fol. 76, b.]

Let him put  
Jesus to  
death at  
once.

Cayphas. Nay, sir, bot I shaH hym styk / euen with  
myn awne hend ;

ffor if he reue and be whyk / we ar at an end,

AH sam !

266

Therfor, whils I am in this brethe,

let me put hym to deth.

Anna. Sed nobis non licet

Interficere quemquam.

270

(31)

Sir, ye wote better then I / we shuld slo no man.

Cayphas. his dedys I defy / his warkys may we ban,  
Therfor shaH he by. /

Anna.

nay, on oder wyse than,

And do it lawfully. /

Cayphas.

as how ?

Anna.

tel you I can.

Anna says  
they have no  
power to  
kill.

<i>Caiphas.</i> let se.	275	Men of temporal laws must judge such a matter.	✓
<i>Anna.</i> Sir take tent to my sawes; Men of tempora <sup>r</sup> lawes Thay may deme sich cause, And so may not we.	279		

(32)

<i>Cayphas.</i> My hart is full cold / nerehand that I swelt; ffor talys that ar told / I bolne at my belt, Vnethes may it hold / my body, an ye it felt; yit wold I gif of my gold / yond tratoure to pelt ffor euer.	284	<i>Cayphas</i> says if <i>Anna</i> hinders him he is not doing his duty.
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<i>Anna.</i> Good sir, do as ye hett me. <i>Caiphas.</i> whi sha <sup>l</sup> he ouer-sett me? <i>Sir</i> anna, if ye lett me ye do not youre deuer.	288	
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(33)

<i>Anna.</i> Sir, ye ar a prelate. / <i>Cayphas.</i> so may I we <sup>l</sup> seme, My self if I say it. /		<i>Anna</i> proposes to send <i>Jesus</i> to <i>Pilate</i> .
--	--	--

<i>Anna.</i> be not to bre <sup>m</sup> e; Sich men of astate / shuld no men deme, bot send them to pilate / the tempora <sup>r</sup> law to yeme has he; he may best threte hym, And a <sup>l</sup> to re <sup>h</sup> ete hym; It is shame you to bete hym Therfor, sir, let be.	293	
	297	

(34)

<i>Cayphas.</i> ffy on hym and war! / I am oute of my gate; say why standys he so far. / <i>Anna.</i> sir, he cam bot late. <i>Cayphas.</i> No, bot I haue knyghtys that dar / rap hym on the pate. <i>Anna.</i> ye ar bot to skar / good sir abate, And here; what nedys you to chyte? what nedys you to flyte? If ye yond man smyte, ye ar irregulere.	302	<i>Cayphas</i> wants to set his knights on <i>Jesus</i> ; <i>Anna</i> remonstrates.
	306	

(35)

Cayphas  
laments he  
was ever  
made a  
clerk, that

[Fol. 77, a.]

he may not  
beat Jesus  
himself.

*Cayphas.* he that fyrst made me clerk / and taght me  
my lare,

On bookys for to barke / the dwil gyf hym care !

*Anna.* A, good sir, hark ! / sich wordys myght ye spare.

*Cayphas.* Els myght I haue made vp wark / of yond  
harlot and mare,

perde !

311

Bot certys, or he hens yode,

It wold do me som good

To se knyghtys knok his hoode

with knokys two or thre.

315

(36)

ffor sen he has trespass / and broken oure law,

let vs make hym agast / and set hym in awe.

*Anna.* sir, as ye haue hast / it shalbe, I traw.

Com and make redy fast / ye knyghtys on a raw,

youre arament ;

320

And that kyng to you take,

And with knokys make hym wake.

*Cayphas.* yei, syrs, and for my sake

Gyf hym good payment.

324

(37)

ffor if I myght go with you / as I wold that I myght,

I shuld make myn avowe / that ons or mydnyght

I shuld make his heede sow / wher that I hyt right.

*Primus tortor.* Sir, drede you not now / of this cursed

wight

To day,

329

ffor we shaß so rok hym,

and with buffettys knok hym.

*Cayphas.* And I red that ye lok hym,

That he ryn not away,

333

(38)

ffor I red not we mete / if that lad skap.

*Secundus tortor.* Sir, on vs be it / bot we clowt weß his  
kap.

*Cayphas.* wold ye do as ye heytt / it were a fayr hap.

*primus tortor.* Sir, see ye and sytt / how that we hym  
knap,

Anna con-  
sents to the  
knights  
buffeting  
Jesus

They assure  
Cayphas  
they will not  
spare Him.

Oone ffeste ;  
 Bot or we go to this thyng,  
 Sayn vs, lord, with thy ryng.  
*Cayphas.* Now he shaH haue my blyssyng  
 That knokys hym the best.

338 They ask  
 him to bless  
 them-with  
 his ring.  
 Cayphas  
 promises  
 his blessing  
 to the one  
 who buffets  
 best.  
 342

(39)

*Secundus tortor.* Go we now to oure noyte / with this  
 fond foyH.

*primus tortor.* we shaH teche hym, I wote / a new play  
 of yoyH,

And hold hym full hote / frawrord, a stoyH

Go fetch vs !

*froward.* We, dote ! / now els were it doyH

And vnneth ;

347

ffor the wo that he shaH dre

let hym knele on his kne.

*Secundus tortor.* And so shaH he for me ;

Go fetch vs a light buffit.

351

(40)

*froward.* why must he sytt<sup>t</sup> soft / with a mekiH mys-  
 chaunce,

but are told  
 they can  
 buffet Jesus  
 more easily,

That has tenyd vs thus oft ? /

*primus tortor.* sir, we do it for a skawnce ;

If he stode vp on loft / we must hop and dawnse

As cokys in a croft. /

[Fol. 77, b.]

*froward.* Now a veniance

Com on hym !

356

Good skiH can ye shew,

As feH I the dew ;

if He be  
 seated.

haue this, bere it, shrew !

ffor soyn shaH we fon hym.

360

(41)

*Secundus tortor.* Com, sir, and syt downe / must<sup>t</sup> ye  
 be prayde ?

They bid  
 Jesus sit.

lyke a lord of renowne / youre sete is arayde.

*primus tortor.* we shaH preue on his crowne / the wordys  
 he has sayde.

*Secundus tortor.* Ther is none in this towne / I trow, be  
 iH payde

All His kin  
may not  
rescue Him.

Of his sorow,  
Bot the fader that hym gate.

365

*primus tortor.* Now, for oght that I wate,  
AlH his kyn commys to late  
his body to borow.

369

(42)

They send  
Froward for  
a veil to  
blind Jesus  
with.

*Secundus tortor.* I wold we were onwarde. /

*primus tortor.* bot his een must be hyd.

*Secundus tortor.* yei, bot thay be weH spard / we lost  
that we dyd ;

Step furth thou, froward ! /

*froward.* what is now betyd ?

*primus tortor.* Thou art euer away ward. /

*froward.* haue ye none to hyd

Bot me ?

374

I may syng ylla-hayH.

*Secundus tortor.* Thou must get vs a vayH.

*froward.* ye ar euer in oone tayH.

*primus tortor.* Now iH myght thou the !

378

(43)

weH had thou thi name / for thou was euer curst.

Froward  
quarrels  
with them.

*froward.* Sir, I myght say the same / to you if I durst ;

yit my hyer may I clame / no penny I purst ;

I haue had mekyH shame / hunger and thirst,<sup>1</sup>

In youre seruyce.

383

*primus tortor.* Not oone word so bold !

*froward.* why, it is trew that I told !

fayn preue it I wold.

*Secundus tortor.* Thou shalbe cald to peruyce.

387

(44)

But brings  
the veil.

*froward.* here a vayH haue I fon / I trow it wiH last.

*primus tortor.* Bryng it hyder, good son / that is it  
that I ast.

*froward.* how shuld it be bon ? /

*Secundus tortor.*

abowte his heade cast.

*primus tortor.* yei, and when it is weH won / knyht a  
knot fast

<sup>1</sup> MS. thrust.

I red.

392 They blind-  
fold Jesus.

*ffroward*. Is it weyH?

*Secundus tortor*. yei, knaue.

*ffroward*. what, weyn ye that I rafe?

Cryst curs myght he haue

That last bond his head!

396

(45)

*primus tortor*. Now sen he is blynfold / I faH to begyn,

The tor-  
[Fol. 78, a.]

And thus was I counseld / the mastery to wyn.

*Secundus tortor*. Nay, wrang has thou told / thus shuld  
thou com in!

turers vie  
with each  
other in  
smiting  
Him,

*ffroward*. I stode and beheld / thou towchid not the  
skyn,

Bot fowH.

401

*primus tortor*. how wiH thou I do?

*Secundus tortor*. On this manere, lo!

*ffroward*. yei, that was weH gone to,

Thar start vp a cowH.

405

(46)

*primus tortor*. Thus shaH we hym refe / aH his fonde  
tals.

*Secundus tortor*. Ther is noght in thi nefe / or els thi  
hart falys.

*ffroward*. I can my hand vphefe / and knop out the  
skalys.

*primus tortor*. Godys forbot ye lefe / bot set in youre nalys

On raw.

410

Sit vp and prophecy.

*ffroward*. Bot make vs no ly.

and bid Him  
prophecy  
who smote  
Him last.

*Secundus tortor*. who smote the last?

*primus tortor*.

was it I?

*ffroward*. he wote not, I traw.

414

(47)

*primus tortor*. ffast to sir cayphas / go we togeder.<sup>1</sup>

*Secundus tortor*. Ryse vp with iH grace / so com thou  
hyder.

They bring  
Him again  
to Sir  
Caiaphas.

*ffroward*. It semys by his pase / he groches to go thyder.

*primus tortor*. we haue gyfen hym a glase / ye may  
consyder,

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs 'togyder.'



The tor-  
turers boast  
that they  
have almost  
killed Jesus.

To kepe.

419

*Secundus tortor.* Sir, for his great boost,  
with knockys he is indoost.

*ffroward.* In fayth, *sir*, we had almost

knokyd<sup>1</sup> hym on slepe.

423

(48)

Caiaphas  
bids them  
take Jesus  
to Pilate,

*Cayphas.* Now sen he is weH bett / weynd on youre gate,

And tel ye the forfett / vnto *sir* pylate ;

ffor he is a Iuge sett / emang men of state,

And looke that ye not let. /

*primus tortor.*

Com furth, old crate,

Be lyfe !

428

we shaH lede the a trott.

*ijus tortor.* lyft thy feete may thou not.

*ffroward.* Then nedys me do nott

Bot com after and dryfe.

432

(49)

yet fears lest  
Pilate may  
be bribed to  
acquitt Him.

*Cayphas.* Alas, now take I hede ! /

*Anna.*

why mowrne ye so ?

*Cayphas.* ffor I am euer in drede / wandreth, and wo,

lest pylate for mede / let ihesus go ;

Bot had I slayn hym indede / with thise handys two,

At onys,

437

AH had bene qwytt than ;

Bot gyftys marres many man.

Bot he deme the sothe than,

The dwiH haue his bonys !

441

(50)

[Fol 78, b.]

After up-  
bra-ding  
Anna he  
starts off to  
follow them.

Sir anna, aH I wyte you this blame / for had ye not beyn,

I had mayde hym fuH tame / yei, stykyd hym, I weyn,

To the hart fuH wan<sup>2</sup> / with this dagger so keyn.

*Anna.* Sir, you must shame / sich wordys for to meyn

Emang men.

446

*Cayphas.* I wiH not dwell in this stede,

Bot spy how thay hym lede,

And persew on his dede.

ffare weH ! we gang, men.

450

*Explicit Coliphizacio.*

<sup>1</sup> MS. 'knokyp.'

<sup>2</sup> Assonant to 'fame, shame.'

(XXII.)

Incipit Fflagellacio.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Pilatus.</i>	<i>Primus Consultus.</i>	<i>Maria.</i>
<i>Primus Tortor.</i>	<i>Secundus Consultus.</i>	<i>Maria Magdalene.</i>
<i>Secundus Tortor.</i>	<i>Jesus.</i>	<i>Maria Jacobi.</i>
<i>Tercius Tortor.</i>	<i>Johannes Apostolus.</i>	<i>Symon.]</i>

[49 stanzas; 4 of 13 lines, ab ab ab ab c, ddde; 1 of 12 lines, aab ccb, bb dd bb; 24 of 9 lines, aaaab cccb; 13 of 8 lines, aab aab bb; 2 of 6 lines, aaaa bb; 4 of 4 lines, aaaa<sup>1</sup>; 1 of 4 lines, aa bb.]

*Pilatus.*

(1)

**P**easse at my bydyng, ye wyghtys in wold!  
 Looke none be so hardy to speke a word bot I,  
 Or by mahowne most myghty, maker on mold,  
 With this brande that I bere ye shaH bytterly  
 aby.

Pilate rages,  
 boasting  
 himself full  
 of subtlety  
 and guile,  
 and there-  
 fore called  
 "mali  
 actoris."

Say, wote ye not that I am pylate, perles to behold?

Most doughty in dedys of dukys of the Iury;

In bradyng of batels I am the most bold,

Therfor my name to you wiH I dyscry,

No mys.

9

I am full of sotelty,

ffalshed, gyll, and trechery;

Therfor am I nainyd by clergy

As mali actoris.

13

(2)

ffor like as on both sydys the Iren the hamer makith playn, [Pol. 79, a.]

So do I, that the law has here in my keypyng;

The right side to socoure, certys, I am full bayn,

If I may get therby a vantage or wynyng;

17

Then to the fals parte I turne me agayn,

ffor I se more VayH wiH to me be risyng;

Thus euery man to drede me shalbe full fayn,

And aH faynt of thare fayth to me be obeyng,

In judging  
 he inclines  
 first to the  
 right, then  
 to the  
 wrong, for  
 the sake of  
 bribes.

<sup>1</sup> All the aaaa lines have central rymes, markt here by bars.

Truly.

22

AH fals endytars,

Quest-gangars, and Iurars,

And thise out-rydars

Ar welcom to me.

26

(3)

He means to  
pretend to  
be Christ's  
friend, but  
finally to  
crucify Him.

Bot this prophete, that has prechyd and puplyshed so playn

Cristen law, crist thay caH hym in oure cuntre ;

Bot oure prynces fuH prowldy this nyght haue hym tayn,

ffuH tytt to be dampned he shaH be hurlyd byfore me ;

I shaH fownde to be his freynd vtward, in certayn,

And shew hym fare cowntenance and wordys of vanyte ;

Bot or this day at nyght on crosse shaH he be slayn,

Thus agans hym in my hart I bere great enmyte

ffuH sore.

35

ye men that vse bak-bytyngys,

and rasars of slanderyngys,

ye ar my dere darlyngys,

And mahowns for euermore.

39

(4)

Nothing  
angers him  
more than to  
hear of  
Christ and  
His new law.

ffor no thyng in this warld dos me more grefe

Then for to here of crist and of his new lawes ;

To trow that he is godys son my hart wold aH to-clese,

Though he be neuer so trew both in dedys and in sawes

Therfor shaH he suffre mekiH myschefe,

And aH the dyscepyls that vnto hym drawes ;

ffor ouer aH solace to me it is most lefe,

The shedyng of cristen bloode, and that aH Iury knawes,

I say you.

48

My knyghtys fuH swythe

Thare strengthes wiH thay kyth,

And bryng hym be-lyfe ;

lo, where thay com now !

52

(5)

The first tor-  
turer arrives  
bringing

*primus tortor.* I haue ron that I swett / from sir herode

oure kyng

[Fol. 79, b.]

With this man that wiH not lett / oure lawes to downe

bryng ;

Jesus, as  
from Herod.

he has done so mych forfett / of care may he syng ;

Thurgh dom of sir pylate he gettys / an yH endyng

And sore ;	57	The great
The great warkys he has wrought		works Jesus
Shall serue hym of noght,		has done
And bot thay be dere boght		shall serve
		Him
		nothing.
lefe me no more.	61	

(6)

Bot make rowme in this rese / I byd you, belyfe,		He bids the
And of youre noys that ye sesse / both man and wyfe ;		people make
To sir pylate on dese / this man wiþ we dryfe,		room, and
his dede for to dres / and refe hym his lyfe		hurries
		Jesus on.
This day ;	66	
Do draw hym forward !		
whi stand ye so bakward ?		
Com on, sir, hyderward,		
As fast as ye may !	70	

(7)

Secundus tortor. Do puþ hym a-rase / whyls we be gangyng ;		The second
I shaþ spytt in his face / though it be fare shynyng ;		torturer
Of vs thre gettys thou no grace / thi dedys ar so noyng,		threatens
Bot more sorow thou hase / oure myrth is incresyng,		Jesus, and
		binds His
		hands be-
		hind Him.
No lak.	75	

ffelows, aH in hast,  
with this band that wiþ last  
Let vs bynde fast  
Both his handys on his bak.

79

(8)

Tercius tortor. I shaþ lede the a dawnce / Vnto sir pilate haþ ;		The third
Thou betyd an yH chawnce / to com emangys vs aH.		torturer
Sir pilate, with youre cheftance / to you we cry and caþ		calls on
That ye make som ordynance / with this brodeH thraþ,		Pilate to
		crucify
		Jesus.
By skyþ ;	84	

This man that we led  
On crosse ye put to ded.

Pilatus. what ! with outten any red ?

That is not my wyþ ;

88

Pilate pre-  
tends to take  
Jesus' part,  
and sum-  
mons his  
counsellors.

(9)

Bot ye, wysest of law / to me ye be tendand :  
This man withoutten awe / which ye led in a band,  
Nather in dede ne in saw / can I fynd with no wrang,  
wherfor ye shuld hym draw / or bere falsly on hand

It will be a  
shame if  
Jesus be  
killed.

With ih.  
ye say he turnes oure pepyH,  
ye caH hym fals and fekyH;  
warldys shame is on you mekyH  
This man if ye spyH.

93

97

(10)

Herod

[Fol. 80, a.]<sup>1</sup>

could find  
no fault in  
Him.

Of aH thise causes ilkon / which ye put on hym,  
Herode, truly as stone / coud fynd with nokyns gyn  
Nothyng herapon / that pent to any syn;  
why shuld I then so soyn / to ded here deme hym?

Therfor

102

This is my counseH,  
I wiH not with hym meH;

Let Him go!

let hym go where he wyH  
ffor now and euermore.

106

(11)

The first  
Counsellor  
urges that  
Jesus has  
called Him-  
self a king.

*Primus consultus.* Sir, I say the oone thyng / without any  
mys,  
he callys his self a kyng / ther he none is;  
Thus he wold downe bryng / oure lawes, I-wys,  
with his fals lesyng / and his quantys,  
This tyde.

111

Pilate re-  
minds Jesus  
of His  
power.

*Pilatus.* herk, felow, com nere!  
Thou knowes I haue powere  
To excuse or to dampne here,  
In bayH to abyde.

115

(12)

Jesus says  
the power is  
given him by  
the Trinity.

*Ihesus.* Sich powere has thou noght / to wyrk thi wiH  
thus with me,

Bot from my fader that is broght / oone-fold god in  
persons thre.

*Pilatus.* Certys, it is fallen weH in my thoght / at this  
tyme, as weH wote ye,  
A thefe that any felony has wroght / to lett hym skap  
or go fre

<sup>1</sup> At the beginning of this page of the MS., is a large initial letter D, which, however, has no connection with the ensuing text.

Away ;	120	Pilate offers to release
Therfor ye lett hym pas.		Jesus be-
<i>primus tortor</i> <sup>1</sup> . Nay, nay, bot <sup>t</sup> barabas!		cause of the
And <i>ihesus</i> in this case		Feast, but
To deth ye dam <sup>n</sup> this day.	124	the first tor- turer asks for Barab- bas.

(13)

<i>pilatus</i> . Syrs, looke ye take good hede / his cloyssse ye		Pilate bids
spoyH hym fro,		them strip
ye gar his body blede / and bett hym blak and bloo.		Jesus and
<i>Secundus tortor</i> . This man, as myght I spede / that <sup>t</sup> has		scourge
wroght vs this wo,		Him.
how "Iudicare" comys in crede / shaH we teche, or we		
go,		
AH soyne.	129	

haue bynd to this pyllar.

*Tercius tortor*. why standys thou so far ?

*primus tortor*. To bett<sup>t</sup> his body bar

I haste, withoutten hoyne. 133

(14)

<i>Secundus tortor</i> . Now faH I the fyrst <sup>t</sup> / to flap on hys hyde.		The tor-
<i>Tercius tortor</i> . My hartt wold aH to-bryst <sup>t</sup> / bot <sup>t</sup> I myght		turers vie
tyH hym glyde.		with each
		other in
		cruelty.

*primus tortor*. A swap fayn, if I durst<sup>t</sup> / wold I lene the  
this tyde.

*Secundus tortor*. war! lett<sup>t</sup> me rub on the rust<sup>t</sup> / that<sup>t</sup>  
the bloode downe glyde

As swythe. 138

*Tercius tortor*. haue att !

*primus tortor*. Take thou that !

*Secundus tortor*. I shaH lene the a flap,

My strengthe for to kythe. 142

(15)

<i>Tercius tortor</i> . Where on seruys thi prophecy / thou tell <sup>t</sup>	[Fol. 80, b.]
vs in this case,	

And aH thi warkys of greatt <sup>t</sup> mastry / thou shewed in	They scoff
dyuers place?	at Him.

*primus tortor*. Thyn apostels fuH radly / ar run from the  
a rase,

Thou art<sup>t</sup> here in oure baly / withoutten any grace

They would  
scourge  
Jesus to  
death, but  
for Pilate.

Of skap. 147  
*Secundus tortor.* Do, rug him.  
*Tercius tortor.* Do, dyng hym.  
*primus tortor.* Nay, I myself shuld kyH hym  
 Bot for *sir* pilate. 151

## (16)

They call to  
mind His  
miracles—  
His turning  
water into  
wine and  
walking on  
the sea,

Syrs, at the ffeeste of architreclyn / this prophete he was ;  
 Ther turnyd he water into wyn / that day he had sich  
 grace,  
 his apostels to hym can enclyn / and other that ther was ;  
 The see he past bot few yeres syn / it lete hym walk  
 theton apase  
 At wyH ; 156  
 The elementys aH bydeyn,  
 And wyndes that ar so keyn,  
 The firmamente, as I weyn,  
 Ar hym obeyng tyH. 160

## (17)

His healing  
a leper and  
the Cen-  
turion's son,

*ijus. tortor.* A lepir cam fuH fast / to this man that  
 here standys,  
 And prayed hym, in aH hast / of bayH to lowse his  
 bandys ;  
 his traueH was not wast / though he cam from far landys ;  
 This prophete tyH hym past / and helyd hym with his  
 handys,  
 ffuH blythe. 165  
 The son of Centuryon,  
 ffor whom his fader made greatt mone,  
 Of the palsy he helyd anone,  
 Thay lowfyd hym oft sythe. 169

## (18)

His giving  
sight to a  
blind man  
on the way  
from  
Jericho.

*ijus tortor.* Sirs, as he cam from iherico / a blynde  
 man satt by the way ;  
 To hym walkand with many mo / cryand to hym thus  
 can he say,  
 “ Thou son of dauid, or thou go / of blyndnes hele thou  
 me this day.”  
 Ther was he helyd of aH his wo / sich wonders can  
 he wyrk aH way

At wyH ;	174	Jesus can raise the dead and cast out devils.
he rasys men from deth to lyfe,		
And castys out devyls from thame oft sythe,		
seke men cam to hym fuH ryfe,		
He helys thaym of aH yH.	178	

(19)

<i>primus tortor.</i> ffor aH thise dedys of great louyng / fower <sup>1</sup>		But the first torturer re- members that (1) He claimed to be king, (2) healed the sick on the Sabbath, (3) said He would de- stroy the temple and build it again in three days.
thyngys I haue fond certainly,		
ffor which he is worthy to hyng : / oone is oure kyng that		
he wold be ;		
Oure sabbot day in his wyrkyng / he lettys not to hele the		
seke truly ;		
he says oure temple he shaH downe bryng / and in thre <sup>2</sup>		
daies byg it' in hy		
AH hole agane ;	183	He calls on Pilate to crucify Jesus.
Syr pilate, as ye sytt,		
looke wysely in youre wytt ;		
Dam ihesu or ye flytt		
On crosse to suffre his payne.	187	

(20)

<i>pilatus.</i> Thou man that suffurs aH this yH / Why WyH		[Fol. 81, a. Sig. n. 1.]
thou Vs no mercy cry ?		
Slake thy hart and thi greatt wyH / whyls on the we		
haue mastry ;		Pilate bids Jesus work some miracle.
Of thy greatt warkes shew vs som skyH ; / men caH the		
kyng, thou telH vs why ;		
wherfor the Iues seke the to spyH / the cause I		
wold knowe wytterly,		
perdee ;	192	

Say what is thy name,		
Thou lett for no shame,		
Thay putt on the greatt blame,		
Els myght [thou] skap for me.	196	He himself would re- lease Him.

(21)

<i>Secundus Consultus.</i> Syr pilate, prynce peerles / this is		The first Counsellor alleges Jcsus' claim to be king.
my red,		
That he skap not harmeles / bot do hym to ded :		
he cals hym a kyng in euery place / thus wold he ouer led		
Oure people in his trace / and oure lawes downe tred		

<sup>1</sup> MS. iiij, apparently a mistake for iij.

<sup>2</sup> MS. iij.



The knights  
and people  
are crying  
for His  
crucifixion.

By skyH;  
Syr, youre knyghtes of good lose,  
and the pepyH with oone voce,  
To hyng hym hy on a crosse  
Thay cry and caH you vntyH.

201

205

(22)

Pilate asks  
why they  
will not  
obey their  
king?

*pilatus.* Now certys, this is a wonder thyng / that ye  
wold bryng to noght  
hym that is youre lege lordyng / In faith this was far  
soght;  
Bot say, why make ye none obeyng / to hym that aH has  
wroght?

The third  
torturer  
answers  
that Cesar  
is their king.

*Tercius Tortor.* Sir, he is oure chefe lordyng / *sir* Cesar  
so worthily wroght

On mold.

210

pylate, do after vs,  
And dam to deth *ihesus*  
Or to *sir* Cesar we trus,  
And make thy frenship colde.

214

(23)

Pilate  
washes his  
hands,

*pilatus.* Now that I am sakles / of this bloode shaH  
ye see;

Both my handys in expres / weshen saH be;  
This bloode bees dere boght I ges / that ye spiH so frele.  
*primus tortor.* we pray it faH endles / on vs and oure  
meneye,  
with wrake.

219

and bids  
them take  
Jesus and  
crucify Him.

*pilatus.* Now youre desyre fulfyH I shaH;  
Take hym emangs you aH,  
On crosse ye put that thraH,  
his endyng ther to take.

223

(24)

The tor-  
turers exult.

*primus tortor.* Com on! tryp on thi tose / without any  
fenyng;

Thou has made many glose / with thy fals talkyng.  
*Secundus tortor.* we ar worthy greatte lose / that thus  
has broght a kyng  
ffrom *sir* pilate and othere fose / thus into oure ryng,

withoutt any hoyne.

228 As Jesus  
calls Him-  
self a king,  
He must  
have a  
crown.

Sirs, a kyng he hym cals,

Therfor a crowne hym befals.

*Tercius tortor.* I swere by aȝ myn elder sauls,

I shaȝ it ordan soyne.

232

(25)

*primus tortor.* Lo! here a crowne of thorne / to perche [Fol. 81, b.]  
his brane within,

putt on his hede with skorne / and gar thyrȝ the skyn. They crown

*Secundus tortor.* hayȝ kyng! where was thou borne / sich Him with  
worship for to wyn? thorns and  
mock Him.

we knele aȝ the beforne / and the to grefe wiȝ we not  
blyn,

That be thou bold; 237

Now by mahownes bloode!

Ther wiȝ no mete do me goode

To he be hanged on a roode,

And his bones be cold. 241

(26)

*primus tortor.* Syrs, we may be fayn / ffor I haue fon They find a  
a tree, tree for a  
cross, and  
begin to  
make ready.

I teȝ you in certan / it is of greatt bewtee,

On the which he shaȝ suffre payn / be feste wiȝ nales  
thre,

Ther shaȝ nothyng hym gayn / ther on to he dede be,

I insure it; 246

Do, bryng hym hence.

*Secundus tortor.* Take vp oure gere and defence.

*Tercius tortor.* I wold spende aȝ my spence

To se hym ones skelpt. 250

(27)

*primus tortor.* This cros vp thou take / and make the The first tor-  
redy bowne; turer bids  
Jesus bear  
the cross.

Withoutt gruehyng thou rake / and bere it through the Mary will  
towne; mourn for  
Him.

Mary, thi moder, I wote wiȝ make / great mowrnyng and  
mone,

But for thy fals dedys sake / shortly thou salbe slone,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This line is added by a later hand.

The people  
of Bethle-  
hem and  
Jerusalem  
shall wonder  
at Jesus to  
day.

No nay ; 255  
The pepyH of bedlem,  
and gentyls of Ierusalem,  
A<sup>H</sup> the comoners of this reme,  
sha<sup>H</sup> wonder on the this day. 259

(28)

[*John and the Holy Women appear on another part of the stage.*]

John  
laments for  
Jesus.

*Iohannes apostolus.* Alas ! for my master moste of myght,  
That yester euen with lanterne bright  
before Caiphaz was broght ; 262  
Both peter and I sagh that sight,  
And sithen we fled away full wight,  
when Iues so wonderly wroght ; 265  
At morne thay toke to red, And fals witnes furth soght,<sup>1</sup>  
And demyd hym to be dede, That to thaym trespaste  
noght,<sup>1</sup> 267

(29)

He must tell  
Mary and  
the other  
women.

Alas ! for his modere and othere moo,  
My moder and hir syster also,  
Sat sam with syghyng sore ; 270  
Thay Wote nothyng of a<sup>H</sup> this wo,  
Therfor to te<sup>H</sup> thaym wi<sup>H</sup> I go,  
Sen I may mend no more. 273  
If he shuld dy thus tyte And thay vnwarned wore,  
I were Worthy to wyte ; I wi<sup>H</sup> go fast therfor. 275

(30)

[*Goes to the women.*]

He greets  
Mary and  
shows he  
has bad  
news.

God saue you, systers a<sup>H</sup> in fere !  
Dere lady, if thi wi<sup>H</sup> were,  
I must te<sup>H</sup> tythyngys playn. 278  
*Maria.* Welcom, Iohn, my cosyn dere !  
how farys my son sen thou was here ?  
That wold I wyt full fayn. 281  
*Iohannes.* A, dere lady with youre leyff, The trouth shuld  
no man layn,  
Ne with godys wi<sup>H</sup> thaym grefe.  
*Maria.* whi, Iohn, is my son slayn ? 283

Mary asks if  
her son be  
slain.

<sup>1</sup> These two lines, and the corresponding ones in the next five stanzas, are written as four in the MS.

(31)

*Iohannes.* Nay lady, I saide not so,  
Bot<sup>t</sup> ye me myn he told vs two

And thaym that with vs wore,  
how he with pyne shuld pas vs fro,  
And efte shuld com vs to,

To amende oure syghyng sore ; 269  
It may not stand in stede To sheynd youre self therfore.

*Maria magdalene.* Alas ! this day for drede ! Good Iohn,  
neven this no more ! 291

(32)

Speke preuaily I the pray,  
ffor I am ferde, if we hir flay,

That<sup>t</sup> she wi<sup>th</sup> ryn and rafe. 294

*Iohannes.* The sothe behowys me nede to say,  
he is danyd to dede this day,

Ther may no sorow hym safe. 297

*Maria Iacobi.* Good Iohn, te<sup>ll</sup> vnto vs two What thou of  
hir wi<sup>th</sup> crafe,

And we wi<sup>th</sup> gladly go And help that thou it haue. 299

(33)

*Iohannes.* Systers, youre mowrnyng may not<sup>t</sup> amende ;  
And ye wi<sup>th</sup> ever, or he take ende,

[Fol. 82, b.]

Speke with my master free, 302

Then must ye ryse and with me weynd<sup>t</sup>,

And kepe hym as he sha<sup>ll</sup> be kend

If they  
would speak  
to Him  
again, they  
must make  
haste.

Withou<sup>tt</sup> yond same eyte ; 305

If ye wi<sup>th</sup> nygh<sup>t</sup> me nere, Com fast<sup>t</sup> and felowe me.

*Maria.* A, help me, systers dere ! That<sup>t</sup> I my son  
may see. 307

(34)

*Maria Magdalene.* Lady, we wold weynd fu<sup>ll</sup> fayn,  
Hertely With a<sup>ll</sup> oure mygh<sup>t</sup> and mayn,

youre comfort<sup>h</sup> to encrease. 310

*Maria.* Good Iohn, go before and frayn.

Mary bids  
John go be-  
fore them.

*Iohannes.* Lo, where he commes vs euen agayn

with a<sup>ll</sup> yond meky<sup>ll</sup> prese ! 313

A<sup>ll</sup> youre mowrnyng in feyr / may not his sorow sese.

*Maria.* Alas, for my son dere, / that<sup>t</sup> me to moder  
chese ! [They meet Jesus.] 315

(35)

Mary would  
bear her  
Son's cross.

Alas, dere son for care / I se thi body blede ;  
My self I wiȝt for-fare / for the in this great drede,  
This cros on thi shulder bare / to help the in this nede,  
I wiȝt it bere wiȝt greatt hart sare / wheder thay wiȝt the  
lede. 319

Jesus says it  
is too heavy  
for her.

Ihesus. This cros is large in lengthe / and also bustus  
wiȝt aȝ ;  
If thou put to thi strengthe / to the erthe thou mon downe  
faȝ. 321

(36)

Maria. A dere son, thou let me / help the in this case !  
*et inclinabit crucem ad matrem suam.*

Ihesus. lo, moder, I teȝt it the / to bere no myght thou  
base.

Mary bids  
Him have  
pity on Him-  
self.

Maria. I pray the, dere son, it may so be / to man thou  
gif thi grace,  
On thi self thou haue pyte / and kepe the from thi  
foyse. <sup>1</sup> 325

(37)

Jesus says  
He must die  
and rise  
again to save  
man.

Ihesus. ffor sothe, moder, this is no nay / on cros I must  
dede dre,  
And from deth ryse on the thryd day / thus prophecy  
says by me ;

Mans sauȝt that I luffyd ay / I shaȝt redeme securly,  
Into blis of heuen for ay / I shaȝt it bryng to me. 329

(38)

The other  
Maries  
lament.

Maria Magdalene. It is greatt sorow to any wyght / Ihesus,  
to se wiȝt Iues keyn,

[Fol. 83. a.  
Sig. N. 3.]

How he in dyuerse payns is dight / ffor sorow I water both  
myn eeyn. 331

Maria Iacobi. This lord that is of myght / dyd neuer  
yȝ truly,

Thise Iues thay do not right / if thay deme hym to dy.

(39)

Maria Magdalene. Alas ! what shaȝt we say ! / ihesus  
that is so leyfe, 334

To deth thise Iues this day / thay lede with paynes fuȝ  
grefe.

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs fayse, foes.

*Maria Iacobi.* He was fuH true, I say / though thay dam  
 hym as thefe,  
 Mankynde he lufed aH way / for sorow my hart wiH  
 clefe. 337

Their hearts  
 will cleave  
 for sorrow.

(40)

*Ihesus.* ye doghters of Ierusalem / I byd you wepe nothyng  
 for me,  
 Bot' for youre self and youre barn-teme / behald I teH  
 you securle,  
 Sore paynes ar ordand for this reme / in dayes hereafter for  
 to be ;  
 youre myrth to bayH it' shaH downe streme / in euery  
 place of this cyte. 341

Jesus bids  
 them lament  
 for them-  
 selves and  
 their chil-  
 dren.

(41)

Childer, certys, thay shaH blys / women baren that' neuer  
 child bare,  
 And pappes that' neuer gaf sowke, Iwys / thus shaH  
 thare hartys for sorow be sare ;  
 The montayns hy and thise greatt hyllys / thay shaH byd  
 faH apon them thare,  
 ffor my bloode that' sakles is / to shede and spyH thay  
 wiH not spare. 345

*Secundus tortor.* walk on, and lefe thi vayn carpyng / it'  
 shaH not saue the fro thy dede,  
 wheder thise women cry or syng / for any red' that' thay  
 can red'. 347

The second  
 torturer bids  
 Him cease  
 His vain  
 talking.

(42)

*Tercius tortor.* Say wherto abyde we here abowte,  
 Thise qwenes with scremyng and with showte ?  
 May no man thare wordys stere ? 350

The other  
 torturers  
 threaten the  
 women.

*primus tortor.* Go home, thou casbald, with that clowte !  
 Or, by that lord I leyfe and lowte,  
 Thou shaH by it' fuH dere ! 353

*Maria Magdalene.* This thyng shaH venyance caH / on  
 you holly in fere.

*Secundus tortor.* Go, hy the hens with aH / or yH hayH  
 cam thou here !

*ijus tortor.* let aH this bargan be / syn aH oure toyles ar  
 before ;  
 This tratoure and this tre / I wold' fuH fayn were thore.

The third  
 torturer  
 hurries  
 Jesus on.

The third  
torturer sees  
that Jesus  
cannot bear  
the cross.

*Ijus tortor.* It nedys not hym to harH / this cros dos  
hym greatt dere,  
Bot yonder commys a carll / shaH help hym for to  
bere. [Enter Simon of Cyrene.]

(43)

They bid  
Simon ease  
Him of it.

*ijus tortor.* That shaH we soyn se on assay.  
herk, good man, wheder art thou on away ?

Thou walkes as thou were wrath.

362

Simon says  
he is on a  
great  
journey.

*Symon.* Syrs, I haue a greatt Iornay

That must be done this same day,

Or els it wiH me skathe.

365

[Fol. 83, b.]

*Tercius tortor.* Thou may wiH lytyH payn / easse hym  
and thi self both.<sup>1</sup>

*Simon*<sup>1</sup>. Good syrs, that wold I fayn / bot for to tary  
were fuH loth.<sup>1</sup>

367

(44)

The first tor-  
turer presses  
him for  
pity's sake,  
but Simon  
alleges his  
haste.

*primus tortor.* Nay, nay ! thou shaH fuH soyn be sped ;  
lo here a laH that must be led

ffor his yH dedys to dy,

370

And he is bressed and aH for bled,

That makys vs here thus stratly sted ;

we pray the, sir, for-thi,

373

That thou wiH take this tre / bere it to caluary.

*Symon*<sup>1</sup>. Good sirs, that may not be / ffor fuH greatt  
haste haue I,

375

(45)

The second  
torturersays  
that Jesus  
must be dead  
by noon,  
and Simon  
must needs  
help them.

No longere may I hoyn.

*ijus tortor.* In fayth thou shaH not go so soyn

ffor noght that thou can say

378

This dede must nedys be done,

And this carll be dede or noyn,

And now is nere myd day ;

381

And therfor help vs at this nede / and make vs here no  
more delay.

*Symon*<sup>1</sup>. I pray you do youre dede / and let me go my  
way ;

383

(46)

Simon still  
excuses him-  
self.

And I shaH com fuH soyn agane,  
To help this man with aH my mayn,

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs 'bath, lath.'



At youre awne wyH. 386  
*ijus tortor.* what and wold thou trus with sich a trane ? The tortur-  
 Nay fatur, thou shaH be fuH fayn, ers threaten  
 This forward to fulfyH ; 389 Simon.  
 Or, by the myght of mahowne ! / thou shaH lyke it  
 fuH yH.  
*primus tortor.* Tytt, let dyng this dastard downe / bot  
 he lay hand ther tyH. 391

(47)

*Symon.* Certys, that were vnwysely wrought,  
 To beytt me bot if I trespass oght  
 Aythere in worde or dede. 394  
*ijus tortor.* Apon thi bak it shaH be broght,  
 Thou berys it wheder thou wiH or noght ! He shall  
 DewyH ! whom shuld we drede ? 397 bear the  
 And therfor take it here belyfe / And bere it furth, good Cross,  
 spede. whether he  
 will or no.  
*Symon.* It helpys not here to strife / bere it behoues me  
 nede ; 399 Simon sees  
 he must bear  
 it,

(48)

And therfor, syrs, as ye haue sayde,  
 To help this man I am weH payde,  
 As ye wold that it were. 402  
*ijus tortor.* A, ha ! now ar we right arayde,  
 bot loke oure gere be redy grade,  
 To wyrk when we com there. 405  
*primus tortor.* I warand aH redy / oure toyles both moore [Fol. 84, a.,  
 and les, Sig. N. 4.]  
 And sir symon truly / gose on before with cros. 407

(49)

*Tercius tortor.* Now by mahowne, oure heuen kyng,  
 I wold that we were in that stede  
 where we myght hym on cros bryng.  
 Step on before, and furth hym lede  
 A trace. 412  
*primus tortor.* Com on thou !  
*ijus tortor.* Put on thou !  
*ijus tortor.* I com fast after you,  
 And folowse on the chace. 416

Explicit Flagellacio.



## (XXIII.)

## Sequitur Processus crucis.

## [Dramatis Personae]

<i>Pilatus.</i>	<i>Quartus Tortor.</i>	<i>Longeus.</i>
<i>Primus Tortor.</i>	<i>Jesus.</i>	<i>Josephus.</i>
<i>Secundus Tortor.</i>	<i>Maria.</i>	<i>Nichodemus.]</i>
<i>Tercius Tortor.</i>	<i>Johannes.</i>	

[1 *thirteen-line stanza*, abab cbcdbd ccd ; 9 *eleven-line*, no. 38 aab ccb bd bbd, nos. 39, 40, 45, 70, 71, 72 aab aab bc bbc, nos. 53 and 54 aaab cccb dbd ; 1 *ten-line*, no. 52, aaab cccb, cb ; 1 *nine-line*, no. 57, aaaab cccb ; 5 *eight-line*, no. 1 abab abab, no. 51 abab aaab, nos. 50, 56 and 65 aaab cccb ; 1 *seven-line*, no. 3, aa bbc bc ; 71 *six-line*, nos. 62, 63, 66, 68, 69 aaaab b, the rest aab ccb ; 3 *five-line*, nos. 59, 61, 67 aaab b ; 6 *four-line*, no. 44 ab ba, 49, 55, 58, 60 and 64 aaaa ; 1 *three-line*, no. 90, and 7 *couplets*.]

*pilatus.*

(1)

Pilate calls  
for silence,  
with threats.

**P**Easse I byd euereich Wight!  
Stand as styH as stone in WaH,  
Whyls ye ar present in my sight,  
That none of you clatter' ne caH ;  
ffor if ye do, youre dede is dight,  
I warne it you both greatt and smaH,  
With this brand burnyshyd so bright,  
Therfor in peasse loke ye be aH.

4

8

(2)

Those who  
interrupt  
him, he will  
tame on the  
gallows, or  
beat them.

What! peasse in the dwillys name!

harlottys and dustardys aH bedene!

On galus ye be maide fuH tame,

Thefys and mychers keyn!

12

wiH ye not peasse when I bid you?

by mahownys bloode, if ye me teyn,

I shaH ordan sone for you,

paynes that neuer ere was seyn,

And that anone!

17

Be ye so bold' beggars, I warn you,

ffuH boldly shaH I bett you,

To heH the dwiH shaH draw you,

Body, bak and bone.

21

(3)

I am a lord that mekiH is of myght,  
 prynce of aH Iury, sir pilate I hight,  
 Next kyng herode grettyst of aH;  
 Bowys to my byddyng both greatt and smaH,  
 Or els be ye shentt;  
 Therfor stere youre tonges, I warn you aH,  
 And vnto vs take tent.

[Fol. 84, b.]  
 His name is  
 Pilate.  
 He is  
 second only  
 to King  
 Herod.

26

28

(4)

*primus tortor.* AH peasse, aH peasse, emang you aH!  
 And herkyns now what shaH befaH  
 Of this fals chuffer here;  
 That *with* his fals quantyse,  
 hase lett hymself as god wyse,  
 Emangys vs many a yere.

The 1st  
 torturer bids  
 the people  
 listen to  
 what shall  
 befall Jesus,  
 "this false  
 chuffer,"

31

34

(5)

he cals hym self a prophett,  
 And says that he can hales bete,  
 And make aH thyngys amende;  
 Bot or oght lang wytt we shaH  
 wheder he can bete his awne bale,  
 Or skapp out of oure hende.

who says He  
 can mend all  
 evils.  
 Can He now  
 mend His  
 own?

37

40

(6)

Was not this a wonder thyng,  
 That he durst caH hym self a kyng  
 And make so greatt a lee?  
 Bot, by mahowne! whils I may lyf,  
 Those prowde wordes shaH I neuer forgyf,  
 TyH he be hanged on he.

He called  
 Himself a  
 king, and  
 shall not be  
 forgiven His  
 pride till He  
 be hanged  
 for it.

43

46

(7)

*Secundus tortor.* hys pride, fy, we sett at noght,  
 Bot ich man now kest in his thoght,  
 And looke that we noght wante;  
 ffor I shaH fownde, if that I may,  
 By the order of knyghtede, to day  
 To cause his hart pante.

The 2nd  
 torturer  
 will make  
 Christ's  
 heart pant  
 this day.

49

52

(8)

*Tercius tortor.* And so shaH I with aH my myght,  
 Abate his pride this ylk nyght,

The 3rd  
torturer says  
that Jesus  
can do a foul  
deed when  
He will.

And rekyn hym a crede ; 55  
Lo, he letys he cowde none yH,  
Bot he can ay, when he wyH,  
Do a fuH fowH dede. 58

(9)

The 4th bids  
them see  
that they  
have all they  
need to  
fasten Jesus  
with.

*Quartus tortor.* yei felows, ye, as haue I rest !  
Emangys vs aH I red we kest  
To bryng this thefe to dede ; 61  
Loke that we haue that we shuld nate,  
ffor to hald this shrew strate.  
*primus tortor.* That was a nobyH red ! 64

(10)

[Fol. 85, a.] Lo, here I haue a bande,  
They have If nede be to bynd his hande ;  
bands, This thowng, I trow, wiH last. 67  
*Secundus tortor.* And here oone to the othere syde,  
That shaH abate his pride,  
Be it be drawn fast. 70

(11)

hammer and  
nails.

*iiijus tortor.* lo, here a hamere and nales also,  
ffor to festen fast oure foo  
To this tre, fuH soyn. 73  
*iiijus tortor.* ye ar wise, withoutten drede,  
That so can help youre self at nede,  
Of thyng that shuld be done. 76

(12)

All His  
"mawmen-  
try" shall  
not serve  
Him now.

*primus tortor.* Now dar I say hardely,  
he shaH with aH his mawmentry  
No longere vs be teH. 79  
*ijus tortor.* Syn pilate hase hym tyH vs geyn,  
haue done, belyfe ! let it be seyn  
how we can with hym meH. 82

(13)

They arrive  
at Calvary,  
and prepare  
for their  
"play."

*iiijus tortor.* Now ar we at the monte of caluareye ;  
haue done, folows, and let now se  
how we can with hym lake. 85  
*iiijus tortor.* yee, for as modee as he can loke,  
he wold haue turnyd an othere croke  
Myght he haue had the rake. 88

(14)

*primus tortor.* In fayth, syr, sen ye callyd you a kyng,  
 you must prufe a worthy thyng  
 That falles vnto the were;  
 ye must Iust in tornamente;  
 Bot ye sytt fast els be ye shentt,  
 Els downe I shaH you bere.

As Jesus  
 calls Him-  
 self a king,  
 He must  
 joust in  
 tournament,  
 and sit fast  
 on His  
 Cross.

91

94

(15)

*Secundus tortor.* If thou be godys son, as thou tellys,  
 Thou can the kepe; how shuld thou ellys?  
 Els were it merueH greatt;  
 And bot if thou can, we wiH not trow  
 That thou hase saide, bot make the mow  
 when thou syttys in yond sett.

If He be  
 God's Son,  
 He can  
 guard Him-  
 self.

97

100

(16)

*iiijus tortor.* If thou be kyng we shaH thank adyH,  
 ffor we shaH sett the in thy sadyH,  
 ffor faHvng be thou bold.  
 I hete the weH thou bydys a shaft;  
 Bot if thou sytt weH thou had better laft  
 The tales that thou has told.

They will  
 set Him in  
 His saddle,  
 and He need  
 not fear a  
 fall.

103

106

(17)

*iiijus tortor.* Stand nere, felows, and let se  
 how we can hors oure kyng so fre,  
 By any craft;  
 Stand thou yonder on yond syde,  
 And we shaH se how he can ryde,  
 And how to weld a shaft.

Let them see  
 how they can  
 horse their  
 King!

109

[Fol. 85, b.]

112

(18)

*primus tortor.* Sir, commys heder and haue done,  
 And wyn apon youre palfray sone,  
 ffor he [is] redy bowne.  
 If ye be bond tiH hym, be not wrothe,  
 ffor be ye secure we were fuH lothe  
 On any wyse that ye feH downe.

His palfrey  
 is ready,  
 and He must  
 be bound to  
 it.

115

118

(19)

*Secundus tortor.* knyt thou a knott, with aH thi strenght,  
 ffor to draw this arme on lengthe,

- They draw  
out Christ's  
arms,  
TyH it com to the bore. 121  
*Tercius tortor.* Thou maddys, man, bi this light !  
It wantys, tyH ich mans sight,  
Othere half span and more. 124  
(20)
- bind them  
with ropes,  
*Quartus tortor.* yit drawe owt this arme and fest it fast,  
with this rope that weH wiH last,  
And ilk man lay hand to. 127  
*primus tortor.* yee, and bynd thou fast that band ;  
we shaH go to that othere hand  
And loke what we can do. 130  
(21)
- and nail  
them ;  
*ijus tortor.* Do dryfe a nayH ther through outt,  
And then thar vs nothyng doutt,  
ffor it wiH not brest. 133  
*iiijus tortor.* That shaH I do, as myght I thryfe !  
ffor to clynke and for to dryfe,  
Therto I am fult prest ; 136  
(22)
- So lett it styk, for it is wele.  
*iiijus tortor.* Thou says sothe, as haue I cele !  
Ther can no man it mende. 139
- hold down  
His knees,  
*primus tortor.* hald downe his knees.  
*Secundus tortor.* that shaH I do.  
his norysh yede neuer better to ;  
Lay on aH your hende. 142  
(23)
- draw down  
the legs  
hard,  
*Tercius tortor.* Draw out lys lymmes, let se, haue at !  
*iiijus tortor.* That was weH drawn that that ;  
ffare fah hym that so puld ! 145  
ffor to haue gotten it to the marke,  
I trow lewde man ne clerk  
Nothyng better shuld. 148  
(24)
- pierce them,  
and nail  
them.  
*primus tortor.* hald it now fast thor,  
And oone of you take the bore,  
And then may it not fayH. 151  
*ijus tortor.* That shaH I do withoutten drede,  
As euer myght I weH spede,  
hym to mekyH bayH. 154

(25)

*Tercius tortor.* So, that is weH, it wiH not brest,  
Bot let now se who dos the best  
with any slegthe of hande.

[Fol. 86, a.]  
They begin  
to pull the  
Cross into  
place with  
a rope.

157

*iiijus tortor.* Go we now vnto the othere ende;  
ffelowse, fest on fast youre hende,  
And puH weH at this band.

160

(26)

*primus tortor.* I red, felowse, by this wedyr,  
That we draw aH ons togedir,  
And loke how it wyH fare.

At first  
all pull to-  
gether.

163

*ijus tortor.* let now se and lefe youre dyn!  
And draw we ilka syn from syn;  
ffor nothyng let vs spare.

166

(27)

*iiijus tortor.* Nay, felowse, this is no gam!  
we wiH no longere draw aH sam,  
So mekiH haue I asspyed.

But the  
3rd and 4th  
torturers  
think some  
one is sham-  
ming.

169

*iiijus tortor.* No, for as haue I blys!  
Som can twyk, who so it is,  
Sekys easse on som kyn syde.

172

(28)

*primus tortor.* It is better, as I hope,  
On by his self to draw this rope,  
And then may we se  
who it is that ere while  
aH his felows can begyle,  
Of this companye.

The 1st pro-  
poses that  
each man  
pulls by him-  
self.

175

178

(29)

*Secundus tortor.* Sen thou wiH so haue, here for me!  
how draw I, as myght thou the?

They vie  
with each  
other in  
pulling

181

*Tercius tortor.* Thou drew right wele.  
haue here for me half a foyte!

*quartus tortor.* wema, man! I trow thou doyte!  
Thou flyt it neuer a dele;

184

(30)

Bot haue for me here that I may!

*primus tortor.* WeH drawen, son, bi this day!

The tortur-  
ers excite  
each other  
to pull the  
Cross to the  
mark.

Thou gose weH to thi warke ! 187  
*Secundus tortor.* yit efte, whils thi hande is in,  
puH therat with som kyn gyn.

*ijus tortor.* yee, & bryng it to the marke. 190  
(31)

*quartus tortor.* puH, puH !

*primus tortor.* haue now !

*ijus tortor.* let se !

*ijus tortor.* A ha !

*iiijus tortor.* yit a draght !

*primus tortor.* Therto with aH my maght.

Hold still  
there !  
Now to bore  
the hole for  
the Cross to  
stand in !

*ijus tortor.* A, ha ! hold stiH thore ! 193

*ijus tortor.* So felowse ! looke now belyfe,

whieh of you can best dryfe,

And I shaH take the bore. 196

(32)

[Fol. 86, b.]

*Quartus tortor.* let me go therto, if I shaH ;

I hope that I be the best mershaH

ffor [to] clynke it right. 199

do rase hym vp now when we may,

ffor I hope he & his palfray

ShaH not twyn this nyght. 202

(33)

They call to  
one another  
to lift the  
Cross,

*primus tortor.* Com hedir, felowse, & haue done !

And help that this tre sone

To lyft with aH youre sleght. 205

*ijus tortor.* yit let vs wyrke a whyle,

And noman now othere begyle

To it be broght on heght. 208

(34)

*ijus tortor.* ffelowse, fest on aH youre hende,

ffor to rase this tre on ende,

And let se who is last. 211

and set it in  
the mortice,

*iiijus tortor.* I red we do as that he says ;

Set we the tre in the mortase,

And ther wiH it stand fast. 214

(35)

*primus tortor.* Vp with the tymbre.

*Secundus tortor.*

a, it heldys !

ffor hym that aH this world weldys

put fro the with thi hande !	217	Let it drop into the mor- tice : it will stand then.
<i>ijus tortor.</i> hald euen emangys vs aH.		
<i>iiijus tortor.</i> yee, and let it into the mortase faH,		
ffor then wiH it best stande.	220	

(36)

<i>primus tortor.</i> Go we to it and be we strong,		They lift it into place, and moek Jesus.
And rase it, be it neuer so long,		
Sen that it is fast bon.	223	
<i>ijus tortor.</i> Vp with the tymbre fast on ende !		
<i>iiijus tortor.</i> A felowse, fayr faH youre hende !		
<i>iiijus tortor.</i> so sir, gape agans the son !	226	

(37)

<i>primus tortor.</i> A felow, war thi crowne !		
<i>ijus tortor.</i> Trowes thou this tymbre wiH oght downe ?		
<i>iiijus tortor.</i> yit help that it were fast.	229	
<i>iiijus tortor.</i> Shog hym weH & let vs lyfte.		
<i>primus tortor.</i> ffuH shorte shalbe his thryfte.		
<i>ijus tortor.</i> A, it standys vp lyke a mast.	232	It stands up like a mast.

(38)

<i>Ihesus.</i> I pray you pepyH that passe me by,		Jesus calls to them that pass by to see how He suffers.
That lede youre lyfe so lykandly,		
heyfe vp youre hartys on hight !	235	
Behold if euer ye sagh body		
Buffet & bett thus bloody,		
Or yit thus dullyfully dight ;	238	
In world was neuer no wight		
That suffred half so sare.		
My mayn, my mode, my myght,		
Is noght bot sorow to sight,		
And comforth none, bot care.	243	

(39)

My folk, what haue I done to the,		[Fol. 87, a.]
That thou aH thus shaH tormente me ?		What have I done to thee, My folk, that thou tor- mentest Me thus ?
Thy syn by I fuH sore.	246	
what haue I greuyd the ? answere me,		
That thou thus nalyys me to a tre,		
And aH for thyn erreure ;	249	



How shalt  
thou atone  
for this dis-  
honour thou  
doest Me?

where shaft thou seke socoure?  
This mys how shaft thou amende? 251  
when that thou thy saveoure  
Dryfes to this dyshonoure,  
And nalysh through feete and hende! 254

(40)

Beasts and  
birds have  
their resting  
places, but  
God's Son  
has only His  
shoulder to  
lay His head  
on.

AH creatoures that kynde may kest,  
Beestys, byrdys, aH haue thay rest,  
when thay ar wo begon; 257  
Bot godys son, that shuld be best,  
hase not where upon his hede to rest,  
Bot on his shuder bone. 260  
To whome now may I make my mone?  
when thay thus martyr me,  
And sakles wiH me slone,  
And beete me blode and bone,  
That my brethere shuld be! 265

(41)

I have made  
thee in My  
likeness,  
and thou re-  
payest Me  
thus.

what kyndnes shuld I kythe theym to?  
haue I not done that I aght to do,  
Maide the to my lyknes? 268  
And thou thus refys me rest & ro,  
And lettys thus lightly on me, lo!  
Sich is thi catyfnes. 271

(42)

I haue the kyd kyndnes, / Vnkyndly thou me quytys;  
Se thus thi wekydnes! / loke how thou me dyspytys! 273

(43)

By this  
guiltless  
suffering I  
buy Adam's  
blood.

Gyltles thus am I put to pyne,  
Not for [my] mys, man, bot for thyne,  
Thus am I rent on rode; 276  
ffor I that tresoure wold not tyne,  
That I markyde & made for myne,  
Thus by I adam blode, 279

(44)

That sonkyn was in syn,  
with none erthly good;  
Bot with my flesh and blode  
That lothe was for to wyn. 283

(45)

My brethere that I com forto by,  
has hanged me here thus hedusly,

The brethren  
I came to  
save have  
hanged Me  
thus;

And freyndys fynde I foyne;

286

Thus haue thay dight me drerely,

And aH by-spytt me spytusly,

As helpes man in won.

289

[Fol. 87, b.]  
but, Father,  
forgive them  
this guilt,  
they know  
not what  
they do.

Bot, fader, that syttys in trone,

fforgyf thou them this gylt,

I pray to the this boyn,

Thay wote not what thay doyn,

Nor whom thay haue thus spylt.

294

(46)

*primus tortor.* yis, what we do fuH weH we knaw.

*ijus tortor.* yee, that shaH he fynde within a thraw.

296

The tortur-  
ers say they  
know well  
enough what  
they are  
about.

(47)

*ijus tortor.* Now, with a myschaunce tyH his cors,

wenys he that we gyf any force,

what dwiH so euer he ayH?

299

*iiijus tortor.* ffor he wold tary vs aH day,

Of his dede to make delay

I teH you, sansfayH.

302

(48)

*primus tortor.* lyft vs this tre emanges vs aH.

*ijus tortor.* yee, and let it into the mortase faH,

And that shaH gar hym brest.

305

They lift the  
Cross, and  
let it fall  
again into  
the mortice,  
to make His  
body burst  
asunder.

*ijus tortor.* yee, and aH to-ryfe hym lym from lym.

*iiijus tortor.* And it wiH breke ilk ionte in hym.

let se now who dos best.

308

(49)

[*Mary advances.*]

*Maria.* Alas! the doyn I dre / I drowpe, I dare in drede!

Whi hyngys thou, son, so hee? / my bayH begynnes to  
brede.

Mary la-  
ments for  
her Son's  
agony.

AH blemyshyd is thi ble / I se thi body blede!

In warld, son, were neuer we / so wo as I in wede.

312

(50)

My foode that I haue fed,

In lyf longyng the led,

fluH stratly art thou sted

Emanges thi foo-men feH;

316

No tongue  
can tell her  
grief at her  
child's  
suffering.

Sich sorow forto se,  
My dere barn, on the,  
Is more mowrnyng to me  
Then any tong may tell.

320

(51)

How may  
she look on  
His face and  
body thus  
disfigured!

Alas! thi holy hede  
hase not wheron to helde;  
Thi face with blode is red,  
Was fare as flouré in feylde;  
how shuld I stand in sted  
To se my barne thus blede?  
Bett as blo as lede,  
And has no lym to weylde!

324

328

(52)

His hands  
[Fol. 88, a.]  
and feet are  
nailed,  
His skin  
torn,  
His sides  
stream with  
blood.

ffestynd both handys and feete

With nalys fuH vnmete,

his woundes wrynyng wete,

Alas, my childe, for care!

332

ffor aH rent is thi hyde;

I se on aythere syde

Teres of blode downe glide

Ouer aH thi body bare.

336

Alas! that euer I shuld byde

And se my feyr thus fare!

338

(53)

[John advances.]

John shares  
in her grief  
for her Son,  
who was a  
good Master  
to him and  
many more.

Iohannes. Alas, for doyH, my lady dere!

aH for-changid is thi chere,

To see this prynce withoutten pere

Thus lappyd aH in wo;

342

he was thi fode, thi faryst foine,

Thi luf, thi lake, thi lufsom son,

That high on tre thus hyngys alone

with body blak and blo;

346

Alas!

To me and many mo

A good master he was.

349

(54)

Bot, lady, sen it is his wiH  
The prophecy to fulfyH,  
That mankynde in sy[n] not spiH  
ffor theym to thole this payn ;  
And with his dede raunson to make,  
As prophetys befor of hym spake,  
ffor-thi I red<sup>t</sup> thi sorowe thou slake,  
Thi Wepying may not gayn ;  
In sorowe

But Jesus  
suffers this  
pain by His  
own will,  
therefore  
she should  
slake her  
sorrow.

353

357

Oure boytt he byes full bayn,<sup>1</sup>  
Vs aH from bale to borowe.<sup>1</sup>

360

(55)

*Maria.* Alas ! thyn een as cristall clere / that shoyne as  
son in sight,  
That luffly were in lyere / lost thay haue thare light,  
And wax aH faed in fere / aH dym then ar thay dight !  
In payn has thou no pere / that is withouten pight.

Mary la-  
ments  
afresh.

364

(56)

Swete son, say me thi thocht,  
what wonders has thou wrought  
To be in payn thus broght,  
Thi blissed blode to blende ?

She calls on  
Jesus to tell  
her why He  
endures  
these things.

368

A son, thynk on my wo !  
whi wiH thou fare me fro ? ✓  
On mold<sup>t</sup> is noman mo  
That may my myrthes amende.

372

(57)

*Iohannes.* Comly lady, good and couth, / ffayn wold I  
comforth the ;  
Me mynnys my master with mowth, / told vnto his menyee  
That he shuld<sup>t</sup> thole full mekiH payn / and dy apon a tre,  
And to the lyfe ryse vp agayn, / apon the thryd day shuld  
it be  
full right !  
ffor-thi, my lady swete,  
Stynt a while of grete !  
Oure bale then wiH he bete  
As he befor has hight.

[Fol. 88, b.]  
John re-  
minds her of  
the words of  
Jesus as to  
His death  
and resur-  
rection.

377

381

<sup>1</sup> These two lines are written as one in the MS.

(58)

Mary is mad  
with her  
grief;

*Maria.* Mi sorow it is so sad / no solace may me safe;  
Mowrnyng makys me mad / none hope of help I hafe;  
I am redles and rad / ffor ferd that I mon rafe;  
Noght may make me glad / to I be in my grafe. 385

(59)<sup>1</sup>

she sees the  
robe she  
gave Jesus  
all rent.

To deth my dere is dryffen,  
his robe is aH to-ryffen,  
That of me was hym gyffen,  
And shapen with my sydys;  
Thise Iues and he has stryffen / That aH the bale he bydys. 389

(60)

She laments  
for her come-  
ly child,

Alas, my lam so mylde / whi wiH thou fare me fro  
Emang thise wulfès wyld / that wyrke on the this wo?  
ffor shame who may the shelde / ffor freyndys has thou fo!  
Alas, my comly childe / whi wiH thou fare me fro? 394

(61)<sup>1</sup>

and calls on  
maids and  
wives to  
weep with  
her.

Madyns, make youre mone!  
And wepe ye, wyfès, euerichon,  
with me, most wrich, in wone,  
The childe that borne was best!  
My harte is styf as stone / That for no bayH wiH brest. 399

(62)

John says it  
is His love  
which makes  
Jesus suffer  
thus for us.

*Iohannes.* A, lady, weH wote I / thi hart is fuH of care  
when thou thus openly / sees thi childe thus fare;  
luf gars hym rathly / hym-self wiH he not spare,  
Vs aH fro baiH to by / of blis that ar fuH bare 403  
ffor syn.

My lefe lady, for-thy / Of mowrnyng loke thou blyn. 405

(63)

[Fol. 89, a.,  
Sig. O. 1.]

*Maria.* Alas! may euer be my sang / Whyls I may lyf  
in leyd;

Mary thinks  
she has lived  
too long.

Me thynk now that I lyf to lang / to se my barne thus blede;  
Inès wyrke with hym aH wrang / wherfor do thay this  
dede?

lo, so hy thay haue hym hang / thay let for no drede: 409

Whi so

his fomen is he emang? / No freynde he has, bot fo. 411

<sup>1</sup> These stanzas, as well as No. 67, are really six-line stanzas, aaab ab.

(64)

My frely foode now farys me fro / what shaH worth on me ?  
 Thou art warpyd aH in wo / and spred here on a tre  
 ffuH hee / 414  
 I mowrne, and so may mo / That sees this payn on the.

What shall  
 become of  
 her when her  
 child is thus  
 tortured ?

(65)

*Iohannes.* Dere lady, weH were me  
 If that I myght comfortH the ;  
 ffor the sorow that I see

John would  
 fain comfort  
 her.

Sherys myn harte in sondere ; 419  
 when that I se my master hang  
 With bytter paynes and strang,  
 Was neuer wight with wrang  
 Wroght so mekiH wonder. 423

(66)

*Maria.* Alas, dede, thou dwellys to lang ! / whi art thou  
 hid fro me ?  
 Who kend the to my childe to gang ? / aH blak thou  
 makys his ble ;

Mary up-  
 braids Death  
 for going to  
 her Son,  
 and not slay-  
 ing her also.

Now witterly thou wyrkys wrang / the more I wiH wyte the,  
 Bot if thou wiH my hartè stang / that I myght with  
 hym dee 427  
 And byde ;

Sore syghyng is my sang, / ffor thyryld is his hyde ! 429

(67)

A, dede, what has thou done ? / with the wiH I moytt sone,  
 Sen I had childer none bot oone / best vnder son or moyn ;  
 ffreyndys I had fuH foyn / that gars me grete and grone  
 ffuH sore. 433

God grant  
 her to live  
 no more

Good lord, graunte me my boyn / and let me lyf no more !

(68)

GabrieH, that good / som tyme thou can me grete,  
 And then I vnderstud / thi wordys that were so swete ;  
 Bot now thay meng my moode / ffor grace thou can me hete,  
 To bere aH of my blode / a childe oure baiH shuld bete  
 with right ;

O Gabriel,  
 how have  
 thy promises  
 to me been  
 fulfilled ?

Now hyngys he here on rude / Where is that thou me hight ?

(69)

AH that thou of blys / hight me in that stede,  
 ffrom myrth is faren omys / and yit I trow thi red ; 442

Mary cries  
[Fol. 89, b.]  
to Jesus for  
mercy.

Thi counceH now of this / my lyfe how shaH I lede  
When fro me gone is / he that was my hede 444  
In hy ?  
My dede now comen it is / My dere son, haue mercy ! 446

## (70)

Jesus bids  
her cease  
from the  
sorrow that  
pains Him  
more than  
His own.  
He suffers  
to save man-  
kind.

*I*hesus. My moder mylde, thou chaunge thi chere !  
Sease of thi sorow and sighyng sere,  
It syttys vnto my hart fuH sare<sup>1</sup> ; 449  
The sorow is sharp I suffre here,  
Bot doyH thou drees, my moder dere,  
Me marters mekiH mare.<sup>1</sup> 452  
Thus wiH my fader I fare,  
To lowse mankynde of bandys ;  
his son WiH he not spare,  
To lowse that bon was are  
ffuH fast in feyndys handys. 457

## (71)

Let her cease  
from weep-  
ing, and let  
John and she  
be as son  
and mother.

The fyrst cause, moder, of my commyng  
Was for mankynde myscaryng,  
To salf thare sore I soght ; 460  
Therfor, moder, make none mowrnyng,  
Sen mankynde through my dyying  
May thus to blis be boght. 463  
Woman, wepe thou right noght !  
Take ther Ioĥn vnto thi chylde !  
Mankynde must nedys be boght,  
And thou kest, cosyn, in thi thoght ;  
Ioĥn, lo ther thi moder mylde ! 468

## (72)

He calls on  
mankind to  
repay His  
suffering  
with stead-  
fastness.

Blo and bloody thus am I bett,  
Swongen with swepys & aH to-swett,  
Mankynde, for thi mysdede ! 471  
ffor my luf lust when Wold thou lett,  
And thi harte sadly sett,  
Sen I thus for the haue blede ? 474

<sup>1</sup> MS. sore, more.

Sich lyf, for sothe, I leu,		
That vnothes may I more ;		Jesus
This suffre I for thi nede,		thirsts.
To marke the, man, thi mede :		
Now thyrst I, wonder sore.	479	
(73)		
<i>primus tortor.</i> Noght bot holdþ thi peasse !		The 1st
Thou shaH haue drynke within a resse,		torturer
My self shalbe thy knaue ;	482	offers Him a
haue here the draght that I the hete,		bitter drink.
And I shaH warand it is not swete,		
On aH the good I haue.	485	
(74)		
<i>Secundus tortor.</i> So syr, say now aH youre wiH !		The others
ffor if ye couth haue holden you styH		mock Him
ye had not had this brade.	488	by recalling
<i>Tercius tortor.</i> Thou wold aH gaytt be kyng of Iues,		His words:—
Bot by this I trow thou rues		His claim of
AH that thou has sayde.	491	kingship,
(75)		
<i>iiijus tortor.</i> he has hym rused of great prophes,		His boast
That he shuld make vs tempyllès,		[Fol. 90, a.,
And gar it cleyn downe faH ;	494	Sig. O. 2.]
And yit he sayde he shuld it rase		of destroying
As weH as it was, within thre dayes !		the temple,
he lyes, that wote we aH ;	497	and raising
(76)		it in three
And for his lyes, in great dispyte		dayes.
we wiH departe his clothyng tyte,		In despite
Bot he can more of arte.	500	of His lies
<i>primus tortor.</i> yee, as euer myght I thryfe,		they will
Soyn wiH we this mantyH ryfe,		divide His
And ich man take his parte.	503	clothes be-
(77)		tween them.
<i>ijus tortor.</i> how woldþ thou we share this clothe ?		
<i>ijus tortor.</i> Nay forsothe, that were I lothe,		There is one
Then were it aH-gate spylt ;	506	garment too
Bot assent thou to my saw,		good to be
lett vs aH cutt draw,		cut :
And then is none begylt.	509	for this they
		will draw
		lots.
T. PLAYS.		T



(78)

The 4th  
torturer  
wins the gar-  
ment,  
and the 1st  
offers to buy  
it of him.

*iiijus tortor.* how so befallys now wyH I draw!

This is myn by comon law,

Say not ther agayn.

512

*primus tortor.* Now sen it<sup>t</sup> may no better be,

Chevich the with it for me,

Me thynk thou art ful fayn.

515

(79)

They see an  
inscription  
newly writ-  
ten on the  
Cross,  
and guess it  
is by Pilate.

*ijus tortor.* how felowse, se ye not yond skraw?

It<sup>t</sup> is writen yonder within a thraw,

Now sen that we drew cut.

518

*iiijus tortor.* There is noman that is on lyfe

Bot it were pilate, as myght I thrife,

That durst it ther haue putt.

521

(80)

They go to  
look at it.

*iiijus tortor.* Go we fast and let<sup>t</sup> vs loke

what is wretyn on yond boke,

And what it<sup>t</sup> may bemeyn.

524

*primus tortor.* A the more I loke theron

A the more I thynke I fon;

AH is not<sup>t</sup> worth a beyn.

527

(81)

It is in He-  
brew, Latin,  
and Greek,  
and hard to  
expound.

*ijus tortor.* yis, for sothe, me thynk I se

Theron writen langage thre,

Ebrew and latyn

530

And grew, me thynk, writen theron,

ffor it<sup>t</sup> is hard for to expowne.

*iiijus tortor.* Thou red, by appolyn!

533

(82)

The 3rd  
torturer is  
the best  
"Latin  
wright,"  
and explains  
it as

*iiijus tortor.* yee, as I am a trew knyght,

I am the best latyn wright

Of this company;

536

I wiH go withoutten delay

And teH you what it is to say;

Behald, syrs, witterly!

539

(83)

Jesus of  
Nazareth,  
King of the  
Jews.

yonder is wretyn "ihesu of nazareyn

he is kyng of Iues," I weyn.

[Fol. 90, b.]

*primus tortor.* A! that is writen) wrangl.

542 The tortur-  
ers think the  
inscription  
wrong, and  
complain to  
Pilate.

*Secundus tortor.* he callys hym so, bot he is none.

*iiijus tortor.* Go we to pilate and make oure mone;

haue done, and dweH not lang.

545

(84) [*They approach Pilate.*]

pilate, yonder is a fals tabyH,

Theron is wryten noght bot fabyH;

Of Iues he is not kyng!

548

he callys hym so, bot he not is:

It is falsly writen, Iwys,

This is a wrangwys thyng.

551

(85)

*Pilatus.* Boys, I say, what meH ye you?

As it is writen shaH it be now,

Pilate will  
have none  
of their  
meddling.

I say certane;

554

*Quod scriptum scripsi,*

That same wrote I,

What gadlyng gruches ther agane?

557

(86)

*quartus tortor.* Sen that he is man of law / he must nedys

haue his wiH;

I trow he had not writen that saw / without som propre

skyH.

The tortur-  
ers think  
Pilate, as a  
lawyer, must  
know best.

(87)

*primus tortor.* yee, let it hyng aboue his hede,

It shaH not saue hym fro the dede,

Noght that he can write.

562

At any rate  
it won't save  
Jesus from  
death.

*ijus tortor.* Now yHa hale was he borne.

*iiijus tortor.* Ma-fay, I teH his lyfe is lorne,

he shalbe slayn as tyte.

565

(88)

If thou be crist, as men the caH,

Com downe emangys vs aH,

And thole not thies myssaes.

568

They bid  
Him come  
down from  
the Cross,  
and save  
Himself.

*iiijus tortor.* yee, and help thi self that we may se,

And we shaH aH trow in the,

what soeuer thou says.

571

(89)

*primus tortor.* he cals hym self good of myght,

Bot I wold se hym be so wight

Jesus could  
raise Laza-  
rus, but  
cannot help  
Himself.

To do sich a dede  
he rasyd lazare out of his delfe,  
Bot he can not help hym self,  
Now in his greatt nede.

574

577

(90)

Jesus cries  
to God.

*Ihesu.* hely, hely, lamazabatany !  
My god, my god, wherfor and why  
has thou forsakyn me ?

580

(91)

The tortur-  
ers mis-  
understand  
Him.

*ijus tortor.* how ! here ye not, as weH as I,  
how he can now on hely cry  
Apon his wyse ?

583

[Fol. 91, a.,  
Sig. O. 3.]

*Tercius tortor.* yee, ther is none hely in this countre  
ShaH delyuer hym from this meneze,  
On nokyns wyse.

586

(92)

Jesus com-  
mends His  
soul to the  
Father.

*iiijus tortor.* I warand you now at the last  
That he shaH soyn yelde the gast,  
ffor brestyn is his gaH.  
*Ihesu.* Now is my passyon broght tyH ende !  
ffader of heuen, in to thyn hende  
I betake my sauH !

589

592

(93)

The tortur-  
ers make  
Longeus, a  
blind knight,  
pierce His  
side with a  
spear.

*primus tortor.* let one pryk hym with a spere,  
And if that it do hym no dere  
Then is his lyfe nere past.  
*ijus tortor.* This blynde knyght may best do that.  
*longeus.* Gar me not do bot I wote what.  
*ijus tortor.* Not bot put vp fast.

595

598

(94)

Longeus  
receives his  
sight, and  
craves for-  
giveness for  
wounding  
the body of  
Jesus.

*longeus.* A, lord, what may this be ?  
Ere was I blynde, now may I se ;  
Godys son, here me, ihesu !  
ffor this trespas on me thou rew.  
ffor, lord, othere men me gart,  
that I the stroke vnto the hart :  
I se thou hyngys here on hy,  
And dyse to fulfyH the prophecy.

602

606

(95)

*iijus tortor.* Go we hence and leyfe hym here,  
ffor I shaH be his borghe to-yere

The 3rd  
torturer says  
they may  
leave Jesus  
now, for  
none may  
bring Him to  
life again.

he felys no more payn ;

609

ffor hely ne for none othere man

AH the good tha euer he wan

Gettys not his lyfe agayn.

612

[*Exeunt Tortores. Joseph of Arimathea and  
Nicodemus advance.*]

(96)

*Ioseph.* Alas, alas, and walaway !

Joseph of  
Arimathea  
laments the  
death of  
Jesus.

That euer shuld I abyde this day,

To se my master dede ;

615

Thus wykydly as he is shent,

with so bytter tornamente,

Thurgh fals Iues red.

618

(97)

*Nychodeme,* I wold we yede

He proposes  
to Nicode-  
mus that  
they beg  
leave of Pi-  
late to bury  
the body.

To *sir* pilate, if we myght spede,

his body for to craue ;

621

I wiH fownde wiH aH my myght,

ffor my seruyce to aske that knyght

his body for to graue.

624

(98)

*Nichodemus.* Ioseph, I wiH weynde with the

Nicodemus  
will go with  
him.

ffor to do that is in me,

ffor that body to pray ;

627

ffor oure good wiH and oure trauale

I hope that it mon vs avayH

here afterward som day.

630

(99)

*Ioseph.* Syr pylate, god the saue !

[*They go to Pilate.*]

[Fol. 91, b.]

Graunte me that I craue,

If that it be thi wiH.

633

Joseph asks  
a boon ;  
Pilate grants  
it.

*pilatus.* Welcom, Ioseph, myght thou be !

what so thou askys I graunte it the,

So that it be skyH.

636

(100)

*Ioseph.* ffor my long seruyce I the pray

Graunte me the body—say me not nay—

Joseph's  
boon is that  
he may bury  
Jesus.

Of ihesu, dede on rud. 639  
*pilatus.* I graunte weH if he ded be,  
 Good leyfe shaH thou haue of me,  
 Do with hym what thou thynk gud. 642

(101)

He thanks  
Pilate for  
granting it,  
and himself  
draws the  
nails from  
the Cross,

*Ioseph.* Gramercy, syr, of youre good grace,  
 That ye haue graunte me in this place ;  
 Go we oure way : [*They return to Calvary.*] 645  
*Nychodeme,* com me furth with,  
 ffor I my self shaH be the smyth  
 The nales out for to dray. 648

(102)

while Nico-  
demus up-  
holds the  
body of  
Jesus.

*Nichodemus.* Ioseph, I am redy here  
 To go with the with fuH good chere,  
 To help the at my myght ; 651  
 puH furth the nales on aythere syde,  
 And I shaH hald hym vp this tyde ;  
 A, lord, so thou is dight ! 654

(103)

They wrap  
the body,  
and bear it  
to the tomb.

*Ioseph.* help now, fellow, with aH thi myght,  
 That he were wonden and weH dight,  
 And lay hym on this bere ; 657  
 Bere we hym furth vnto the kyrke,  
 To the tombe that I gard wyrk,  
 Sen fuH many a yere. 660

(104)

Nicodemus  
prays that  
Christ, who  
died and rose  
again, may  
bless the  
spectators.

*Nichodemus.* It shaH be so with outten nay.  
 he that dyed on gud fryday  
 And crownyd was with thorne, 663  
 Saue you aH that now here be !  
 That lord that thus wold dee  
 And rose on pasche morne. 666

*Explicit crucifixio Christi.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. xpi.

(XXIV.)

Incipit Processus talentorum.

[Dramatis Personae.

<i>Pilatus.</i>		<i>Secundus Tortor,</i>		<i>Tercius Tortor.</i>
<i>Primus Tortor.</i>		<i>(Spyll-payn)</i>		<i>Consultus.]</i>

[2 *ten-line stanzas*, no. 5 aaaaab cceb, no. 54 ab aab edbeb ; 8 *nine-line*, aaaaab cceb ; 13 *eight-line*, no. 6 abab eded, no. 47 abca bdbd, no. 53 abc acd ed, *the rest* aaab cceb ; 15 *seven-line*, no. 29 abacd bd, no. 55 aaab cdb, *the rest* ababc bc ; 1 *six-line*, no. 46 aba edc ; 5 *five-line*, no. 17, 18 abbba, nos. 22-3, 32 ababc ; 11 *four-line*, no. 26 abba, nos. 27, 33, 44 abcb, no. 33 abca, nos. 51-2 abcd, *the rest* abab.] [Fol. 92, a, Sig. O. 4.]

*pilatus.* (1)

**C**Ernite qui statis / <sup>1</sup> quod mire sim probitatis,  
 Hec cognoscatis / vos cedam ni taceatis,  
 Cuncti discatis / quasi sistam vir deitatis  
 Et maiestatis / michi fando ne neceatis,  
 hoc modo mando ;

Pilate calls  
 in Latin for  
 silence.

5

Neue loquaces,

Siue dicaces,

poscite paces,

Dum fero fando.

9

(2)

Stynt, I say ! gyf men place / quia sum dominus dominorum !  
 he that agans me says / rapietur lux oculorum ;  
 Therfor gyf ye me space / ne tendam vim brachiorum,  
 And then get ye no grace / contestor Iura polorum,

In Latin  
 and English  
 he bids the  
 people make  
 room,

Caueatis ;

14

Rewle I the Iure,

Maxime pure,

Towne quoque rure,

Me paueatis.

18

(3)

Stemate regali / kyng atus gate me of pila ;  
 Tramite legali / Am I ordand to reyn apon Iuda,  
 Nomine wlgari / pownce pilate, that may ye weH say,  
 Qui bene wlt fari / shuld caH me fownder of aH lay.

boasting of  
 his lineage  
 and power.

<sup>1</sup> The metrical bars (/) are not in the MS., but the lines are divided by dots, thus : The rymes in this play are very irregular : see st. 30, 46, 53, 54, etc.

<sup>2</sup> " Kyng Atus gate me of Pila " ; hence " Pilatus."

## Iudeorum

23

He is ruler  
of the Jews.

Iura gubernō,  
please me and say so,  
Omnia firmo  
Sorte deorum.

27

## (4)

Cæsar has  
exalted him,  
and all men  
must be  
obedient.

Myghty lord of aH / me Cesar magnificauit;  
Downe on knees ye faH / greatt god me sanctificauit,  
Me to obey ouer aH / regi reliquo quasi dauid,  
hanged hy that he saH / hoc iussum qui reprobauit,

32

I swere now;  
Bot ye youre hedis  
Bare in thies stedis  
Redy my swerde is

Of thaym to shere now.

36

## (5)

[Fol. 92, b.]

He is  
armipotent,  
quasi-cuncti-  
potent, and  
his laws  
must be  
kept.

Atrox armipotens / I graunt men girth by my good grace,  
Atrox armipotens / most myghty callyd in ylk place,  
vir quasi cunctipotens / I graunt men girth by my good  
grace,

Tota refert huic gens / that none is worthier in face,  
Quin eciam bona mens / doith trowth and right bi my  
trew lays,

Silete!

42

In generali,

Sic speciali,

yit agane byd I

Iura tenete.

46

## (6)

Leaving his  
Latin, he  
threatens to  
hang any boy  
who will not  
bow to his  
law.

loke that no boy be to bustus, blast here for to blaw,  
Bot truly to my talkyng loke that ye be intendyng;  
If here be any boy that wiH not loutt tiH oure law,  
By myghty mahowne, hygh shaH he hyng;

50

South, north, eest, west,

In aH this warld in lengthe and brede,

Is none so doughty as I, the best,

doughtely dyntand on mule and on stede.

54

(7)

Therfor I say,  
loke that ye lowte to my lykance,  
ffor dowte of dynt in greuaunce;  
dilygently ply to my plesance,  
As prynce most myghty me pay,

Let them  
bow, then,  
and obey,

59

(8)

And talke not a worde;  
ffor who so styrris or any dyn makys,  
deply in my daunger he rakys,  
That as soferan me not takys  
And as his awne lorde.

and speak  
not a word.

64

(9)

he has myster of nyghtys rest that nappys not in noynyng!  
boy, lay me downe softly and hap me weH from cold;  
loke that no laddys noy me nawder with cryyng nor with  
cronyng,

He bids his  
boy lay him  
down softly,  
and see that  
no lads dis-  
turb him.

Nor in my sight ones greue me so bold.  
If ther be any boyes that make any cry,  
Or els that wiH not obey me,  
he were better be hanged hy,  
Then in my sight ones mefe me.

68

72

(10)

*primus tortor.* war, war! for now com I,  
The most shrew in this cuntry;  
I haue ron) fuH fast in hy,  
hedir to this towne;  
To this towne now comen am I  
ffrom the mownt of caluery;  
Ther crist hang, and that fuH hy,  
I swe[re] you, bi my crowne.

The 1st  
torturer  
comes in,  
having run  
from Cal-  
vary.

76

[Fol. 93, a.]

80

(11)

At caluery when he hanged was,  
I spuyd and spyt right in his face,  
when that it shoyne as any glas,  
so semely to my sight;  
Bot yit for aH that fayr thyng,  
I loghe hym vnto hethyng,  
And rofe of his clethyng;  
To me it was fuH light.

He had spit  
in Christ's  
face, though  
it shone as  
glass,  
and had  
stripped  
Him of His  
clothing.

84

88



(12)

When they  
had stripped  
Jesus, they  
mocked and  
crowned  
Him as a  
king.

And when his clothes were of in fere,  
lord, so we loghe and maide good chere,  
And crownyd that carle with a brere,

As he had bene a kyng ;

92

And yit I did full properly,  
I clappyd his cors by and by,  
I thocht I did full curiously

In fayth hym for to hyng.

96

(13)

He has  
brought the  
clothing now  
for Pilate to  
decide who  
is to have it.

Bot to mahowne I make avowe,  
hedir haue I broght his clethyng now,  
To try the trowthe before you,

Euen this same nyght ;

100

Of me and of my felowse two  
with whom this garmente shaft go ;  
bot sir pilate must go therto,

I swere you by this light.

104

(14)

Whoever  
gets these  
clothes may  
walk fear-  
lessly, for  
they guard  
him from  
loss.

ffor whosoeuer may get thise close,  
he ther neuer rek where he gose,  
ffor he semys nothyng to lose,

If so be he theym were.

108

bot now, now, felose, stand on rowme,  
ffor he commes, shrewes, vnto this towne,  
And we wiH aH togeder rowne,

so semely in oure gere.

112

(15)

The 2nd  
torturer fol-  
lows the 1st  
in hot haste.

*Secundus tortor.* war, war ! and make rowme,  
ffor I wiH with my felose rowne,  
And I shaH knap hym on the crowne

That standys in my gate ;

116

I wiH lepe and I wiH skyp  
As I were now out of my wytt ;  
Almost my breke thay ar beshyt

ffor drede I cam to late.

120

(16)

[Fol. 93, b.]

Bot, by mahowne ! now am I here !  
The most shrew, that dar I swere,  
That ye shaH fynde aw where,

Spyth-payn in fayth I hight.	124	His name is Spill-pain.
I was at caluery this same day,		
where the kyng of Iues lay,		
And ther I taght hym a newe play,		
Truly, me thocht it right.	128	

(17)

The play, in fayth, it was to rowne,		He has borne his part in torturing Jesus.
That he shuld lay his hede downe,		
And sone I bobyd hym on the crowne,		
That gam me thocht was good.	132	
when we had played with hym oure fyth,		
Then led we him vnto an hyth,		
And ther we wroght with hym oure wilh,		
And hang hym on a rud.	136	

(18)

Nomore now of this talkyng,		The cause of his coming is that he al- so is anxious to get the coat.
Bot the cause of my commyng ;		
Both on earnest and on hethyng		
This cote I wold I had ;	140	
ffor if I myght this cote gett,		
Then wold I both skyp and lepe,		
And therto fast both drynke and ete,		
In fayth, as I were mad.	144	

(19)

<i>Tercius tortor.</i> war, war! within thise wones,		The 3rd torturer comes in as hurriedly as the others.
ffor I com rynyng aH at ones !		
I haue brysten both my balok stones,		
So fast hyed I hedyr ;	148	
And ther is nothyng me so lefe		
As murder a mycher' and hang a thefe :		
If here be any that doth me grefe		
I shaH them thresH togedir.	152	

(20)

ffor I may swere with mekiH wyn		He is the greatest shrew from this town to Lynn.
I am the most shrew in aH myn kyn,		
That is from this towne vnto lyn,		

He and his  
fellows are  
come to di-  
vide the  
coat.

lo, here my felowse two ! 156  
Now ar we thre commen in  
A new gam forto begyn,  
This same cote forto twyn,  
Or that we farther go. 160

(21)

He proposes  
to go to  
Pilate, but  
they must  
see that  
Pilate does  
not take the  
gown him-  
self.

Bot to *sir* pilate prynce I red that we go hy,  
And present hym the playnt how that we ar stad ;  
Bot this gowne that is here, I say you for-thy,  
By myghty mahowne I wold not he had. 164

(22)

[Fol. 94, a.]  
The others  
agree.

*primus tortor.* I assent to that sagh, by myghty mahowne !  
Let vs Weynde to *sir* pilate withoutten any fabyh ;  
Bot syrs, bi my lewte, he gettys not this gowne ;  
Vnto vs thre it were right prophetabyh ;  
Spih-payn what says thou ? 169

(23)

*Secundus tortor.* youre sawes craftely assent I vnto.  
*primus tortor.* Then wiH I streght furth in this place,  
And speke wiH *sir* pilate wordys oone or two,  
ffor I am right semely and fare in the face ;  
And now shaH we se or we hence go. 174

(24)

They ask the  
Counsellor  
for Pilate,  
and are told  
he lies there  
in the devil's  
service,

*Tercius tortor.* Sir, I say the, by my lewtee,  
where is *sir* pilate of pryce ?  
*Consultus.* Sir, I say the, as myght I the,  
he lygys here in the dewyH seruyce. 178

(25)

but shall be  
waked.

*primus tortor.* wiH that prynce—fowH myght he faH—  
Must we haue at do.  
*Consultus.* I shaH go to hym and caH,  
And loke what ye wiH say hym to. 182

(26)

Pilate bids  
the Coun-  
sellor call  
him no more.

My lord, my lorde !  
*pilatus.* what, boy, art thou nyse ?  
caH nomore, thou has callid twyse.  
*Consultus.* my lord ! 186

(27)

*pilatus.* what mytyng is that that mevys me in my mynde ?

Pilate asks  
if there be  
any disaffec-  
tion, and is  
told "no."

*Consultus.* I, lord, youre counselloure, pight in youre saw.

*pilatus.* Say ar ther any catyffys combred that ar vnkynde ?

*Consultus.* Nay, lord, none that I knawe. 190

(28)

*pilatus.* Then noy vs nomore of this noyse ;

you carles vnkynde, who bad you caH me ?

He is angry  
at being dis-  
turbed,  
but takes his  
seat in his  
hall.

By youre mad maters I hald you bot boyes,

And that shaH ye aby, els fowH myght befaH me. 194

I shaH not dy in youre dett !

Bewshere, I byd the vp thou take me,

And in my sete softly loke that thou se me sett. 197

(29)

Now shaH we wytt, and that in hy,

If that saghe be trew that thou dyd say ;

If I fynde the With lesyng, lad, thou shaH aby,

[Fol. 94, b.]

fforto meH in the maters that pertenyth agans the lay.

(30)

*Consultus.* Nay, sir, not so, withoutten delay,

202

The cause of my callyng is of that boy bold,

The Coun-  
sellor tells  
him that Je-  
sus is dead.

ffor it is saide sothely now this same day,

That he shuld dullyfully be dede,

Certayn ;

206

Then may youre cares be full cold

If he thus sakles be slayn.

208

(31)

*pilatus.* ffare and softly, sir, and say not to far ;

Sett the with sorow, then semys thou the les,

And of the law that thou leggyys be wytty and war,

lest I greue the greatly with dyntys expres ;

212

ffals fatur, in fayth I shaH slay the !

Thy reson vnrad I red the redres,

Or els of thise maters loke thou nomore meH the.

215

Pilate bids  
the Counsel-  
lor not to  
meddle in  
these mat-  
ters.

(32)

The Counselor  
upbraids  
Pilate,  
and exalts  
the value of  
his own ad-  
vice.

*Consultus.* Why shuld I not meH of those maters that  
I haue you taght?

Thoug ye be prynce peerles withoutt any pere,  
were not my wyse wysdom youre wyttys were in waght;  
And that is seen expresse and playnly right here,  
And done in dede. 220

(33)

*pilatus.* Why, boy, bot has thou sayde?

*Consultus.* yee, lorde.

Pilate laughs  
at him for  
not knowing  
the way of  
kings.

*pilatus.* Therfor the deuyH the spede, thou carle vnkynde  
Sich felowse myght weH be on rowme!  
ye knaw not the comon cowers that longys to a kyng.<sup>1</sup> 225

(34)

The 1st  
torturer cer-  
tifies that  
Jesus, whom  
Pilate con-  
demned, is  
now dead.

*primus tortor.* Mahowne most myghtfuH, he mensk you  
with mayn,

Sir pilate pereles, prynce of this prese!  
And saue you, sir, syttand semely suffrayn!  
we haue soght to thy sayH no sayng to sesse, 229  
Bot certyfie sone;  
ye wote that ye demyd this day apou desse,  
we dowte not his doying, for now is he done. 232

(35)

Pilate is glad  
of it,  
but bids

*pilatus.* ye ar welcom, Iwys, ye ar worthy ay war;  
Be it fon so of that fatur, in fayth then am I fayne.

[Fol. 95, a.]

them keep  
it secret.

*Secundus tortor.* we haue markyd that mytyng, nomore  
shaH he mar;  
we prayed you, sir pilate, to put hym to payn, 236  
And we thoght it weH wrought.

*pilatus.* lefe syrs, let be youre laytt and loke that ye layn;  
ffor nothyng that may be nevyn ye it noght. 239

(36)

The 3rd  
torturer asks  
if Pilate  
claims Jesus'  
clothes.

*Tercius tortor.* Make myrth of that mytyng fuH mekyH  
we may,

And haue lykyng of oure lyfe for los of that lad;  
Bot, syr pilate peerles, a poynt I the pray;  
hope ye with hethyng that harnes he had 243

<sup>1</sup> ? assonance to "vnkynde."

To hold that was hys?

Pilate at  
once claims  
them.

*Pilatus.* That appentyng vnto me, mafa! art thou mad?  
I ment that no mytyng shuld meH hym of this. 246

(37)

*primus tortor.* Mefe the not, master, more if he meH,  
ffor thou shaH parte from that pelfe, thar thou not pleyte.

The 1st  
torturer ob-  
jects,  
and Pilate  
then asks  
the gown  
as a gift.

*pilatus.* yit styrt not farer for noght that ye feH;  
I aske this gowne of youre gyfte, it is not so greatt, 250  
And yit may it agayn you.

*Secundus tortor.* how, aH in fageyng? in fayth I know of  
yours featte,

ffor it fallys to vs four fyrst wiH I frayn you. 253

(38)

*pilatus.* And I myster to no maner of mans bot myn.

*Tercius tortor.* yee, lord, let shere it in shredys.

*pilatus.* Now that hald I good skyH! take thou this, &  
thou that,

& this shaH be thyne, 257

(39)

And by lefe and by law this may leyfe styH.

*primus tortor.* O lordyng! I weyn it is wrang,

To tymely I toke it, to take it the vntyH

The farest, and the fowllest thy felowse to fang. 261

The tortur-  
ers are dis-  
contented  
with their  
shares.

(40)

*pilatus.* And thou art payed of thi parte fuH truly I trowe.

*primus tortor.* It is shame forto se, I am shapyn bot  
a shrede.

*Secundus tortor.* The hole of this harnes is holdyn to you,

And I am leuerd a lap is lyke to no lede, 265

ffor-tatyrd and torne.

*Tercius tortor.* By myghty mahowne that mylde is of  
mode,<sup>1</sup>

If he skap wiH this cote it were a great skorne. 268

(41)

*pilatus.* Now sen ye teyn so at this, take it to you

with aH the mawgre of myn and myght of mahowne!

*primus tortor.* Drede you not doutles, for so WiH we dow;

Grefe you not greatly ye gett not this gowne,

[Fol. 95, b.]

Pilate gives  
the gown to  
them to di-  
vide.

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs "mede."

The 2nd  
torturer  
asks for a  
falchion.

bot in fower<sup>1</sup> as it fallys. 273  
*Secundus tortor.* had I a fawchon, then craftely to cutt it  
 were I bowne.<sup>2</sup>  
*Tercius tortor.* lo it here that thou callys! 275

(42)

It is sharp with to shere, shere if thou may.

*Secundus tortor.* Euen in the mydward to marke were  
 mastre to me. 277

He cannot  
find a seam  
along which  
to cut it.  
Pilate bids  
them leave  
it whole.

*primus tortor.* Most semely is in certan the seym to assay.  
*Secundus tortor.* I haue soght aH this syde and none  
 can I se, 279  
 of greatt nor of smaH.

*pilatus.* Bewshers, abyd you, I byd you let be!

I commaunde not to cutt it, bot hold it hole aH. 282

(43)

The 1st  
torturer  
objects,  
and Pilate  
threatens  
him.

*primus tortor.* Now ar we bon, for ye bad, withhald on  
 youre hud.

*pilatus.* we! harlottys! go hang you, for hole shaH it be.

*Tercius tortor.* Grefe you not greatly, he saide it for gud.

*pilatus.* wyst I that he spake it in spytyng of me 286

Tytt shuld I spede forto spyH hym.

*Secundus tortor.* That were hym loth, lord, by my lewte,  
 ffor-thi grauntt hym youre grace.

*pilatus.* No greuans I wiH hym. 290

(44)

They make  
it up,

*primus tortor.* Gramercy thi gudnes!

*pilatus.* yee, bot greue me nomo<sup>3</sup>;

ffuH dere beys it boght

In fayth, if ye do. 294

(45)

and agree to  
draw lots.

*primus tortor.* ShaH I then saue it?

*pilatus.* yee, so saide I, or to draw cutt is the lelyst,  
 and long cut, lo, this wede shaH wyn. 297

*Tercius tortor.* Sir, to youre sayng yit assent we vnto;  
 Bot oone assay, let se who shaH begyn. 299

<sup>1</sup> MS. iiij.

<sup>2</sup> MS. there were I bowne craftely to cut it.

<sup>3</sup> MS. nomore.



(46)

*pilatus.* we! me falles aH the fyrst, and forther shaH ye.

*Secundus tortor.* Nay, drede you not doutles, for that  
do ye not;

O, he sekys as he wold<sup>t</sup> dyssaue vs now we se. 302

*Tercius tortor.* Bewshers, abyde you, heder haue I brogHT

The thlrd  
torturer has  
brought  
three dice.

*primus tortor.* That is a gam aH the best, bi hym that me  
boght,

ffor at the dysyng he dos vs no wrang. 306

(47)

*pilatus.* And I am glad of that gam; On assay, Who  
shaH begyn?

[Fol. 96, a.]  
Pilate and  
the first  
torturer are  
ready to de-  
cide by  
them.

*primus tortor.* ffirst shaH ye, and sen after we aH.  
haue the dyse and haue done,

and lefe aH youre dyn, 310

ffor who so has most<sup>t</sup> this frog shaH he faH,

And best of the bonys.

*pilatus.* I assent to youre sayng; assay now I shaH,

As I wold<sup>t</sup> at a wap wyn aH at ones. 314

(48)

[*Pilate throws.*]

*Secundus tortor.* A, ha! how now! here ar a hepe.

*pilatus.* haue mynde then emang you how many ther ar.

*Tercius tortor.* thretteen<sup>1</sup> ar on thre, thar ye not threpe.

*pilatus.* Then shaH I wyn or aH men be war. 318

Pilate  
throws thir-  
teen, and  
thinks he  
will win. The  
first torturer  
tries his  
hand

*primus tortor.* Truly lord, right so ye shaH;

Bot grefe you not<sup>t</sup> greatly, the next shaH be nar

If I haue hap to my hand, haue here for aH! 321

(49)

[*He throws.*]

*pilatus.* And I haue sene as greatt a freke of his forward  
falyd.

here ar bot Aght<sup>2</sup> turnyd vp at ones.

*primus tortor.* Aght? a, his arnes, that is yH! what so  
me alyd,

I was falsly begylyd with thise byched bones;

Ther cursyd thay be! 326

*Secundus tortor.* WeH I wote this wede bees won in thise  
wones,

I wold<sup>t</sup> be fayn of this frog myght it faH vnto me. 328

<sup>1</sup> MS. xiiij.

<sup>2</sup> MS. viij.



(50)

*pilatus.* It bees in waght, in fayth, and thou wyn.The second  
torturer  
throws  
seven.*Secundus tortor.* No, bot war you away! [*He throws.*]*Tercius tortor.* here is baddyst<sup>t</sup> aboue, by mahownes bonys!  
seuen<sup>1</sup> is bot the seconde, the sothe for to say. 332

(51)

*Secundus tortor.* we, fy! that is shortt.The third  
prepares to  
cast*Tercius tortor.* Do shott at thi hud! now fallys me  
the fyrst,

And I haue hap to this gowne, go now on gud;

The byched bones that ye be I byd you go bett; 336

(52)

[*He throws.*]and throws  
fifteen.ffelowse, in forward here haue I fefteen<sup>2</sup>!

As ye wote I am worthi, won is this wede.

Pilate is  
furious.*pilatus.* what, whistyH ye in the wenyande! where haue  
ye beyn?

Thou shaH abak, bewshere, that blast I forbede. 340

[Fol. 96, b.]

*Tercius tortor.* here ar men vs emang,

lele in oure lay, wiH ly for no leyd,

And I wytues at thaym if I wroght<sup>t</sup> any wrang. 343

(53)

The first tor-  
turer says  
the third has  
won the coat  
fairly, but  
Pilate is still  
discon-  
tent.*primus tortor.* Thou wroght no dyssaytt, for sothe, that  
we saw,ffor-thi thou art worthi, and won is this weyd At thyn  
awne wyH.*pilatus.* yee, bot me pays not that playng to puf nor to  
blaw;

If he haue right I ne rek or reson thertyH, 347

I refe it hym noght.

*Tercius tortor.* haue gud day, sir, and grefe you not yH,ffor if it were duble fuH dere is it<sup>t</sup> boght. 350

(54)

He asks for  
the coat as a  
favour, and  
uses threats  
when it is  
refused.*pilatus.* Sir, sen thou has won this weyd, say wiH thou  
vowche safeOf thi great gudnes this garment<sup>t</sup> on me?*Tercius tortor.* Sir, I say you certan this shaH ye not haue.*pilatus.* Thou shaH forthynk it, in fayth;<sup>3</sup>

ffy, what thou art fre! 355

<sup>1</sup> MS. vij.<sup>2</sup> MS. xv.<sup>3</sup> ? assonance to 'have.'

vnbychid, vnbayn !

*Tercius tortor.* ffor ye thrett me so throle,  
were it sich thre

here I gif you this gud.

*pilatus.* Now, gramercy agayn !

360

(55)

MekiH thank and myn and this shalbe ment.

*primus tortor.* Bot I had not left it so lightly, had play  
me it lent.

*pilatus.* No, bot he is faythfulH and fre, and that shaH be  
ment ;

And more if I may,

364

If he myster to me,

amend hym I mon.

*Tercius tortor.* I vowche safe it be so, the sothe forto say.

(56)

*primus tortor.* Now thise dyse that ar vndughty / for los  
of this good,

here I forswere hertely / by mahownes blood ;  
ffor was I neuer so happy / by mayn nor by mode,

To wyn with sich sotelty / to my lyfys-fode,

As ye ken ;

372

Thise dysars and thise hullars,

Thise cokkers and thise bollars,

And aH purs-cuttars,

Bese weH war of thise men.

376

(57)

*Secundus tortor.* ffy, fy, on thise dyse / the deviH I theym  
take !

vnwytty, vnwyse / With thaym that Wold lake ;

As fortune assyse / men wyH she make ;

hir maners ar nyse / she can downe and vptake ;

And ryche

381

She turnes vp-so-downe,

And vnder abone,

Most chefe of renowne

She castys in the dyche.

385

(58)

By hir meanes she makys / dysers to seH,

As thay sytt and lakys / thare corne and thare cateH ;

The third  
torturer  
gives up the  
coat and is  
thanked.

The first  
would not  
have given  
it up so  
lightly, but  
Pilate pro-  
mises to  
make  
amends for  
it.

The first  
torturer for-  
swears the  
use of dice,  
and bids all  
men beware  
of dicers.

The second  
commits the  
dice to the

[Fol. 97, a.  
Sig. P. 1.]

devil. For-  
tune delights  
to set men  
up and cast  
them down.

She makes  
dicers sell  
corn and  
cattle.

Then they  
cry out and  
want to  
fight.

Then cry thay and crakkys / bowne vnto bateH,  
his hyppys then bakys / no symneH  
ffor hote.

390

Bot fare weH, thryfte!

Is ther none other skyfte

Bot syfte, lady, syfte?

Thise dysars thay dote.

394

(59)

The third  
torturer  
traces loss  
and oft-  
times man-  
slaughter to  
dicing. Let  
them leave  
such vanity  
and serve  
God.

*Tercius tortor.* what commys of dysyng / I pray you hark  
after,

Bot los of good in lakyng / and oft tymes mens slaughter!

Thus sorow is at partyng / at metyng if ther be laghter;

I red leyf sich vayn thyng / and serue god hereafter,

ffor heuens blys;

399

That lord is most myghty,

And gentyllyst of Iury,

we helde to hym holy;

how thynk ye by this?

403

(60)

Pilate  
praises the  
torturers  
and dis-  
misses them  
with a  
French  
blessing.

*pilatus.* weH worth you aH thre, most doughty in dede!

Of aH the clerkys that I knaw, most conyng ye be,

By soteltes of youre sawes, youre lawes forto lede;

I graunt you playn powere and frenship frele,

I say;

408

<sup>1</sup> Dew vows [garde], mon senjours!

Mahowne most myghty in castels and towres

he kepe you, lordyngys, and aH youres,

And hauns aH gud day.

412

*Explicit processus talentorum.*

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Dieu vous [garde], monseigneurs!

(XXV.)

Incipit extraccio animarum, &c.

[29 eight-line stanzas abababab; 1 six-line (no 18) aab aba; 40 four-line abab; 4 couplets.]

[Dramatis Personae.

<i>Ihesus.</i>	<i>Simeon.</i>	<i>Ribald.</i>	<i>Sathanas.</i>
<i>Adam.</i>	<i>Iohannes Baptista.</i>	<i>Belzebub.</i>	<i>Ysaías.]</i>
<i>Eva.</i>	<i>Moyses.</i>	<i>David.</i>	

*Ihesus.*

(1)

**M**y fader me from blys has send  
TiH erth for mankynde sake,  
Adam mys forto amend,  
My deth nede must I take.

Jesus re-  
counts how  
He has  
been born,  
ministered,  
and died for  
man's salva-  
tion.

4

(2)

I dwellyd ther thyrty yeres and two,  
And somdele more, the sothe to say;  
In anger, pyne, and mekyH wo,  
I dyde on cros this day.

8

(3)

Therfor tiH heH now WiH I go,  
To chalange that is myne;  
Adam, eue, and othere mo,  
Thay shaH no longer dweH in pyne.

He must now  
rescue His  
own from  
hell.

12

(4)

The feynde theym wan WiH trayn,  
Thurgh fraude of earthly fode,  
I haue theym boght agan  
With shedyng of my blode.

16

(5)

And now I wiH that stede restore,  
which the feynde feH fro for syn;  
Som tokyn wiH I send before,  
with myrth to gar thare gammes begyn.

He will send  
thither a  
light as a  
token of His  
coming.

20

(6)

A light I wiH thay haue  
To know I wiH com sone;  
My body shaH abyde in graue  
TiH aH this dede be done.

24

## (7)

Adam calls  
his brethren  
to listen: he  
sees tokens  
of solace.

*Adam.* My brether, herkyn vnto me here!

More hope of helth neuer we had;  
Fower thowsand<sup>1</sup> and sex hundreth<sup>2</sup> yere  
haue we bene here in darknes stad; 28

Now se I tokyns of solace sere,  
A glorious gleme to make vs glad,  
Wher through I hope that help is nere,  
That sone shaft slake oure sorowes sad. 32

## (8)

Eve, too,  
takes the  
light as a  
good sign.

*Eua.* Adam, my husband heynd,

This menys solace certan;  
Sich light can on vs leynd  
In paradyse full playn. 36

## (9)

Isaiah re-  
calls Adam's  
first sin,

*Isaias.* Adam, through thi syn

here were we put to dweH,  
This wykyd place within;  
The name of it is heH; 40

here paynes shaft neuer blyn,  
That wykyd ar and feH.  
loue that lord with wyn,  
his lyfe for vs wold seH. 44

*Et content omnes "saluator mundi," primum versum.*

## (10)

and his own  
prophecy of  
the light  
that should  
come to them  
that walked  
in darkness.

Adam, thou weH vnderstand

I am Isaias, so crist me kende.  
I spake of folke in darknes walkand,  
I saide a light shuld on theym lende; 48

This light is aH from crist commande  
That he tiH vs has hedir sende,  
Thus is my poynt proved in hand,  
as I before to fold it kende. 52

## (11)

*Simeon*!. So may I tett of farlys feyH,

ffor in the tempyH his freyndys me fande,  
Me thought daynteth with hym to deyh,  
I halsid hym homely with my hand; 56

<sup>1</sup> MS. iijj M<sup>l</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> MS. vi C.

I saide, lord, let thi seruandys leyH  
 pas in peasse to lyf lastande ;  
 Now that myn eeyn has sene thyn hele  
 no longer lyst I lyf in lande.

60

Simeon re-  
 members  
 Christ's pre-  
 sentation in  
 the Temple  
 and his own  
 "Nunc  
 dimittis."

(12)

This light thou has purvayde  
 ffor theym that lyf in lede ;  
 That I before of the haue saide  
 I se it is fulfilld in dede.

64

He now sees  
 the light  
 which he  
 then fore-  
 told.

(13)

*Iohannes baptista.* As a voce cryand I kend  
 The wayes of crist, as I weH can ;  
 I baptisid hym with both myn hende  
 in the water of flume Iordan ;  
 The holy gost from heuen discende  
 As a white dowfe downe on me than ;  
 The fader voyce, oure myrthes to amende,  
 Was made to me lyke as a man ;

68

John the  
 Baptist re-  
 calls the  
 Baptism of  
 Christ and  
 the voice  
 from  
 Heaven.

72

(14)

"yond is my son," he saide,  
 "and which me pleasses fuH weH,"  
 his light is on vs layde,  
 and commys oure karys to kele.

76

Christ's  
 light comes  
 to assuage  
 their cares.

(15)

*Moyes.* Now this same nyght lernyng haue I,  
 to me, moyses, he shewid his myght,  
 And also to anothere oone, hely,  
 where we stud on a hiH on hyght ;  
 As whyte as snaw was his body,  
 his face was like the son for bright,  
 Noman on mold was so myghty  
 grathly durst loke agans that light ;

80

Moses re-  
 calls the  
 Transfigura-  
 tion and the  
 wondrous  
 light there  
 shown.

84

(16)

And that same light here se I now  
 shynyng on vs, certayn,  
 where through truly I trow  
 that we shaH sone pas fro this payn.

88

That same  
 light he sees  
 now.

(17)

Rybald is  
full of fore-  
boding that  
the souls  
will escape.

*Rybald*. Sen fyrst that heH was mayde / And I was put  
therin,

Sich sorow neuer ere I had / nor hard I sich a dyn ;  
My hart begynnys to brade / my wytt waxys thyn,  
I drede we can not be glad / thise saules mon fro vs twyn.

(18)

He bids  
Beelzebub  
bind them.

how, belsabub ! bynde thise boys,<sup>1</sup> / sich harow was neuer  
hard in heH.

*Belzabub*. Out, rybald ! thou rores, / what is betyd ? can  
thou oght teH ?

*Rybald*. whi, herys thou not this vgly noyse ?<sup>2</sup>  
thise lurdans that in lymbo dweH<sup>2</sup>

Thay make menyng of many Ioyse,<sup>3</sup>  
and Muster myrthes theym emeH.<sup>3</sup> 98

(19)

*Belzabub*. Myrth ? nay, nay ! that poynt is past,  
more hope of helth shaH thay neuer haue.

They are  
crying on  
Christ and  
say He will  
save them.

*Rybald*. They cry on crist fuH fast,  
And says he shaH theym saue. 102

(20)

[Fol. 98, b.]

Beelzebub  
bids him  
call up  
Astaroth  
and other  
devils,

*Beelzabub*. yee, though he do not, I shaH,  
ffor they ar sparyd in specyaH space ;  
whils I am prynce and pryncypaH  
they shaH neuer pas out of this place. 106

CaH vp astarot and anabaH  
To gyf vs counseH in this case ;  
BeH, berith, and bellyaH,  
To mar theym that sich mastry mase. 110

(21)

and tell  
Satan, and  
bid him  
bring  
Lucifer.

Say to sir satan oure syre,  
and byd hym bryng also  
Sir lueyfer, luffy of lyre.  
*Rybald*. AH redy lord I go. 114

Jesus calls  
for the gates  
to be raised.

*Ihesus*. Attollite portas, principes, vestras & eleuamini  
porte eternelles, & introibit rex glorie.

<sup>1</sup> Originally "oure bowys" (and probably "bende").

<sup>2</sup> & <sup>3</sup> These and following lines are single lines with central  
rymes.

(22)

*Rybald.* Out, harro, out! what deviH is he

Rybald cries  
to Beelze-  
bub, who  
bids him  
lock the  
gates and set  
watches,

That callys hym kyng ouer vs aH?

hark belzabub, com ne,

ffor hedusly I hard hym caH.

119

*Belzabub.* Go, spar the yates, yH mot thou the!

And set the wachies on the waH;

If that brodeH com ne

With vs ay won he shaH;

123

(23)

And if he more caH or cry,

and to fall  
upon Jesus  
if He calls  
again.

To make vs more debate,

lay on hym hardely,

And make hym go his gate.

127

(24)

*David.* Nay, with hym may ye not fyght,

David warns  
him that  
they may  
not fight  
with Jesus,  
Who is King  
and Con-  
queror.

ffor he is king and conqueroure,

And of so mekiH myght,

And styf in euey stoure;

131

Of hym commys aH this light

that shynys in this bowre;

he is fuH fers in fight,

worthi to wyn honoure.

135

(25)

*Belzabub.* honowre! harsto, harlot, for what dede?

Beelzebub  
claims all  
earthly men  
as his thralls.

Alle erthly men to me ar thraH;

That lad that thou callys lord in lede

he had neuer harbor, house, ne haH.

139

(26)

how, sir sathanas! com nar

He calls  
Satan, who  
asks what is  
the matter.

And hark this cursid rowte!

*Sathanas.* The deviH you aH to-har!

What ales the so to showte?

143

And me, if I com nar,

thy brayn bot I bryst owte!

*Belzabub.* Thou must com help to spar,

Beelzebub  
says they are  
besieged.

we ar beseged abowte.

147



(27)

Satan bids  
them see  
that Jesus  
does not  
escape.

*Sathanas.* Besegyð aboute ! whi, who durst be so bold  
for drede to make on vs a fray ?

*Belzabube.* It is the Iew that Iudas sold  
ffor to be dede this othere day. 151

*Sathanas.* how ! in tyme that tale was told,  
that trature trausses vs aH-way ;

he shalbe here fuH hard in hold,  
bot loke he pas not, I the pray. 155

(28)

Beelzebub  
says Jesus  
has far other  
thoughts.

*Belzabub.* Pas ! nay, nay, he wiH not weynde  
ffrom hens or it be war ;

he shapys hym for to sheynð  
aH heH or he go far. 159

(29)

Satan defies  
Jesus.

*Sathanas.* ffy, fatur ! therof shaH he fayH,  
ffor aH his fare I hym defy ;

I know his trantes fro top to tayH,  
he lyffys by gawdys and glory. 163

[Fol. 99, a.  
Sig. P. 3.]  
He coun-  
selled the  
Jews to kill  
Him,

Therby he broght furth of oure bayH

The lath lazare of betany,  
Bot to the Iues I gaf counsayH  
That thay shuld cause hym dy ; 167

(30)

and per-  
suaded  
Judas to  
carry out  
the agree-  
ment.

I enterd ther into Iudas,

that forward to fulfyH,

Therfor his hyere he has,

aH wayes to won here styH. 171

(31)

Rybold asks  
Satan, as  
this is his  
doing, if he  
hopes to  
defeat  
Jesus ?

*Rybold.* Sir sathan, sen we here the say  
thou and the Iues were at assent,

And wote he wan the lazare away

that vnto vs was taken to tent, 175

hopys thou that thou mar hym may

to Muster the malyce that he has ment ?

ffor and he refe vs now oure pray

we wiH ye witt or he is went. 179

(32)

*Sathanas.* I byd the noght abaste,  
bot boldly make you bowne,  
With toyles that ye intraste,  
And dyng that dastard downe.

Satan en-  
courages  
him.

183

*Ihesus.* Attollite portas, principes, *vestras*, &c.

Jesus calls  
again.

(33)

*Rybald.* Outt, harro! what harlot is he  
that sayes his kyngdom shalbe cryde?

*dauid.* That may thou in sawter se,  
for of this prynce thus ere I saide;

David re-  
calls his pro-  
phesy of

188

(34)

I saide that he shuld breke  
yours barres and bandys by name,  
And of yours warkys take wreke;  
now shaft thou se the same.

Christ's  
triumph.

192

(35)

*Ihesus.* ye prynces of heh open youre yate,  
And let my folk furth gone;  
A prynce of peasse shaft enter therat  
wheder ye wiht or none.

Jesus sum-  
mons them  
to open the  
gates.

196

(36)

*Rybald.* What art thou that spekys so?

*Ihesus.* A kyng of blys that hight *iIhesus*.

*Rybald.* yee, hens fast I red thou go,  
And meht the not wiht vs.

Rybald and  
Beelzebub  
defy Him.

200

(37)

*Belzabub.* Oure yates I trow wiht last,  
thay ar so strong I weyn;  
Bot if oure barres brast,  
ffor the they shaft not twyn.

204

(38)

*Ihesus.* This stede shaft stand no longer stokyn;  
open vp, and let my pepiht pas.  
*Rybald.* Out, harro! oure bayht is brokyn,  
and brusten ar aht oure bandys of bras!

Jesus bursts  
the bars to  
the dismay  
of Rybald.

208

(39)

**Beelzebub  
laments.***Belzabub.* harro ! oure yates begyn to crak !In sonder, I trow, they go,  
And heH, I trow, wiH aH to-shak ;

Alas, what I am wo !

212

(40)

*Rybalde.* lymbo is lorne, alas !

sir sathanas com vp ;

This wark is wars then it was.

*Sathanas.* yee, hangyd be thou on a cruke<sup>1</sup> !

216

(41)

**Satan re-  
proaches the  
devils for  
not over-  
throwing  
Christ,**

Thefys, I bad ye shuld be bowne,

If he maide mastres more,

To dyng that dastard downe,

sett hym both sad and sore.

220

(42)

[Fol. 99, b.]

*Belzabub.* To sett hym sore, that is sone saide !

com thou thi self and serue hym so ;

we may not abyde his bytter brayde,

he wold vs mar and we were mo.

224

**and calls for  
his own  
armour.***Sathanas.* ffy, fature ! wherfor were ye flayd ?

haue ye no force to flyt hym fro ?

loke in haste my gere be grayd,

my self shaH to that gadlyng go.

228

(43)

**He chal-  
lenges Jesus,**

how ! thou belamy, abyde,

with aH thi boste and beyr !

And teH me in this tyde

what mastres thou makys here.

232

(44)

**Who an-  
nounces His  
mission to  
save the  
prisoners.***Ihesus.* I make no mastry bot for myne ;

I wiH theym saue, that shaH the sow ;

Thou has no powere theym to pyne,

bot in my pryson for thare prow

236

here haue they soriornyd, noght as thyne,

bot in thi wayrd, thou wote as how.

*Sathanas.* why, where has thou bene ay syn,

that neuer wold negH theym nere or now ?

240

<sup>1</sup> assonance with 'up.'

(45)

*Ihesus.* Now is the tyme certan  
My fader ordand her for,  
That thay shuld pas fro payn,  
In blys to dweH for euermore.

The ordained  
time has  
come.

244

(46)

*Sathanas.* Thy fader knew I weH by syght,  
he was a wright, his meett to wyn;  
Mary, me mynnys, thi moder hight,  
the vtmost ende of aH thy kyn;  
Say who made the so mekiH of myght?

Satan asks  
how the son  
of Joseph  
and Mary is  
so mighty?

248

*Ihesus.* Thou wykyd feynde, lett be thi dy[n]!  
my fader wonnes in heuen on hight,  
In blys that neuer more shaH blyn;

Jesus re-  
veals that  
He is God's  
Son.

252

(47)

I am his oonly son, / his forward to fulfyH,  
Togeder wiH we won, / In sonder when we wyH.

254

(48)

*Sathan.* Goddys son! nay, then myght thou be glad,  
for no cateH thurt the craue;  
Bot thou has lyffyd ay lyke a lad,  
In sorow, and as a sympiH knaue.

258

(49)

*Ihesus.* That was for the hartly luf I had  
Vnto mans sauH, it forto saue,  
And forto make the masyd and mad,  
And for that reson rufully to rafe.

He has con-  
cealed His  
Godhead to  
save men's  
souls and  
confound  
the devil.

262

(50)

My godhede here I hyd  
In mary, moder myne,  
where it shaH neuer be kyd  
to the ne none of thyne.

266

(51)

*Sathan.* how now? this wold I were told in towne;  
thou says god is thi syre;  
I shaH the prove by good reson  
thou moyttys as man dos into myre.

270

Satan claims  
the souls as  
God's  
enemies.

To breke thi byddying they were full bowne,  
And soyn they wrought at my desyre ;  
ffrom paradise thou putt theym downe,  
In heH here to haue thare hyre ;

274

(52)

[Fol. 100, a.  
Sig. P. 4.]

And thou thy self, by day and nyght,  
taght euer aH men emang,  
Euer to do reson and right,  
And here thou wyrkys aH wrang.

278

(53)

Jesus re-  
minds him  
of the pro-  
phesies of  
His coming.

Ihesus. I wyrk no wrang, that shaH thou wytt,  
if I my men fro wo wiH wyn ;  
My prophetys playnly prechyd it,  
AH the noytys that I begyn ;  
They saide that I shuld be that ilke<sup>1</sup>  
In heH where I shuld intre in,  
To saue my seruandys fro that pytt  
where dampnyd saullys shaH syt for syn.

282

286

(54)

And ilke true prophete tayH  
shalbe fulfillid in me ;  
I haue thaym boght fro bayH,  
in blis now shaH they be.

290

(55)

Satan quotes  
Solomon  
and Job to  
show that  
once in hell  
there is no  
release.

Sathanas. Now sen thou lyst to legge the lawes,  
thou shalbe tenyd or we twyn,  
ffor those that thou to witnes drawes  
ffuH euen agans the shaH begyn ;  
As salamon saide in his sawes,  
who that ones commys heH within  
he shaH neuer owte, as clerkys knawes,  
therfor, belamy, let be thy dyn.

294

298

(56)

Iob thi seruande also  
In his tyme can tell  
That nawder freynde nor fo  
shaH fynde relese in heH.

302

<sup>1</sup> assonance with 'it.'

(57)

*Ihesus.* he sayde fuH soyth, that shaH thou se,

In heH shalbe no relese,

Bot of that place then ment he

where synfuH care shaH euer encrese.

306

In that bayH ay shaH thou be,

where sorowes seyr shaH neuer sesse,

And my folke that were most fre

shaH pas vnto the place of peasse ;

310

(58)

ffor they were here with my wiH,

And so thay shaH furth weynde ;

Thou shaH thiself fulfyH

euer wo withoutten ende.

314

(59)

*Sathan*<sup>1</sup>. Whi, and wiH thou take theym aH me fro ?

then thynk me thou art vnkynde ;

Nay, I pray the do not so ;

Vmthynke the better in thy mynde ;

318

Or els let me with the go,

I pray the leyffe me not behynde !

*Ihesus.* Nay, tratur, thou shaH won in wo,

and tiH a stake I shaH the bynde.

322

(60)

*Sathan*<sup>1</sup>. Now here I how thou menyys emang,

with mesure and malyce forto meH ;

Bot sen thou says it shalbe lang,

yit som let aH-wayses with vs dweH.

326

*Ihesus.* Yis, wytt thou weH, els were greatt wrang ;

thou shaH haue caym that slo abeH,

And aH that hastys theym self to hang,

As dyd Iudas and architopheH ;

330

(61)

And daton and abaron / and aH of thare assent,

Cursyd tyrantys euer ilkon / that me and myn tormente.

(62)

And aH that wiH not lere my law,

That I haue left in land for new,

That makys my commyng know,

And aH my sacramentys persew ;

336

Jesus answers that there is no release from the eternal hell in which the devil shall be kept, but these souls shall depart to bliss.

Satan pleads that they may be left, or that he, too, may go.

Jesus says he shall keep some souls, such as Cain and Judas,

and all who will not learn His law.

[Fol. 100, b.] My deth, my rysyng, red by raw,

He will  
judge these  
worse than  
the Jews.

Who trow thaym not thay ar vntrewe ;  
vnto my dome I shaH theym draw,  
And Iuge theym wars then any Iew.

340

(63)

And thay that lyst to lere / my law, and lyf therby,  
ShaH neuer haue harmes here, / bot welth as is worthy. 342

(64)

Satan is  
pleased with  
the bargain.

*Sathanas.* Now here my hand, I hold me payde,

thise poyntys ar playnly for my prow ;

If this be trew that thou has saide,

we shaH haue mo then we haue now ;

346

Thies lawes that thou has late here laide,

I shaH theym lere not to alow ;

If thay myn take thay ar betraide,

and I shaH turne theym tytt I trow.

350

(65)

He will go  
east and  
west and  
make men  
sin. Jesus  
tells him he  
shall be fast  
bound.

I shaH walk eest, I shaH walk west,

and gar theym wyrk weH war.

*Ihesus.* Nay feynde, thou shalbe feste,

that thou shaH flyt no far.

354

(66)

*Sathan*. ffeste? fy! that were a wykyd treson!

belamy, thou shalbe smytt.

*Ihesus.* DeviH, I commaunde the to go downe

into thi sete where thou shaH syt.

358

Satan sinks  
into hell,  
Rybald re-  
viling him.

*Sathan*. Alas, for doyh and care!

I synk into heH pyt!

*Rybald*. Sir sathanas, so saide I are,

now shaH thou haue a fytt.

362

(67)

Jesus sum-  
mons forth  
His chil-  
dren.

*Ihesus.* Com now furth, my childer aH,

I forgyf you youre mys ;

With me now go ye shaH

to Ioy and endles blys.

366

(68)

Adam gives  
thanks.

*Adam.* lord, thou art fuH mekyH of myght,

that mekys thiself on this manere,

To help vs aH as thou had vs hight,

when both forfett I and my fere ;

370

here haue we dwelt withoutten light

Fower thousand<sup>1</sup> and sex<sup>2</sup> hundreth yere ;

Now se we by this solempne sight

how that thi mercy makys vs dere.

374

This sight comes to them after 4600 years of darkness.

<sup>1</sup> MS. iijj M.  
<sup>2</sup> MS. vj.

(69)

*Eua.* lord, we were worthy / more tornamentys to tast ;

Thou help vs lord with thy mercy / as thou of myght is mast.

(70)

Eve confesses they deserved more punishment.

*Iohannes.* lord, I loue the inwardly,

that me wold make thi messyngere,

Thi commyng in erth to cry,

and tech thi fayth to folk in fere ;

380

The Baptist gives thanks to Christ for having made him His messenger.

Sythen before the forto dy,

to bryng theym bodword that be here,

how thay shuld haue thi help in hy,

now se I all those poyntys appere.

384

(71)

*Moyeses.* David, thi prophete trew,

oft tymes told vnto vs,

Of thi commyng he knew,

and saide it shuld be thus.

388

Moses recalls the prophecies of David,

(72)

*David.* As I saide ere yit say I so,

"ne derelinquas, domine,

Animam meam in inferno ;"

"leyfe neuer my sauH, lord, after the,

392

who repeats his prayer that his soul be not left in hell.

In depe heH wheder dampned shaH go ;

suffre thou neuer thi sayntys to se

The sorow of thaym that won in wo,

ay fuH of fylth, and may not fle."

396

(73)

*Moyeses.* Make myrth both more and les,

and loue oure lord we may,

That has broght vs fro bytternes

In blys to abyde for ay.

400

[Fol. 101, a.]  
Moses and Isaiah unite in exhortation to love God.

(74)

*ysaias.* Therfor now let vs syng

to loue oure lord ihesus ;

Vnto his blys he wiH vs bryng,

Te deum laudamus.

404

*Explicit extraccio animarum ab inferno.*



## XXVI.

## Resurreccio domini.

[*Dramatis Personae.*]

*Pilatus.*  
*Caiaphas.*  
*Centurio.*  
*Anna.*  
*Primus Miles.*

*Secundus Miles.*  
*Tercius Miles.*  
*Quartus Miles.*  
*Angeli, Primus &*  
*Secundus.*

*Ihesus.*  
*Maria Magdalene.*  
*Maria Jacobi.*  
*Maria Salomec.*

[1 *eleven-line stanza*, no. 11, aaab ab acb cb ; 1 *nine-line*, no. 101 ab abbbc bc ; 4 *eight-line*, no. 7 aaab cccb, nos. 95, 99, 100 aab aab cc ; 93 *six-line stanzas*, nos. 51-3 aaab cb, no. 73 ababcc, no. 96 aab aab, the rest aaab ab ; 1 *three-line*, no. 97 aab ; 1 *couplet*, no. 24.]

*pilatus.*

(1)

Pilate calls  
 for silence

**P**Easse, I warne you, woldys in wytt!  
 And standys on syde or els go sytt,  
 ffor here ar men that go not yit,  
 And lordys of me[kiH] myght ; 4  
 We thynk to abyde, and not to flytt,  
 I telh you euery wyght. 6

(2)

on pain of  
 hanging.

Spare youre spech, ye brodels bold,  
 And sesse youre cry til I haue told  
 What that my worship wold,  
 here in thise wonys ; 10  
 whoso that wyghtly nold  
 ffuH hy bese hanged his bonys. 12

(3)

He is Pilate,  
 who has  
 punished  
 Jesus.

wote ye not that I am pilate,  
 That satt apon the Iustyce late,  
 At caluarie where I was att  
 This day at morne ? 16  
 I am he, that great state,  
 That lad has aH to-torne. 18

(4)

Let watch  
 be kept if  
 any follow  
 His words.

Now sen that lothly loseH is thus ded,  
 I haue great ioy in my manhede,  
 Therfor wold I in ilk sted  
 It were tayne hede, 22  
 If any felowse felow his red,  
 Or more his law wold lede. 24

(5)

ffor and I knew it, cruelly	[Fol. 101, b.]
his lyfe bees lost, and that shortly,	If they do
that he were better hyng ful hy	Pilate will
On galow tre ;	kill them,
Therfor ye prelatys shuld aspy	28
If any sich be.	30

(6)

As I am man of myghtys most,	and the
If ther be any that blow sich bost,	devil harry
with tormentys keyn bese he indost	their ghost
ffor euermore ;	to hell.
The deviH to heH shaH harry hys goost,	34
Bot I say nomore.	36

(7)

<i>Caiphas.</i> Sir, ye thar nothyng be dredand,	Caiaphas
ffor centurio, I vnderstand,	says the Cen-
youre knyght is left abydand	turion has
Right ther behynde ;	been left
We left hym ther, for man most wyse,	behind to
If any rybaldys wold oght ryse,	arrest
To sesse theym to the next assyse,	ribalds.
And then forto make ende.	40
	44

*Tunc veniet centurio velut miles equitans.*

(8)

<i>Centurio.</i> A, blyssyd lord adonay, <sup>1</sup>	The Cen-
what may this merueH sygnyfy	turion pon-
That here was shewyd so openly	ders on the
vnto oure sight,	signs that
When the rightwys man can dy	accompanied
that ihesus hight?	the death of
	Jesus.
	48
	50

(9)

heuen it shoke abone,	
Of shynyng blan both son and moyne,	
And dede men also rose vp sone,	
Outt of thare grafe ;	54
And stones in waH anone	
In sonder brast and clafe.	56

<sup>1</sup> This stanza is written as three lines in the MS, with central rhymes.

## (10)

The princes  
were wrong,  
and Jesus  
was indeed  
the Son of  
God.

Ther was seen many a fuH sodan sight,  
Oure prynces, for sothe, dyd nothyng right,  
And so I saide to theym on hight,

As it is trew, 60  
That he was most of myght,  
The son of god, ihesu. 62

## (11)

Birds in the  
air and fish  
in the sea  
knew that  
their Lord  
was being  
put to death.

ffowlys in the ayer and fish in floode,  
That day changid thare mode,  
when that he was rent on rode,

That lord veray ; 66  
ffuH weH thay vnderstode  
That he was slayn that day. 68

Therfor right as I meyn / to theym fast wiH I ryde,  
To wyt withoutten weyn / what they wiH say this tyde  
Of this enfray ; 71

I wiH no longer abyde  
bot fast ride on my way. 73

## (12)

[Fol. 102, a.]  
He ex-  
changes  
greetings  
with Pilate,

God saue you, syrs, on euery syde !  
Worship and welth in world so wyde !

*pilatus.* Centurio, welcom this tyde,  
Oure comly knyght ! 77

*Centurio.* God graunt you grace weH forto gyde,  
And rewH you right. 79

## (13)

who asks his  
news.

*pilatus.* Centurio, welcom, draw nere hand !

TeH vs som tythyngys here emang,  
ffor ye haue gone thurghoutt oure land,  
ye know ilk dele. 83

The Cen-  
turion says  
they have  
sinned in  
slaying a  
righteous  
man.

*Centurio.* Sir, I drede me ye haue done wrang  
And wonder yH. 85

## (14)

*Cayphas.* wonder yH ? I pray the why ?  
declare that to this company.

*Centurio.* So shaH I, sir, fuH securly,  
with aH my mayn ; 89

The rightwys man, I meyn, hym by  
that ye haue slayn. 91

(15)

<i>pilatus.</i> Centurio, sese of sich saw ;	Pilate re- bukes him.
ye ar a greatt man of oure law,	
And if we shuld any wytnes draw,	
To vs excuse,	95
To mayntene vs euermore ye aw,	
And noght refuse.	97

(16)

<i>Centurio.</i> To mayntene trowth is welH worthy ;	The Cen- turion main- tains it was God's Son they cruci- fied.
I saide when I sagH hym dy,	
That it was godys son almyghty,	
That hang thore ;	101
So say I yit and abydys therby,	
ffor euermore.	103

(17)

<i>Anna.</i> yee, sir, sich resons may ye rew,	Annas asks for a proof.
Thou shuld not neuen sich notes new,	
Bot thou couth any tokyns trew,	
vntiH vs tell.	107
<i>Centurio.</i> Sich wonderfuH case neuer ere ye knew	
As then befeH.	109

(18)

<i>Cayphas.</i> we pray the tell vs, of what thyng ?	The Cen- turion re- counts the mourning of the elements as for their king.
<i>Centurio.</i> Of elymentys, both old and ying,	
In thare manere maide greatt mowrnyng,	
In ilka stede ;	113
Thay knew by contenaunce that thare kyng	
was done to dede.	115

(19)

The son for wo it waxed aH wan,	
The moyn and starnes of shyynyng blan,	
And erth it tremlyd as a man	
Began to speke ;	119
The stone, that neuer was styrryd or than,	
In sonder brast and breke ;	121

(20)

And dede men rose vp bodely, both greatt and smaH.  
*pilatus,* Centurio, bewar with aH !  
 ye wote the clerkys the clyppys it caH

310 *Towneley Plays. XXVI. The Resurrection of the Lord.*

Pilate says  
that clerks  
call such a  
sight an  
eclipse.

Sich sodan sight ; 125  
That son and moyne a seson shaH  
lak of thare light. 127

(21)

[Fol. 102, b.] *Cayphas.* Sir, and if that dede men ryse vp bodely,  
The dead  
ruay arise  
through  
sorcery.

That may be done through socery,  
Therfor nothyng we sett therby,  
that be thou bast. 131

*Centurio.* Sir, that I saw truly,  
That shaH I euermore trast. 133

(22)

The Cen-  
turion trusts  
his eyes, and  
asks an ex-  
planation of  
the rending  
of the veil of  
the Temple.

Not for that ilk warke that ye dyd wyrke,  
Not oonly for the son wex myrke,  
Bot how the vayH rofe in the kyrke,  
ffayn wyt I wold. 137

*pilatus.* A, sich tayles full sone wold make vs yrke,  
if thay were told. 139

(23)

Pilate bids  
him begone.

harlot ! wherto commys thou vs emang  
with sich lesyngys vs to fang ?  
Weynd furth ! hy myght thou hang,  
Vyle fatur ! 143

*Cayphas.* Weynd furth in the Wenyande,  
And hold styH thy clattur. 145

(24)

He takes his  
leave.

*Centurio.* Sirs, sen ye set not by my saw, / haues now  
good day !  
God lene you grace to knaw / the sothe aH way. 147

(25)

*Anna.* with draw the fast, sen thou the dredys,  
ffor we shaH weH mayntene oure dedys.  
*pilatus.* Sich wonderfull resons as now redys  
were neuer beforne, 151

*Cayphas.* To neuen this note nomore vs nedys,  
nawder euen nor morne, 153

(26)

Bot forto be war of more were  
That afterward myght do vs dere,  
Therfor, sir, whils ye ar here

vs aH emang,	157	They must consult together.
Avyse you of thise sawes sere		
how thay wiH stand.	159	
(27)		
ffor ihesus saide fuH openly		Jesus prophesied that
Vnto the men that yode hym by,		He should rise again
A thyng that grevys aH Iury,		the third day.
And right so may,	163	
That he shuld ryse vp bodely		
within the thryde day.	165	
(28)		
If it be so, as myght I spede,		They must guard against this.
The latter dede is more to drede		
Then was the fyrst, if we take hede		
And tend therto;	169	
Avyse you, sir, for it is nede,		
the best to do.	171	
(29)		
<i>Anna.</i> Sir, neuer the les if he saide so,		[Fol. 103, a.]
he hase no myght to ryse and go,		Annas thinks the
Bot his dyscypyls steyH his cors vs fro		disciples will steal the
And bere away;	175	body.
That were tiff vs, and othere mo,		
A fowH enfray.	177	
(30)		
Then wold the pepyH say euerilkon		The tomb, therefore, should be
That he were rysen hym self alon,		watched by knights.
Therfor ordan to kepe that stone		
with knyghtys heynd,	181	
To thise thre <sup>1</sup> dayes be commen and gone		
And broght tiff ende.	183	
(31)		
<i>pilatus,</i> Now, certys, sir, fuH weH ye say,		
And for this ilk poynt to puruay		
I shaH, if that I may;		
he shaH not ryse,	187	Pilate agrees.
Nor none shaH wyn hym thens away		
of nokyns wyse.	189	

<sup>1</sup> MS. iij.

(32)

Pilate bids  
his knyghts  
guard the  
body of  
Jesus,

Sir knyghtys, that ar of dedys dughty,  
And chosen for chefe of cheualry,  
As I may me in you affy,

By day and nyght, 193  
ye go and kepe ihesu body

with aH youre myght; 195

(33)

that no  
traitor steal  
it,

And for thyng that be may,  
kepe hym weH vnto the thryd day,  
That no tratur steyH his cors you fray,

Out of that sted; 199

ffor if ther do, truly I say,  
ye shaH be dede. 201

(34)

They express  
their readi-  
ness with  
boasts,

*primus Miles.* yis, sir pilate, in certan,  
we shaH hym kepe with aH oure mayn;  
Ther shaH no tratur with no trayn

SteyH hym vs fro; 205

Sir knyghtys, take gere that best may gayn,  
And let vs go. 207

(35)

and take up  
their station  
round the  
tomb. still  
boasting.

*Secundus Miles.* yis, certys, we are aH redy bowne,  
we shaH hym kepe tiH youre renowne;

On euery syde lett vs sytt downe,  
we aH in fere; 211

And I shaH fownde to crak his crowne  
whoso commys here. 213

(36)

*primus Miles.* who shuld be where, fayn wold I wytt.

*Secundus Miles.* Euen on this syde wyH I sytt.

*Tercius Miles.* And I shaH fownde his feete to flytt.

*iiijus miles.* we ther shrew ther! 217

Now by mahowne, fayn wold I wytt  
who durst com here 219

(37)

[Fol. 103, b.]

This cors with treson forto take,  
ffor if it were the burnand drake  
Of me styfly he gatt a strake,

- haue here my hand ; 223 They will warrant the safety of the body for these three days.
- To thise thre<sup>1</sup> dayes be past, [The soldiers sleep : Jesus rises.] 225
- This cors I dar warand. 225
- Tunc cantabunt angeli "Christus<sup>2</sup> resurgens," & postea dicet ihesus.*
- (38)
- ¶ Ihesus. Erthly man, that I haue wrought, 223 Jesus calls men to remember what He has done for them.
- wightly wake, and slepe thou noght !
- with bytter bay<sup>h</sup> I haue the boght,
- To make the fre ; 229
- Into this dongeon depe I soght
- And a<sup>h</sup> for luf of the. 231
- (39)
- Behold how dere I wold the by !
- My woundys ar wey<sup>tt</sup> and a<sup>h</sup> bloody ;
- ¶ The, synfu<sup>h</sup> man, fu<sup>h</sup> dere boght I
- With<sup>h</sup> tray and teyn ; 235 Let them not defile themselves now
- Thou fyle the noght eft for-thy,
- Now art thou cleyn. 237 He has cleansed them.
- (40)
- Clene haue I mayde the, synfu<sup>h</sup> man, ¶
- With<sup>h</sup> wo and wandreth I the wan,
- ffrom harte and syde the blood out<sup>h</sup> ran,
- Sich was my pyne ; 241
- Thou must me luf that thus gaf than
- My lyfe for thyne. 243
- (41)
- ¶ Thou synfu<sup>h</sup> man that by me gase,
- Tytt vnto me thou turne thi face ;
- Behold<sup>t</sup> my body, in ilka place
- how it was dight<sup>t</sup> ; 247 Let them look on His torn and wounded body.
- A<sup>h</sup> to-rent and a<sup>h</sup> to-shentt,
- Man, for thy plight. 249
- (42)
- With cordes enewe and ropys toghe
- The Iues fe<sup>h</sup> my lymmes out-drogh<sup>h</sup>,
- ffor that I was not mete enoghe
- vnto the bore ; 253
- with hard stowndys thise depe woundys
- Tholyd I thefore. 255

<sup>1</sup> MS. iij.

<sup>2</sup> MS. xps.



(43)

His pains  
and shame  
were all  
borne for  
man,

A crowne of thorne, that is so kene,

Thay set apon my hede for tene,

Two thefys hang thai me betwene,

AH for dyspyte ;

259

This payn ilk dele thou shaH wyt wele,

May I the wyte.

261

(44)

Behald my shankes and my knees,

Myn armes and my thees ;

[Fol. 104, a.] Behold me weH, looke what thou sees,

Bot sorow and pyne ;

265

Thus was I spylt, man, for thi gylt,

And not for myne.

267

(45)

And yit more vnderstand thou shaH ;

In stede of drynk thay gaf me gaf,

AseH thay manged it withaH,

The Iues feH ;

271

to save his  
soul from  
hell.

The payn I haue, tholyd I to saue

Mans sauH from heH.

273

(46)

Behold<sup>e</sup> my body how Iues it dang

with knottys of whyppys and scorges strang ;

As stremes of weH the bloode out sprang

On euery syde ;

277

knottes where thay hyt, weH may thou wytt,

Maide woundys wyde.

279

(47)

And therfor thou shaH vnderstand

In body, heed, feete, and hand,

ffour hundreth woundys and fyue <sup>1</sup> thowsand

here may thou se ;

283

And therto neyn <sup>2</sup> were delt fuH euen

ffor luf of the.

25

285

(48)

Behold<sup>e</sup> on me noght els is lefte,

And or that thou were fro me refte,

AH thise paynes wold I thole efte

And for the dy ;  
here may thou se that I luf the,  
Man, faythfully.

289 Man may see  
how great is  
the love of  
Jesus for  
him.  
291

(49)

Sen I for luf, man, boght the dere,  
As thou thi self the sothe sees here,  
I pray the hartely, with good chere,  
luf me agane ;  
That it lyked me that I for the  
tholyd aH this payn.

Let him then  
love Jesus  
again,  
295

297

(50)

If thou thy lyfe in syn haue led,  
Mercy to ask be not adred ;  
The leste drope I for the bled  
Myght clens the soyn,  
aH the syn the warld with in  
If thou had done.

and ask for  
the mercy  
which can  
cleanse from  
all sin.

301

303

(51)

I was weH wrother with Iudas  
ffor that he wold not ask me no grace,  
Then I was for his trespass  
That he me sold ;  
I was redy to shew mercy,  
Aske none he wold.

Jesus was  
ready to  
show mercy  
even to  
Judas,  
would he but  
have asked  
it.

307

309

(52)

lo how I hold myn arnes on brede,  
The to saue ay redy mayde ;  
That I great luf ay to the had,  
weH may thou know !  
Som luf agane I wold fuH fayn  
Thou wold me shaw.<sup>1</sup>

313

315

(53)

Bot luf noght els aske I of the,  
And that thou fownde fast syn to fle ;  
pyne the to lyf in charyte  
Both nyght and day ;  
Then in my blys that neuer shaH mys  
Thou shaH dweH ay.

[Fol. 104, b.]  
He only asks  
for man's  
love.

319

321

<sup>1</sup> MS. shew.

(54)

Those who  
will cease  
from sin and  
ask mercy  
He will feed  
on His own  
body,

ffor I am veray prynce of peasse,

And synnes seyr I may releasse,

And whoso wilH of synnes seasse

And mercy cry,

325

I grauntt theym here a measse

In brede, myn awne body.

327

(55)

the bread  
which by five  
words be-  
comes His  
flesh.

<sup>1</sup> [That ilk veray brede of lyfe

Becommys my fleshe in wordys fyfe ;

who so it resaues in syn or stryfe

Bese dede for euer ;

331

And whoso it takys in rightwys lyfe

Dy shaH he neuer.<sup>1</sup>] [*Jesus retires, and the three*

(56)

*Maries advance.]*

Mary Mag-  
dalen la-  
ments the  
death of  
Jesus.

*Maria Magdalene.* Alas ! to dy with doyh am I dyght !

In world was neuer a wofuller wight,

I drope, I dare, for seyng of sight

That I can se ;

337

My lord, that mekiH was of myght,

Is dedH fro me.

339

(57)

Alas ! that I shuld se hys pyne,

Or that I shuld his lyfe tyne,

ffor to ich sore he was medecyne

And boytte of aH ;

343

help and holdH to euer ilk hyne

To hym wold caH.

345

(58)

Mary Jacobi  
faints to  
think of His  
wounds.

*Maria Iacobi.* Alas ! how stand I on my feete

when I thynk on his woundys wete !

Ihesus, that was on luf so swete,

And neuer dyd yH,

349

Is dede and grafen vnder the grete,

withoutten skyH.

351

(59)

*Maria solomee.* withoutten skyH thise Iues ilkon

That luffy lord thay haue hym slone,

And trespas dyd he neuer none,

<sup>1</sup> Crossed out with red ink (after the Reformation ?).

In nokyn steck;	355	Mary Salome asks to whom may they make their moan now Jesus is dead?
To whom shaft we now make oure mone?		
Oure lord is ded.	357	
(60)		
<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> Sen he is ded, my systers dere,		The Magdalene proposes that they go and aoint His wounds.
weynd we wið with full good chere.		
with oure anoyntmentys fare and clere		
That we haue broght,	361	
ffor to anoyntt his woundys sere,		
That Iues hym wroght.	363	
(61)		
<i>Maria Iacobi.</i> Go we then, my systers fre,		[Fol. 105, a. Sig. Q. 1.]
ffor sore me longis his cors to see,		The others wonder how they shall move the hevy stone.
Bot I wote neuer how best may be;	367	
help haue we none,		
And which shaft of vs systers thre		
remefe the stone?	369	
(62)		
<i>Maria salomee.</i> That do we not bot we were mo,		
ffor it is hogh and heuy also.		
<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> Systers, we thar no farther go		The Magdalene sees two sitting by the tomb in white clothing.
Ne make mowrnyng;	373	
I se two syt where we weynd to,		
In whyte clothyng.	375	
(63)		
<i>Maria Iacobi.</i> Certys, the sothe is not to hyde,		
The graue stone is put besyde.		
<i>Maria salomee.</i> Certys, for thyng that may betyde,		
Now wið we weynde	379	
To late the luf, and with hym byde,		
that was oure freynde.	381	
(64)		
<i>primus angelus.</i> ye mowrnyng women in youre thoght,		The angels tell the women that Jesus is not there.
here in this place whome haue ye soght?		
<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> Ihesu that vnto ded was broght,		
Oure lord so fre.	385	
<i>Secundus angelus.</i> Certys, women, here is he noght;		
Com nere and se.	387	

"Anacrisis" twice



Ne yit no mys ;	421	It was for
It was my gylt he was fortayn,		her guilt He
And nothing his.	423	suffered, for
		none of His
		own.

(71)

how myght I, bot I lufyd that swete  
That for me suffred woundys wete,  
Sythen to be grafen vnder the grete,

Sich kyndnes kythe ;	427
Ther is nothyng tiH that we mete	
may make me blythe.	[The women retire, and the

(72) *soldiers then wake.*]

*primus Miles.* Outt, alas ! what shaH I say ?  
where is the cors that here in lay ?

The soldiers  
discover the  
disappear-  
ance of the  
body, and  
cry harrow !

<i>Secundus Miles.</i> what alys the man ? he is away	
That we shuld tent !	433

*primus Miles.* Ryse vp and se.

<i>Secundus miles.</i> harrow ! thefe ! for ay	
I cownte vs shent !	435

(73)

*Tercius miles.* what devyH alys you two  
sich nose and cry thus forto may ?

*Secundus Miles.* flor he is gone.<sup>1</sup>

<i>Tercius Miles.</i> Alas, wha ?	439
-----------------------------------	-----

*Secundus Miles.* he that here lay.

<i>Tercius Miles.</i> harrow ! deviH ! how swa gat he away ?	441
--	-----

(74)

*Quartus miles.* what, is he thus-gatys from vs went,

The fals tratur that here was lentt,

That we truly to tent

had vndertane ?

445	They fear
	they will be
	punished.

Certainly I teH vs shent

holly ilkane.

447

(75)

*primus Miles.* Alas, what shaH I do this day

Sen this tratur is won away ?

And safely, syrs, I dar weH say

he rose alon.

451

*Secundus Miles.* wytt sir pilate of this enfray

we mon be slone.

453

<sup>1</sup> "go" is needed to ryme with "two."

(76)

The second  
soldier him-  
self saw  
Jesus go.

*Quartus Miles.* wote ye weH he rose in dede?

*Secundus Miles.* I sagh myself when that he yede.

*primus Miles.* when that he styrryd out of the steed

None couth it ken.

457

*Quartus Miles.* Alas, hard hap was on my hede

emang aH men.

459

(77)

[Fol. 106, a.  
Sig. Q. 2.]

*Tercius Miles.* ye, bot wyt *sir* pilate of this dede,

That we were slepand when he yede,

we mon forfett, withoutten drede,

AH that we haue.

463

They think  
they must  
invent some  
lie,

*Quartus Miles.* we must make lees, for that is nede,

Oure self to saue.

465

(78)

*primus Miles.* That red I weH, so myght I go.

*Secundus Miles.* And I assent therto also.

as that a  
thousand  
armed men  
stole the  
body.

*Tercius Miles.* A thowsand shaH I assay, and mo,

weH armed ilkon,

469

Com and toke his cors vs fro,

had vs nere slone.

471

(79)

The fourth  
soldier is  
bold to tell  
Pilate what  
has really  
happened.

*Quartus miles.* Nay, certys, I hold ther none so good

As say the sothe right as it stude,

how that he rose with mayn and mode,

And went his way ;

475

To *sir* pilate, if he be wode,

Thus dar I say.

477

(80)

*primus Miles.* why, and dar thou to *sir* pilate go

with thise thythyngys, and telh hym so ?

*Secundus Miles.* So red I that we do also,

we dy bot oones.

481

*Tercius Miles & omnes.* Now he that wrought vs aH this wo

wo worth his bones !

483

(81)

*Quartus Miles.* Go we sam, *sir* knyghtys heynd,

Sen we shaH to *sir* pilate weynd,

I trow that we shaH parte no freynd,

Or that we pas. [They come to Pilate.] 487 The first  
*primus Miles.* Now and I shaH teH ilka word tiH ende, soldier greets  
 right as it was. 489 Pilate and  
 the priests.

(82)

Sir pilate, prynee withoutten peyr,  
 Sir Cayphas and Anna both in fere,  
 And aH the lordys aboute you there,  
 To neuen by name; 493  
 Mahowne you saue on sydys sere  
 ffro syn and shame. 495

(83)

*pilatus.* ye ar welcom, oure knyghtys so keyn, Pilate asks  
 A mekiH myrth now may we meyn, for news.  
 Bot teH vs som talking vs betwene,  
 How ye haue wrought. 499  
*primus Miles.* Oure walkyng, lord, withoutten wene,  
 Is worth to noght. 501

(84)

*Cayphas.* To noght? alas, seasse of sich saw. They tell  
*Secundus Miles.* The prophete ihesu, that ye weH know, him the  
 Is rysen, and went fro vs on raw, prophet is  
 with mayn and myght. 505 risen.  
*pilatus.* Therfor the deviH the aH to-draw, He re-  
 vyle recrayd knyght! 507 proaches  
 them.

(85)

what! combred cowardys I you caH!  
 lett ye hym pas fro you aH?  
*Tercius Miles.* Sir, ther was none that durst do bot smaH They plead  
 when that he yede. 511 fright.  
*Quartus Miles.* we were so ferde we can d'owne faH,  
 And qwoke for drede. 513

(86)

[Fol. 106, b.]

*primus miles.* we were so rad, euerilkon,  
 when that he put besyde the stone,  
 we quoke for ferd, and durst styr none,  
 And sore we were abast. 517  
*pilatus.* whi, bot rose he bi hym self alone?  
*Secundus miles.* ye, lord, that be ye trast, 519  
 Jesus rose  
 by Himself  
 alone.  
 T. PLAYS. Y



(87)

There was a  
wondrous  
melody when  
He rose.

we hard neuer on euyn ne morne,

Nor yit oure faders vs beforne,

Sich melody, myd-day ne morne,

As was maide thore.

523

*pilatus.* Alas, then ar oure lawes forlorne

ffor euer more !

525

(88)

Pilate asks  
the advice  
of Caiaphas.

A, deviH ! what shaH now worth of this ?

This world farys with quantys ;

I pray you, Cayphas, ye vs wys

Of this enfray.

529

*Caiphas.* Sir, and I couth oght by my clergys,

ffayn wold I say.

531

(89)

Annas  
counsels  
him to re-  
ward the  
soldiers, and  
make them  
tell another  
story.

*Anna.* To say the best for sothe I shaH ;

It shalbe profett for vs aH,

yond knyghtys behovys thare wordys agane caH,

how he is myst ;

535

we wold not, for thyng that myght befaH,

That no man wyst :

537

(90)

And therfor of youre curtessie

Gyf theym a rewarde for-thy.

*pilatus.* Of this counseH weH paide am I,

It shalbe thus.

541

Sir knyghtys, that ar of dedys doghty,

Take tent tiH vs ;

543

(91)

Pilate bids  
them say  
10,000 men  
in good  
array stole  
the body  
from them.

herkyns now how ye shaH say,

where so ye go by nyght or day ;

Ten thowsand<sup>1</sup> men of good aray

Cam you vntiH,

547

And thefyschly toke his cors you fray

Agans youre wiH.

549

(92)

loke ye say thus in euery land,

And therto on this couande

Ten thowsand pounds<sup>2</sup> haue in youre hande

<sup>1</sup> MS. XM<sup>l</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> XM<sup>l</sup> li.

To youre rewarde ;	553	He gives
And my frenship, I vnderstande,		them £10,000
Shall not be sparde ;	555	as their
		reward.

(93)

Bot loke ye say as we haue kende.		
<i>primus miles.</i> yis, sir, as mahowne me mende,		They pro-
In ilk contree where so we lende		mise com-
By nyght or day,	559	pliance, and
where so we go, where so we weynd,		are dis-
Thus shall we say.	561	missed.

(94)

*pilatus.* The blyssing of mahowne be with you nyght  
and day !

[*Pilate and the soldiers retire. Mary and Jesus advance.*]

<i>Maria magdalene.</i> Say me, garthynere, I the pray,		[Fol. 107, a.
If thou bare oght my lord away ;		Sig. Q. 3.]
Tell me the sothe, say me not nay,		
where that he lyys,	566	Mary Mag-
And I shall remeue hym if I may,		dalene asks
On any kyn wyse.	568	the Gardener
		if He knows
		where her
		Lord's body
		is ?

(95)

<i>Ihesus.</i> woman, why wepys thou ? be styll !	
whome sekys thou ? say me thy wyll,	
And nyk me not with nay.	571
<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> ffor my lord I lyke full yll ;	
The stede thou bare his body tyll	
Tell me I the pray ;	574
And I shall if I may / his body bere with me,	
Vnto myn endyng day / the better shuld I be.	576

(96)

<i>Ihesus.</i> woman, woman, turn thi thought !	
wyt thou well I hyd hym noght,	
Then bare hym nawre with me ;	579
Go seke, loke if thou fynde hym oght.	
<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> In fayth I haue hym sought,	
Bot nawre he will fond be.	582

She has  
sought but  
cannot find  
Him.

(97)

<i>Ihesus.</i> why, what was he to the / In sothfastnes to say ?	
<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> A ! he was to me / no longer dwell I may.	
<i>Ihesus.</i> Mary, thou sekys thy god, and that am I.	585

Jesus reveals  
Himself.

(98)

Mary wor-  
ships Jesus.*Maria Magdalene.* Rabony, my lord so dere !

Now am I hole that thou art here,

Suffer me to negh the nere,

And kys thi feete ;

589

Myght I do so, so weH me were,

ffor thou art swete.

591

(99)

He bids her  
not to touch  
Him, but to  
bear His  
commands  
to His dis-  
ciples.*Ihesus.* Nay, mary, neghe thou not me,

ffor to my fader, teH I the,

yit stevynd I noght ;

594

TeH my brethere I shaH be

Before theym aH in trynte

whose wiH that I haue wroght.

597

To peasse now ar thay boght / that prysond were in pyne,

wherfor thou thank in thocht / god, thi lord and myne

599

(100)

Mary thou shaH weynde me fro,

Myn erand shaH thou grathly go,

In no fowndyng thou faH ;

602

To my dyseypyls say thou so,

That wilsom ar and lappyd in wo,

That I thaym socoure shaH.

605

By name peter thou caH / and say that I shaH be

Before hym and theym aH / my self in galyle.

607

(101)

Mary pro-  
mises obedi-  
ence, and  
rejoices at  
having seen  
the Lord.*Maria Magdalene.* lord, I shaH make my vyage

to teH theym hastely ;

ffro thay here that message

thay wiH be aH mery.

611

[Fol. 107, b.]

This lord was slayn, alas for-thy,

ffalsly spylyt, noman wyst why,

whore he dyd mys ;

614

Bot with hym spake I bodely,

ffor-thi commen is my blys.

616

(102)

Mi blys is commen, my care is gone,

That luffy haue I mett alone ;

I am as blyth in bloode and bone

As euer was wight<sup>t</sup>; 620 He is risen  
Now is he resyn that ere was slone, that was  
Mi hart is light. 622 slain.

(103)

I am as light as leyfe on tre,  
ffor ioyfuH sight that I can se,  
ffor weH I wote that it was he  
My lord ihesu; 626  
he that betrayde that fre  
sore may he rew. 628

(104)

To galyle now wiH I fare,  
And his dyseyples each from care;  
I wote that thay wiH mowrne no mare,  
Commyn is thare blys; 632  
That worthi childe that mary bare  
he amende youre mys. 634

She will go  
to Galilee  
and release  
the disciples  
from care.

*Explicit resurreccio domini.*

## XXVII.

### Peregrini.<sup>1</sup>

[2 nine-line stanzas, no 4 aaaab cccb, no. 30 ababe ddde; 5 eight-line, abababab; 6 seven-line, nos. 39, 59 abab ede, the rest ababe bc; 40 six-line, aaab ab; 6 four-line, abab; 1 couplet.]

[*Dramatis Personae* :

*Cleophas*

*Lucas*

*Jesus.*]

*Cleophas.*

(1)

**A**lmyghty god, ihesu! ihesu  
That<sup>t</sup> borne was of a madyn fre,  
Thou was a lord and prophete trew,  
whyls thou had lyfe on lyfe to be 4  
Emangys thise men;  
yH was thou ded, so wo is me  
that I it ken! 7

Cleophas  
laments for  
Jesus.

<sup>1</sup> "fysher pagent" is written underneath the title in a later hand.

(2)

Why was  
man so  
blind as to  
slay his  
Lord?

I ken it weH that thou was slayn

Oonly for me and aH mankynde ;

Therto thise Iues were fuH bayn.

Alas ! why was thou, man, so blynde

11

Thi lord to slo ?

On hym why wold thou haue no mynde,

bot bett hym blo ?

14

(3)

[Fol. 108, a.  
Sig. Q. 4.]

Blo thou bett hym bare / his brest thou maide aH blak,

his woundes aH wete thay ware / Alas, withioutten lak !

16

(4)

Luke  
laments the  
death of  
man's  
physician.

*Lucas.* That lord, alas, that leche / that was so meke and  
mylde,

So weH that couth vs preche / with syn was neuer fylde ;

he was fuH bayn to preche / vs aH from warkes wylde,

his ded it wiH me drech, / ffor thay hym so begylde

This day ;

21

Alas, why dyd thay so

To tug hym to and fro ?

ffrom hym wold thay not go

To his lyfe was away.

25

(5)

They recall  
how Jesus  
was tortured  
by the Jews.

*Cleophas.* Thise cursyd Iues, euer worth thaym wo !

Oure lord, oure master, to ded gart go,

AH sakles thay gart hym slo

Apon the rode,

29

And forto bete his body blo

Thay thoght fuH good.

31

(6)

*Lucas.* Thou says fuH sothe, thay dyd hym payn,

And therto were thay euer fayn.

Thay wold no leyf or he was slayn

And done to ded ;

35

ffor-thi we mowrne with mode and mayn,

with rufuH red.

37

(7)

*Cleophas.* yee, rufully may we it rew,

ffor hym that was so good and trew,

That thugh the falshede of a Iew

was thus betrayd ;	41	Their own sorrow is ever fresh.
Therfor oure sorow is euer new,		
Oure ioy is layd.	43	
(8)		
<i>Lucas</i> , Certys, it was a wonder thyng		They marvel at the un- belief of the Jews,
That thay wold for no tokynyng,		
Ne yit for his techyng,		
Trast in that trew ;	47	
Thay myght haue sene in his doying		
ffuH great vertu.	49	
(9)		
<i>Cleophas</i> . ffor aH that thay to hym can say		and the meekness of Jesus.
he answard neuer with yee, ne nay,		
Bot as a lam meke was he ay,		
ffor aH thare threte ;	53	
he spake neuer, by nyght <sup>t</sup> ne day,		
No wordes greatte.	55	
(10)		
<i>Lucas</i> . AH if he wor withoutten plight,		
Vnto the ded yit thay hym dight ;		
If he had neuer so mekiH myght		
he suffred aH ;	59	He stood still as stone in wall.
he stud as stiH, that bright,		
As stone in waH.	61	
(11)		
<i>Cleophas</i> . Alas, for doyH ! what was thare skyH		How could the Jews slay Him ?
That precyous lord so forto spiH ?		
And he seruyd neuer none yH		
In worde, ne dede ;	65	
Bot prayd for theym his fader tiH		
To ded when that he yede.	67	
(12)		
<i>Lucas</i> . When I thynk on his passyon,		[Fol. 103, b.]
And on his moder how she can swoyn,		The remem- brance of his mother's sorrow
To dy nere am I bowne,		71 makes them ready to die.
ffor sorow I sagH hir make ;		
Vnder the crosse when she feH downe,		
ffor hir son sake.	73	

(13)

The blows of  
the Jews  
made His  
body blue.

*Cleophas.* Me thynk my hart is full of wo  
when I sagh hym to ded go ;

Th[e] wekyd Iues thay were so thro

To wyrk hym woghē,

77

his fare body thay maide full blo

with strokes enoghe.

79

(14)

When He  
asked for  
drink they  
gave Him  
vinegar and  
gall.

*Lucas.* Me thynk my hart droppys all in bloode  
when I sagh hym hyng on the roode,

And askyd a drynk, with full mylde mode,

Right than in hy ;

83

Asch and gall, that was not good,

Thay brought hym then truly.

85

(15)

No man ever  
suffered half  
as much.

*Cleophas.* was neuer man in no-kyns steede

That suffred half so greatt mysdede

As he, to ded or that he yede,

Ne yit the care ;

89

ffor-thi full carefull is my red

where soeuer I fare.

91

(16)

*Lucas.* where so I fare he is my mynde,

Bot when I thynk on hym so kynde,

how sore gyltles that he was pynde

Apon a tre,

95

Vnethes may I holde my mynde,

So sore myslykys me.

97

*hic venit ihesus in apparatu peregrini.*

(17)

Jesus asks  
why they  
walk so sor-  
rowfully?

*Ihesus.* Pylgrymes, whi make ye this mone,

And walk so rufully by the way ?

haue ye youre gates vngrathly gone ?

Or what you alys to me ye say.

101

(18)

what wordes ar you two emange,

That ye here so sadly gang ?

To here theym eft full sore I lang,

here of yow two ;	105	He desires to know what are they talking off
It semys ye ar in sorow strang,		
here as ye go.	107	

(19)

<i>Cleophas.</i> what way, for shame, man, has thou tayn		Cleophas asks how it is He has not heard of this affray?
That thou wote not of this affray ?		
Thow art a man by the alane,		
Thow may not please me to my pay.	111	

(20)

<i>Ihesus.</i> I pray you, if it be youre wiH,		
Those Wordys ye wold <sup>r</sup> reherse me tyH ;		[Fol. 109, a.] Jesus asks them to tell Him.
ye ar aH heuy and lykys yH		
here in this way ;	115	
If ye wiH now shew me youre [wyll]		
I wold you pray.	117	

(21)

<i>Lucas.</i> Art thou a pilgreme thi self alone,		Luke cannot believe He has not heard.
walkand in contry bi thyn oone,		
And wote not what is comen and gone		
within few dayes ?	121	
Me thynk thou shuld make mone,		
And wepe here in thi wayes.	123	

(22)

<i>Ihesus.</i> whi, what is done can ye me say		Jesus again asks to be told.
In this land this ylk day ?		
Is ther fallen any affray		
In land awre whare ?	127	
If ye can, me tel I you pray,		
Or that I farthere fare.	129	

(23)

<i>Cleophas.</i> why, knowys thou not what thyng is done		They tell Him they are mourning the death of a prophet, Jesus of 'Nazarene'
here at Ierusalem thus sone,		
Thugh wykyd Iues, withoutten hone,		
And noght lang syn ?	133	
flor the trewe prophete make we this mone,		
And for his pyne.	135	

(24)

*Lucas.* yee for ihesu of nazarene,  
That was a prophete true and clene,  
In word, in wark, fuH meke, I wone,



They found And that fonde we ; 139  
 Him ever  
 true. And so has he fuH long bene,  
 As mot I the, 141

(25)

To god and to the people bath ;  
 Therfor thise daies he has takyn skatli,  
 Vnto the ded, withoutten hagh,  
 The Jews Thise Iues hym dight ; 145  
 put Him to death,  
 ffor-thi for hym thus walk we wrath  
 By day and nyght. 147

(26)

Cleophas. Thise wykyd Iues trayed hym with gyle  
 To thare high preestys within a whyle,  
 And to thare prynces thay can hym fyle,  
 withoutten drede ; 151  
 crucifying  
 Him a mile  
 hence. Apon a crosse, noght hens a myle,  
 To ded he yede. 153

(27)

They expect Lucas. we trowyd that it was he truly  
 Him to come his awne lyfe agane shuld by,  
 again to life, As it is told in prophcey  
 Of Cristys doying ; 157  
 And, certys, thay wiH neuer ly  
 ffor nokyns thyng. 159

(28)

ffro he was of the crosse tayn  
 he was layde fuH sone agane  
 but know not whether He be risen or no. In a graue, vnder a stane,  
 And that we saw ; 163  
 [Fol. 109, b.] wheder he be rysen and gane  
 yit we ne know. 165

(29)

Ihesus. Pilgremes, in speche ye ar fuH awth,  
 That shaH I weH declare you why,  
 ye haue it hart, and that is rawth,  
 ye can no better stand therby, 169  
 Thyng that ye here ;  
 And prophetys told it openly  
 On good manere. 172

(30)

Thay saide a childe there shuld be borne

To by mankynde combryd in care ;

Thus saide dauid here beforne

And othere prophetys wyse of lare,

And danieH ;

177

Som saide he ded shuld be,

And ly in ertH by dayes thre,

And sithen, through his pauste,

Ryse vp in flesH and feH.

181

(31)

*Cleophas.* Now, sir, for sothe, as god me saue,

women has flayed vs in oure thoght ;

Thay saide that thay were at his graue,

And in that sted<sup>t</sup> thay faunde hym noght,

185

Bot saide a light

Com downe with angels, and vp hym broght

Ther in thare sight<sup>t</sup>.

188

(32)

we wold not trow theym for nothyng,

If thay were ther in the mornying,

we saide thay knew not his rysyng

when it shuld be ;

192

Bot som of vs, without dwellyng,

went<sup>t</sup> theder to se.

194

(33)

*Lucas.* yee, som of vs, sir, haue beyn thare,

And faunde it as the women saide,<sup>1</sup>

Out of that sted that cors was fare,

And also the graue stone put besyde,

198

we se with ee ;

The teres outt of myn ees can glyde,

ffor doyH I dre.

201

(34)

*Ihesus.* ye foyles, ye ar not stabyH !

where is youre witt, I say ?

wilsom of hart ye ar vnabyH

And outt of the right way,

205

It was fore-  
told that He  
should lie  
three days in  
earth and  
rise by His  
power.

The disciples  
tell of the  
report of  
the women,

of how they  
distrusted it,

but found it  
was true.

Jesus re-  
proaches  
them.

<sup>1</sup> assonance to "besyde," "glyde."

Jesus knew  
that Judas  
should be-  
tray Him.

ffor to <sup>Jesus</sup>trow it is no fabyH  
that at is fallen this same day.  
he wyst, when he sat at his tabiH,  
that Judas shuld hym sone betray.

209

Did not the  
prophets  
foretell His  
death and  
resurrection?

Me think you aH <sup>was in the</sup>vntrist to trow,  
both in mode and mayn,  
A<sup>W</sup>H that the prophetys told to you  
before, it is no trane.

213

[Fol. 110, a]

Told<sup>t</sup> not thay what wyse and how  
That cryst<sup>t</sup> shuld suffire payn ?  
And so to his paske bow  
To entre tiH his ioy agane.

217

(36)

Take tent to moyses and othere mo,  
that were prophetys trew and good ;  
Thay saide ihesus to ded<sup>t</sup> shuld go,  
And pynde be on roode ;  
Thurgh the Iues be maide fuH blo,  
his woundys rynyng on red blode ;  
Sithen shuld he ryse and furth go  
before, right as he yode.

221

225

(37)

Christ must  
needs suffer  
thus, and  
then enter  
into bliss.

Crist<sup>t</sup> behovid to suffire this,  
fforsothe, right as I say,  
And sithen enter into his blys  
vnto his fader for ay,  
Euer to won with hym and his,  
where euer is gam and play ;  
Of that myrth shaH he neuer mys  
ffro he weynde hens away.

229

233

(38)

Cleophas  
thanks Jesus  
for His  
words

*Cleophas.* Now, sir, we thank it<sup>t</sup> fuH oft sythles,  
the commyng of you heder ;  
To vs so kyndly kythes  
the prophecy aH to geder.

237

(39)

*Ihesus.* By leyff now, sirs, for I must weynde,  
ffor I haue far of my iornay.  
*lucas.* Now, sir, we pray you, as oure freynde,

AH nyght to abyde for charite,	241	Luke prays Him to stay with them this nyght,
And take youre r[est];		
At morne more prest then may ye be		
to go fuH prest.	244	

(40)

<i>Cleophas.</i> Sir, we you pray, for godys sake,	
This nyght penance with vs to take,	
With sich chere as we can make,	
And that we pray ;	248
we may no fartherhe walk ne wake,	
Gone is the day.	250

(41)

<i>Lucas.</i> DweH with vs, sir, if ye myght,	
ffor now it <sup>1</sup> waxes to the nyght,	
The day is gone that was so bright,	
No far thou shaH ;	254
Mete and drynk, sir, we you hight	
ffor thi good tale.	256

promysing  
Him meat  
and drink  
for His good  
tale.

(42)

<i>Ihesus.</i> I thank you both, for sothe, in fere,	
At this tyme I ne may dweH here,	
I haue to walk in wayes sere,	
where I haue hight ;	260
I may not be, withioutten were,	
With you aH nyght.	262

Jesus says  
He may not  
rest with  
them.

(43)

<i>Cleophas.</i> Now, as myght I lyf in qwarte,	
At this tyme wiH we not parte,	
Bot if that thou can more of arte	
Or yit of lare ;	266
Vnto this cyte, with good harte,	
Now let vs fare.	268

They entreat  
Him.

(44)

<i>Lucas.</i> Thou art a pilgreme, as we ar,	
This nyght shaH thou fare as we fare,	
Be it les or be it mare	
Thou shaH assay ;	272
Then to-morne thou make the yare	
To weynde thi Way.	274

[Fol. 110, b.]

<sup>1</sup> MS. is.

(45)

Jesus con-  
sents to  
abide awhile.

*Ihesus.* ffreyndys, forto fulfilH youre wiH

I wiH abyde wiH you awhyle.

*Cleophas.* Sir, ye ar welcom, as is skyH,

To sich as we haue, bi sant gyle.

278

(46)

*Lucas.* Now ar we here at this towne,

I red that we go syft vs downe,

And forto sowpe we make vs bowne,

Now of oure fode ;

282

we haue enogh, sir, bi my crowne,

Of godys goode.

284

*Tunc parent mensam.*

(47)

*Cleophas.* lo, here a borde and clothe laide,

And breed theron, aH redy graide ;

Sit we downe, we shalbe paide,

And make good chere ;

288

It is bot penaunce, as we saide,

That we haue here.

290

*Tunc recumbent & sedebit ihesus in medio eorum, tunc  
benedicet ihesus panem & franget in tribus partibus,  
& postea euanebit ab oculis eorum ; & dicet lucas,*

(48)

*Lucas.* wemmow ! where is this man becom,

Right here that sat betwix vs two ?

he brake the breed and laide vs som ;

how myght he hens now fro vs go

294

At his awne lyst ?

It was oure lorde, I trow right so,

And we not wyst.

297

(49)

*Cleophas.* When went he hens, whedir, and how,

What I ne wote in warld so wyde,

ffor had I wyten, I make a vowe,

he shuld haue byden, what so betyde ;

301

(50)

Bot it were *ihesus* that wiH vs was,

Selcowth me thynke, the sothe to say,

They invite  
Him to sit  
down and  
eat.

They are  
amazed at  
His sudden  
disappear-  
ance in  
breaking  
bread.

Thus preuall from vs to pas,  
I wist neuer when he went away.  
we were full blynde, euer alas!  
I tell vs now begylde for ay,  
ffor spech and bewte that he has  
Man myght hym know this day.

They hold  
themselves  
beguiled for  
not having  
recognised  
Him.

305

309

(51)

*Lucas.* A, dere god, what may this be?  
Right now was he here by me;  
Now is this greatt vanyte,  
    he is away;  
We ar begyld, by my lewte,  
    So may we say.

313

[Fol. 111, a.]

315

(52)

*Cleophas.* where was oure hart, where was oure thocht,  
So far on gate as he vs broght,  
knowlege of hym that we had noght  
    In all that tyme?  
So was he lyke, bi hym me wroght,  
    Till oon pylgryme.

319

321

He was so  
like to a  
pilgrim.

(53)

*Lucas.* Dere god, why couth we hym not knawe?  
so openly all on a raw  
The tayles that he can tell vs shaw,  
    By oone and oon;  
And now from vs within a thraw  
    Thus sone is gone.

325

327

(54)

*Cleophas.* I had no knowlege it was he,  
Bot for he brake this brede in thre,  
And delt it here to the and me  
    With his awne hande;  
When he passyð hence we myght not se,  
    here syttande.

331

333

(55)

*Lucas.* Wee ar to blame, yee, veramente,  
That we toke no better tente  
whils we bi the way wente

They blame  
themselves  
for not  
taking more  
heed.

With hym that stownd ; 337  
 knowlege of hym we myght haue hentt,  
 Syttyng on grownd. 339

(56)

They knew  
 Him as soon  
 as He took  
 the bread  
 and brake it.

*Cleophas.* ffro he toke breede fuH weH I wylt,  
 And brake it here with his awne fyste,  
 And laide it vs at his awne lyst,  
 As we it hent ; 343  
 I knew hym then, and sone it kyst  
 with good intente. 345

(57)

*Lucas.* That we hym knew wist he weH enogh,  
 Therfor aH sone he hym with-drogh,  
 ffro he saw that we hym knogh,  
 with in this sted ; 349  
 I haue ferly what way and how  
 Away that he shuld glyde.<sup>1</sup> 351

(58)

*Cleophas.* Alas, we war fuH myrk in thocht,  
 bot we were both fuH wiH of red ;  
 Man, for shame whi held thou noght  
 when he on borde brake vs this breede ? 355

(59)

he soght the prophecy more and les  
 And told it vs right in this sted,  
 how that he hym self was  
 With wykid Iues broght to ded,  
 And more ; 359  
 we wiH go seke that kyng  
 That suffred woundes sore. 362

(60)

They will go  
 to Jerusalem  
 and tell the  
 brethren.

*lucas.* Ryse, go we hence fro this place,  
 To Ierusalem take we the pace,  
 And teH oure brethere aH the case,  
 I red right thus ; 366  
 ffrom ded to lyfe when that he rase  
 he apperyd tiH vs. 368

<sup>1</sup> assonance to "sted."

(61)

*Cleophas.* At Ierusalem I vnderstande, [Fol. 111, b.]  
 Ther hope I that they be dwelland,  
 In that countre and in that land  
 We shaH theym mete. 372  
 Weynd we furth, I dar warand,  
 Right in the strete. 374

(62)

*lucas.* let vs not tary les ne mare, They will be  
 Bot on oure feete fast lett vs fare ; sure to meet  
 I hope we shaH be cachid fro care them there.  
 ffuH sone, Iwys ; 378  
 That blyssid childe that marie bare  
 Grauntt you his blys. 380

*Expliciunt peregrini.*

## XXVIII.

### Thomas Indie.<sup>1</sup>

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Maria Magdalene.</i>	<i>Quartus Apostolus.</i>	<i>Octavus Apostolus.</i>
<i>Paulus.</i>	<i>Quintus Apostolus.</i>	<i>Novenus Apostolus.</i>
<i>Petrus.</i>	<i>Sextus Apostolus.</i>	<i>Decimus Apostolus.</i>
<i>Tercius Apostolus.</i>	<i>Septimus Apostolus.</i>	<i>Thomas Apostolus.</i>

[10 six-line stanzas, aab aab ; 72 four-line no. 5, abab, the rest (with central rymes), aaaa ; and 1 triplet, with central rymes, no. 14.]

*Maria Magdalene.* (1)

**H** AyH brether ! and god be here !  
 I bryng to amende youre chere,  
 Trist ye it and knawe ; 3  
 he is rysen, the soth to say,  
 I met hym goyng bi the way,  
 he bad me telH it you. 6

(2)

*petrus.* Do way, woman, thou carpys wast !  
 It is som spirite, or els som gast ;  
 Othere was it nocht ; 9

<sup>1</sup> This Play was originally entitled "Resurreccio domini," the title being written in large letters with red ink as usual ; the alteration to "Thomas Indie" is in small letters and black ink.



- Peter cannot believe a dead man has risen to life.      we may trow on nokyns wyse  
That ded man may to lyfe ryse ;  
This then is oure thocht. 12  
(3)
- Paul recalls Jesus' sufferings.      *paulus.* It may be sothe for mans mede,  
The Iues maide hym grymly blede  
Thurgh feete, handys, and syde ; 15  
With nayles on rode thay dyd hym hang,  
wherfor, woman, thou says wrang,  
As myght I blys abide. 18  
(4)
- Mary must be wrong.      *Maria Magdalene.* Do way youre threpyng ! ar ye wode ?  
I sagh hym that dyed on roode,  
And with hym spake with mowth ; 21  
[Fol. 112, a.] Therfor you both, red I,  
spake with Jesus.      putt away your heresy,  
Tryst it stedfast and cowth. 24  
(5)
- Peter reproves her.      *petrus.* Do way, woman ! let be thi fare,  
ffor shame and also syn !  
If we make neuer sich care  
his lyfe may we not wyn. 28  
(6)
- Paul tells her 'there is no trust in woman's saw.'      *paulus.* And it is wretyn in oure law  
' Ther is no trust in womans saw,  
No trust faith to belefe ; 31  
ffor with thare quayntyse and thare gyle  
Can thay laghe and wepe som while,  
And yit nothyng theym grefe.' 34  
(7)
- Women are like apples in hoard, fair to look on, rotten at the core.      In oure bookes thus fynde we wretyn,  
A manere of men weH it wyttyn,  
Of women on this wyse ; 37  
TiH an appyH she is lyke—  
Withoutten faiH ther is none slyke—  
In horde ther it lyse, 40  
(8)
- Bot if a man assay it wittely,  
It is fuH roten inwardly  
At the colke within ; 43

Wherfor in woman is no laghe,  
ffor she is withoutten aghe,  
As crist me lowse of syn.

They are  
irresponsible  
creatures.

46

(9)

Therfor trast we not trystely,  
Bot if we saghe it witterly  
Then wold we trastly trow ;

We will  
believe when  
we see, but  
not on a  
woman's  
word.

49

In womans saw affy we noght,  
ffor thay ar fekih in word and thoght,  
This make I myne avowe.

52

(10)

*Maria magdalene.* As be I lowsid of my care,  
It is as trew as ye stand thare,  
By hym that is my brothere.

Mary pro-  
tests the  
truth of her  
story.

55

*petrus.* I dar lay my heede to wed,  
Or that we go vntiH oure bed  
That we shaH here anothere.

58

(11)

*paulus.* If it be sothe that we here say,  
Or this be *the* thrid day <sup>1</sup>  
The sothe then mon we se.

61

*Maria magdalene.* Bot it be sothe to trow,  
As ye mon here, els pray I you  
ffor fals that ye hold me.

64

(12)

*petrus.* Waloway ! my lefe deres / <sup>2</sup> there I stand in this  
sted,  
sich sorow my hart sheres / for rewth I can no red ;  
sen that mawdleyne witnes beres / that *ihesus* rose from ded,  
Myn ees has letten salt teres / on erthe to se ym trede. 68

Peter begins  
a lamenta-  
tion for  
Jesus.

(13)

Bot alas ! that euer I woke / that carefuH catyf nyght,  
When I for care and cold qwoke / by a fyre burnyng fuH  
bright,

Alas that he  
denied Him.

When I my lord *ihesu* forsoke / ffor drede of womansmyght ;  
A rightwys dome I wiH me loke / that I tyne not that  
semely sight,

72

<sup>1</sup> The words "be the" have been inserted in the MS. at a later date.

<sup>2</sup> The bars at all the central rymes are not in the MS.

[Fol. 112, b.]

(14)

He had  
vowed faith-  
fulness, and  
yet denied  
knowledge  
of his  
Master.

Bot euer alas! what was I wode! / myght noman be  
abarstir;  
I saide if he nede be-stode / to hym shuld none be trastir;  
I saide I knew not that good / creature my master. 75

(15)

Alas that  
they all for-  
sook Him.

Alas! that we fro the fled / that we ne had with the gane;<sup>1</sup>  
When thou with Iues was sted / with the was dwelland  
nane,<sup>1</sup>  
Bot forsoke the that vs fed / for we wold not be tayn;  
we were as prysoners sore adred / with Iues forto be  
slayn. 79

(16)

Paul prays  
that they  
may see  
Him.

*paulus.* Now ihesu, for thi lyfe swete / who hath thus  
mastryd the?  
That in the breede that we eytt / thi self gyffen wold be;  
And sythen thurgh handys and feytt / be nalyd on a tre;  
Grauntt vs grace that we may yit / thi light in manhede  
se. 83

*Tunc venit ihesus et cantat "pax vobis et non tardabit,  
hec est dies quam fecit dominus."*

(17)

The third  
and fourth  
apostles give  
thanks for  
the appear-  
ance of  
Jesus.

*Tercius apostolus.* This is the day that god maide / aH be  
we glad and blythe,  
The holy gost before vs glad / ffuH softly on his sithe;  
Red clothyng apon he had / and blys to vs can kith;  
softly on the erthe he trade / ffulle myldly [he did]<sup>2</sup>  
lythe. 87

(18)

*Quartus apostolus.* This dede thurgh god is done / thus in  
aH oure sighte.  
Mighty god, true kyng in trone / Whose son in marye  
light,  
send vs, lord, thi blissid bone / As thou art god of myght,  
Sothly to se hym sone / and haue of hym a sight. 91

*Iterum venit ihesus, & cantat, "pax vobis & non tardabit."*

<sup>1</sup> MS. gone, none.

<sup>2</sup> Originally "vs."

(19)

*Quintus apostolus.* Who so commys in goddis name / ay  
blissid mot he be !

MightfuH god shelde vs fro shame / In thi moder name  
marie ; 93

Thise wykid Iues wiH vs blame / Thou grauntt vs for to se  
The self body and the same / the which that died on tre.

The fifti  
apostle  
desires to  
see Jesus in  
the body in  
which He  
died.

(20)

*Ihesus.* peasse emangys you ener ichon ! / it is I, drede  
you noght,

That was wonte with you to gone / and dere with ded  
you boght. 97

Grope and fele flesH and bone / and fourme of man weH  
wroght ;

Sich thyng has goost none / loke wheder ye knawe me  
oght. 99

Jesus ap-  
pears, and  
bids them  
grope and  
feel His flesh  
and bone.

(21)

My rysyng fro dede to lyfe / shaH no man agane moytt ;  
Behold my woundes fyfe / through handys, syde, and foytt ;  
To ded can luf me dryfe / and styrryd my hart roytt.  
Of syn who wiH hym shryfe / thyes woundys shalbe his  
boytt. 103

[Fol. 113, a.  
Sig. R. 1.]  
Let them  
behold His  
wounds, by  
which men  
shall be  
healed of  
sin.

(22)

ffor oon so swete a thyng / my self so lefe had wroght,  
Man sawH, my dere derlyng / to bateH was I broght ;  
ffor it thay can me dyng / to bryng out of my thoght,  
On roode can thay me hyng / yit luf forgate I noght. 107

He did  
battle for  
man's soul,  
and forgat  
not love.

(23)

luf makys me, as ye may se / strenkyllid with blood so  
red ;  
luf gars me haue hart so fre / it opyns euery sted ;  
luf so fre so dampnyd me / it drofe me to the ded ;  
luf rasid me thrug his pauste / it is swetter then med. 111

Love caused  
His death  
and resur-  
rection. It  
is sweeter  
than mead.

(24)

wytterly, man, to the I cry / thou yeme my fader fere,  
Thyn awne sawH kepe cleynly / whyls thou art warden  
here ;  
slo it not with thi body / synnyng in synnes sere, 114  
On me and it thou haue mercy / for I haue boght it dere.

Let not men  
slay their  
souls, which  
He has  
bought so  
dearly.

(25)

Jesus asks  
the apostles  
for some  
meat.

Mi dere freyndys, now may ye se / for soth̄ that [it] is I  
That dyed ap̄on the roode tre / and sythen rose bodely ;  
That it aH-gatys soth̄fast be / ye shaH se hastely ;  
Of youre mett gif ye me / sich̄ as ye haue redy. 119

*paratur mensa, & offerat vi<sup>us</sup> apostolus fauū mellis &  
piscem, dicendo.*

(26)

The sixth  
apostle gives  
Him roasted  
fish and  
honeycomb.

*sextus apostolus.* lord, lo here a rostid fish / and a comb  
of hony  
laide fuH fare in a dish / and fuH honestly ;  
here is none othere mett bot this / in aH oure company,  
Bot weH is vs that we haue this / to thi lykyng only. 123

(27)

Jesus asks  
His Father  
to bless the  
meat.

*Ihesus.* Mi dere fader of heuen / that maide me borne to be  
Of a madyn withoutten steven / and sithen to die on tre,  
ffrom ded to lif at set stevyn / rasid me thurgh̄ thi  
paustee,  
with̄ the wordys that I shaH neven / this mette thou blis  
thurgh̄ me. 127

(28)

He blesses it  
[Fol. 113, b.]  
in the name  
of the Trin-  
ity,

In the fader name and the son / and the holy gast,  
Thre persons to knaw and com / in oone godhede stedfast ;  
I gif this mett my benyson / thurgh̄ wordys of mygh̄tys  
mast ; 130  
Now wiH I ette, as I was won / my manhede eft to tast

(29)

and bids  
the apostles  
eat also.

My dere freyndys lay hand tiH / eyttys for charite ;  
I ette at my fader wiH / at my wiH ette now ye.  
That I ette is to fulfiH / that writen is of me  
In moyses law, for it is skyH / ffulfillyd that it be. 135

(30)

He reminds  
them how  
He had fore-  
told His own  
death and  
resurrection.

Myn ye noght that I you tol̄ / in certain tyme and sted̄,  
When I gaf myself to wold̄ / to you in fourme of bred̄,  
That my body shuld be sold̄ / my bloode be spylt so red̄ ;  
This [co]rs gravyn ded̄ and cold̄ / the thrid day ryse fro  
ded ? 139

(31)

youre hartes was fulfilyd with drede / whyls I haue fro  
you bene ;

Let them  
believe what  
they haue  
seen with  
their eyes.

The rysyng of my manhede / vnethes wold<sup>t</sup> ye weyn ;  
Of trouth now may ye spede / thorow stedfast wordys and  
cleyn.

leyf freyndys, trow now the dede / that ye with ees haue  
sene. 143

(32)

ye haue forthynkyng and shame / for youre dysseferance,  
I forgif you the blame / in me now haue affyance ;  
The folk that ar with syn lame / preche theym to repent-  
ance,

He forgives  
them and  
bids them  
preach re-  
pentance to  
sinners,

fforgif syn in my name / enioyne theym to penance. 147

(33)

The grace of the holy gost to wyn / resaue here at me ;

*hic respirat in eos.*

The which shaH neuer blyn. / I gif you here pauste ;  
whom in erth<sup>e</sup> ye lowse of syn / in heuen lowsyd shaH be,  
And whom in erth<sup>e</sup> ye bynd ther-in / In heuen bonden be  
he. 151

giving them  
power to  
bind and  
loose.

*hic discedet ab eis.*

(34)

*Septimus apostolus.* Ihesu crist in trynYTE / Ihesu to cry  
and caH,

That borne was of a madyn fre / thou saue vs synfuH aH !  
ffor vs hanged apon a tre / drank aseH and gaH,

The seventh  
apostle  
cries on  
Jesus to  
save them  
from vanity  
and despair.

Thi seruandys saue fro vanyte / In wanhope that we not  
faH. 155

(35)

*Octauus apostolus.* Brethere, be we stabyH of thoght<sup>t</sup> /  
wanhope put we away,

Of mysbelefe that we be noght<sup>t</sup> / for we may safly say  
he that mankynde on rood boght / fro dede rose the thryd  
day ;

The eighth  
exhorts to  
stability of  
thought.

we se the woundys in hym was wroght / aH blody yit  
were thay. 159

(36)

The ninth  
apostle re-  
calls Christ's  
prophecies  
and their  
fulfilment.  
[Fol. 114, a.  
Sig. R. 2.]

*Nouenus apostolus.* he told vs fyrst he shuld be tain /  
And for mans syn shuld dy,  
Be ded and beryd vnder a stayn / and after ryse vp bodely ;  
Now is he quyk fro grafe gan <sup>1</sup> / he cam and stode vs by,  
And lete vs se ilkan <sup>1</sup> / the Woundys of his body. 163

(37)

The tenth,  
exults in  
Christ's  
triumph  
over death.  
Only  
Thomas has  
not seen  
Him.

*Decimus apostolus.* Deth that is so kene / ihesu ouer  
comen has,  
As he vs told, yit may we mene / fro ded how he shuld  
pas ;  
Ihesu stode witnes betwene / that with hym dwelland  
was,  
Ah his dyscyples has hym sene / safe oonly thomas. 167

(38)

Thomas  
comes on  
lamenting  
the suffer-  
ings and  
death of  
Christ.

*Thomas.* If that I prowde as pacok go, / my hart is full of  
care ;  
If any sorow myght a man slo / my hart in sonder it  
share ;  
Mi life wyrkys me ah this wo / of blys I am full bare,  
yit wold I nawthere freynde ne fo / wylt how wo me  
ware. 171

(39)

Ihesu, my lyfe so good / ther none myght better be,  
None wysere man then better food / nor none kyndere  
then he ;  
The Iues haue nalyd his cors on rood / nalyd with nales  
thre,  
And with a spere thay spylt his blood / great sorow it  
was to se. 175

(40)

To se the stremes of blood ryn / weh more then doyh it  
was,  
sich great payn for mans syn / sich doyhfuH ded he has ;  
I haue lyfid withoutten wyn / sen he to ded can pas,  
for he was fare of cheke and chyn / for doyh of ded alas !

*hic pergit ad discipulos.*

<sup>1</sup> MS. gon, ilkon.

(41)

Myghty god for to dyscryfe / that neuer dyed, ne shaH,  
wo and wandreth from you dryfe / that ye not therin faH.

*petrus.* he the saue with woundys fyfe / his son ihesu to  
caH,

182

That rose from deth to lyfe / and shewyd hym tiH vs aH.

Thomas  
greetes the  
other dis-  
ciples. Peter  
tells him of  
the Resur-  
rection.

(42)

*Thomas.* whannow, peter! art thou mad? / on lyfe who  
was hym lyke!

ffor his deth I am not glad / for sorow my hart wiH breke,  
That with the Iues he was so stad / to ded they can hym  
wreke;

Thou hym forsoke, so was thou rad / when they to the  
can speke.

187

Thomas  
thinks Peter  
mad, and  
reminds him  
how he for-  
sook Christ.

(43)

*paulus.* let be, leyf brothere thomas / and turne thi thought  
belyfe,

ffor the thryd day ihesus rase / fleshly fro ded to lyfe;

TiH vs aH he cam a pase / and shewyd his woundys fyfe,

And lyfing man, and etten hase / hony takyn of a hyfe.

Paul tells of  
Christ's  
appearance  
to them.

(44)

*Thomas.* Let be for shame! apartly / ffantom dyssauys  
the!

ye sagH hym not bodely / his gost it myght weH be,

fforto glad youre hartes sory / in youre aduersyte;

he luffyd vs weH and faythfully / therfor sloes sorow me.

[Fol. 114, b.]

Thomas  
thinks them  
deceived.

194

(45)

*Tercius apostolus.* Thou wote, thomas / and sothe it was,  
and oft has thou hard say,

how a fysH swalod ionas / thre dayes therin he lay;

yit gaf god hym myght to pas / whyk man to wyn away;

Myght not god that sicH myght has / rase his son upon  
the thryd day?

199

A third  
apostle  
recalls the  
miracle of  
Jonah.

(46)

*Thomas.* Man, if thou can vnderstand / cryst saide his self,  
mynnys me,

That aH lokyn was in his hande / aH oone was god and  
he!



The fourth,  
fifth, and  
sixth  
apostles try  
to convince  
Thomas of  
the reality of  
Christ's  
appearance.

The son wax marke, aH men seand / when he died on the  
tre,  
Therfor am I full sore dredand / that who myght his  
boote be. 203

(47)

*Quartus apostolus.* The holy gost in marye light / and in  
hir madynhede

Godd's son she held and dight / and cled hym in manhede ;  
ffor luf he wentt as he had hight / to fight withoutten  
drede ;

When He  
had finished  
the fight He  
skipped out  
of the body  
which  
clothed  
Him,

when he had termynd that fight / he skypt outt of his  
wede. 207

(48)

*Thomas.* If he skypt outt of his clethyng / yit thou  
grauntys his cors was ded ;

It was his cors that maide shewyng / vnto you in his sted ;  
fforto trow in youre carpyng / my hart is hevy as led ;  
his dede me bryngys in great mowrneyng / and I with-  
outten red. 211

(49)

rescued the  
souls in  
hell, and  
rose again  
in His body.

*Quintus apostolus.* The gost went to heH a pase / whils  
the cors lay slayn,

And broght the sawles from sathanas / for which he  
suffred payn ;

The thryd day right he gase / right vnto the cors agayn,  
Mighty god and man he rase<sup>1</sup> / and therfor ar we fayn. 215

(50)

*Thomas.* AH sam to me ye flyte / youre resons fast ye  
shawe,

Bot tell me a skyH perfyte / any of you on raw ; 217  
when cryst cam you to vysyte / as ye tell me with saw,  
A whyk man from a spyryte / wherby couth ye hym know ?

(51)

*Sextus apostolus.* Thomas, vnto the anone / herto answere  
I wiH ;

Man has both flesH and bone / hu, hyde, and hore thertiH ;  
sich thyng has goost none / thomas, lo, here thi skyH ;  
Godd's son toke of mary flesh and bone / what nede were  
els thertiH ? 223

<sup>1</sup> MS. rose.

(52)

Thomas. Thou has answerd me ffuH Wele / and fuH skylfully,

Bot my hart is harde as stele / to trow in sich mastery ;

Say, bad he any of you fele / the woundys of his body,

fflesh or bone or ilka dele / to assay his body? 227

[Fol. 115, a. Sig. R. 3.]

Thomas asks if Christ bade any of the apostles feel His body.

(53)

septimus apostolus. yis, thomas, he bad vs se / and handiH hym with hande,

They tell him yes.

To loke wheder it were he / ihesu, man lyfand,

That dyed apou a tre / flesh and bone we fand, 230

his woundes had bene pyte / to towch that were bledand.

(54)

Thomas. Waloway! ye can no good / youre resons ar defaced,

He still thinks a ghost appeared to them.

ye ar as women rad for blood / and lightly oft solaced ;

It was a goost before you stod / lyke hym in blood

betraded, 234

his cors that dyed on rood / for euer hath detH embraced.

(55)

Octauus apostolus. Certys, thomas, gretter care / myght no synfuH wight haue

The eighth apostle tells him of Christ's appearance to the Magdalene.

Then she had, that wepyd so sare / the mawdleyne at his graue ;

ffor sorow and doyH hir awne hare / of hir hede she rent and rafe, 238

Ihesu shewid hym tiH hir thare / hir sorow of syn to safe.

(56)

Thomas. lo, sich foly with you is / wysemen that shuld be,

Thomas still scoffs.

That thus a womans witnes trowys / better than that ye se !

In aH youre skylles more and les / for mysfowndyng fayH ye ; 242

Might I se ihesu gost and flesh / gropyng shuld not gab me.

(57)

Nouenus apostolus. lefe thomas, flyte no more / bot trow and turne thi red,

The tenth apostle reminds him how Christ foretold His own resurrection.

Or els say vs when and where / crist gabbyd in any sted ;

ffor he saide vs when thou was thore / when he hym gaf in bred, 246

That he shuld salfe aH oure sore / quyk rysand fro ded.

(58)

Thomas  
owns  
Christ's  
truthfulness,  
but will not  
believe He  
lives.

*Thomas.* he was full sothfast in his sawes / that dar I  
hertly say,  
And rightwys in all his lawes / whils that he lyfyd ay ;  
Bot sen he shuld thole hard thrawes / on tre whils that  
he lay, 250  
Dede has determyd his dayes / his lyfe noght trow I may.

(59)

*Decimus apostolus.* Thyne hard hart thi sauð wið dwyrð /  
Thomas, bot if thou blyn ;  
he has ded conquerd / and weshen vs all fro syn.  
May nawder knyfe ne swerde / hym eft to ded wyn ; 254  
Goddys myght in hym apperd / that neuer more shað blyn.

(60)

[Fol. 115, b.]  
He appeared  
to them in  
spirit not in  
the body.

*Thomas.* That god I trow full Wele / goostly to you light,  
Bot bodely neuer a dele / ihesu that woundid wyght.  
My hart is harde as stele / to trow in sich a myght,  
Bot if I that wounde myght fele / that hym gaf longeus  
the knyght. 259

(61)

Peter tells  
him of  
Christ's  
appearance  
at Emmaus,

*petrus.* That wounde haue we sene, thomas / and so has  
mo then we ;  
With lucas and with cleophas / he welke a day Iurnee ;  
Thare hartes that for hym sory was / with prophecy com-  
forted he, 262  
To Emaus casteð can thai pas / ther hostyld thai all thre.

(62)

where He  
brake bread  
as though  
He had cut  
it with a  
knife.

Ihesu, goddis son of heuen / at soper satt betweyn ;  
Ther bred he brake as euen / as it cutt had beyn.  
*Thomas.* Nothyng that ye may neuen / his rysyng gars  
me weyn, 266  
If ye me told sich seuen / the more ye myght me teyn.

(63)

*paulus.* Thomas, brothere, turne thi thoght / and trust  
that I say the ;  
Ihesu so dere has boght / oure synnes apoun a tree,  
which rysyng hath broght / adam and his meneyee. 270  
*Thomas.* lett be youre fayr ! shew it noght / that he este  
quyk shuld be.

(64)

*Tercius apostolus.* That must<sup>t</sup> thou nedelyngys trow / if  
thou thi sauH wiH saue,

Thomas still  
thinks the  
other  
apostles  
mistaken.

ffor that we sa we dar avowe / ihesu rose quyk from graue.

*Thomas.* I haue you saide, and yit dos now / thise wordes  
to wast ye haue ;

he shewid hym not to you / for mysfoundyng ye rafe. 275

(65)

*Qaurtus apostolus.* ffor we say that we haue sene / thou  
holdys vs wars then woode ;

Ihesu lyfyng stod vs betwene / oure lord that with vs  
yode.

*Thomas.* I say ye wote neuer what ye mene / a goost  
before you stode ; 278\*

ye wenyd that it had bene / the cors that died on roode.

(66)

*Quintus apostolus.* The cors that dyed on tre / was berid  
in a stone,<sup>1</sup>

They tell  
him of the  
empty  
grave.

The thurgh beside fande we / and in that graue cors was  
none ;

his sudary ther myght we se / and he thens whik was gone.

*Thomas.* Noght, bot stolne is he / with Iues that hym  
haue slone. 283

(67)

*Sextus apostolus.* Certys, thomas, thou sais not right /  
thay wold<sup>t</sup> hym not stele,

The Jews  
would not  
have stolen  
the body, for  
they guarded  
the tomb.

ffor thay gart kepe hym day and nyght / with knyghtys  
that they held lele ; 285

he rose has we haue sene in sight / fro aH the Iues fele.

*Thomas.* I lefe not bot if I myght / myself with hym dele.

(68)

*septimus apostolus.* He told vs tythyngys, thomas / yit  
mynnys me,

[Fol. 116, a.  
Sig. R. 4.]  
Christ had  
prophesied  
His rising,  
using Jonah  
as a type.

That as Ionas thre dayes was / In a fysH in the see,  
so shuld he be, and bene has / in erth by dayes thre,  
pas fro ded, ryse, and rase / as he saide done has he. 291

<sup>1</sup> The rymes of this stanza should be in *anc* : stane, nane, gane, slane.

(69)

Thomas asks  
who could  
raise Christ  
from the  
dead.

*Thomas.* Certys, that worde I harde hym say / and so  
harde ye hym aH,  
Bot for nothyng trow I may / that it so shuld befaH,  
That he shuld ryse the thrid day / that dranke aseH and  
gaH :  
sen he was god and ded lay / from ded who myght hym  
caH ? 295

(70)

The Father  
that sent  
Him raised  
Him.

*Octavius apostolus.* The fader that hym sent / rasid hym  
that was ded,  
he comfortH vs in mowrnyng lent / and counseld vs in red ;  
he bad vs trow with good intent / his rysyng in euery sted ;  
Thyne absens gars thi sauH be shent / and makys the heuy  
as led. 299

(71)

But Thomas  
still dis-  
believes a  
bodily  
rising.

*Thomas.* Thou says soth, harde and heuy / am I to traw  
that ye me say ;  
Mi hardnes I trow skilfully / for he told vs thus ay,  
That his fader was euer hym by / for aH bot oon were thay ;  
That he rose bodely / for nothyng trow I may. 303

(72)

*Nouenus apostolus.* May thou not trow withoutten mo /  
for sothe, that it was he ?  
Thomas wherto shuld we say so ? / then wenys thou fals  
we be.  
*Thomas.* I wote youre hartes was fuH wo / and fownd  
with vanyte ; 306  
If ye swere aH and ye were mo / I trow it not or that I se.

(73)

Nothing  
will con-  
vince him  
but to feel  
Christ's  
wounds.

*Decimus apostolus.* Thomas, of errowre thou blyn / and  
tiH vs turne thi mode ;  
Trow his rysyng by dayes threyn / sen he died on the rode.  
*Thomas.* Noght bot I myght my fynger wyn / in sted as  
nayle stode,  
And his syde my hande put in / ther he shed his hart  
bloode. 311

(74)

Ihesus. Brethere aH, be with you peasse ! / leaffe stryfe  
that now is here !

Jesus ap-  
pears and  
bids Thomas  
feel His side.

Thomas, of thyn errowre seasse / of sothe Witnes thou bere ;  
putt thi hande in my syde, no fres / ther longeus put his  
spere ;

loke my rysyng be no les / let no wan-hope the dere. 315

(75)

Thomas. Mercy, ihesu, rew on me / my hande is blody of  
thi blode !

Thomas  
cries for  
mercy.

Mercy, ihesu, for I se / thi myght that I not vnderstode !

Mercy, ihesu, I pray the / that for aH synfuH died on  
roode !

Mercy, ihesu, of mercy fre / for thi goodnes that is so  
goode ! 319

(76)

kest away my staf wiH I / and with no wepyn gang ;

Mercy wiH I caH and cry / ihesu that on roode hang ;

Rew on me, kyng of mercy / let me not cry thus lang !

Mercy, for the velany / thou tholyd on Iues wiH wrang.

[Fol. 116, b.]

He flings  
away his  
staff,

(77)

Mi hat wiH I kest away / my mantiH sone onone,  
vnto the poore help it may / for richere knawe I none.

hat, and  
mantle,

Mercy wiH I abyde, and pray / to the ihesu, alone ;

My synfuH dede I rew ay / to the make I my mone. 327

(78)

Mercy, ihesu, lorde swete / for thi fyfe woundys so sare,<sup>1</sup>

Thou suffred thugh handys and feete / thi semely side  
a spere it share ;

Mercy, ihesu, lord, yit / for thi moder that the bare ! 330

Mercy, for the teres thou grett / when thou rasid lazare !

(79)

Mi gyrdiH gay and purs of sylk / and cote away thou shaH ;

whils I am werere of swylke / the longere mercy may I caH.

Ihesu, that soke the madyns mylk / ware noght bot clothes  
of paH,

gay girdle,  
silk purse,  
and coat,  
that he may  
sooner come  
to Christ's  
mercy.

Thi close so can thai fro the pyke / on roode thay left the  
smaH. 335

<sup>1</sup> MS. sore.

(80)

Thomas  
cries for  
forgiveness.

Mercy, ihesu, honoure of man / mercy, ihesu, mans socoure !

Mercy, ihesu, rew thi leman / mans sauH, thou boght fuH  
souré !

Mercy, ihesu, that may and can / forgif syn and be socoure !

Mercy, ihesu, as thou vs wan / forgif and gif thi man  
honoure. 339

(81)

Jesus fore-  
tells the  
general  
resurrec-  
tion,Ihesus. None myght bryng the in that wytt / for oght  
that thay myght say,

To trow that I myght flytt / fro ded to lyfe to wyn away ;

My sauH and my cors haue knytt / a knott that last  
shaH ay ; 342

Thus shaH I rase, weH thou wytt / ilk man on domesday.

(82)

when the  
faithless  
shall be  
damned, and  
the faithful  
and alms-  
givers have  
heaven as  
their reward,

Who so hath not trowid right / to heH I shaH theym lede,

Ther euer more is dark as nyght / and greatt paynes to  
drede ;

Those that trow in my myght / and luf weH almus dede,

Thai shaH shyne as son bright / and heuen haue to thare  
mede. 347

(83)

He promises  
Thomas  
heaven for  
his tears and  
repentance.

That blys, thomas, I the hete / that is in heuen cytee,

ffor I se the sore grete / of the I haue pytec ;

Thomas, for thi teres wete / thi syn forgiffen be,

Thus shaH synfuH thare synnes bete / that sore haue  
grefyd me. 351

(84)

But blessed  
are they who  
have not  
seen and yet  
believe.

Thomas, for thou felys me / and my woundes bare,

Mi risyng is trowed in the / and so was it not are ;

AH that it trowes and not se / and dos after my lare,

Euer blissid mot thay be / and heuen be theym yare! 355

*Explicit Thomas Indie.*



XXIX.

Ascencio Domini, et cetera.

[1 *thirteen-line stanza*, no. 57, ababb, cbed, eed : 6 *twelve-line*, no. 1 abab cbeb dede, nos. 6-10 ababb, cbeb, ded ; 1 *nine-line*, no. 58, aaaab, cceb ; 16 *eight-line*, nos. 17-20, aaab cceb, 45-48 aaab aaab, no. 49, abab caca, nos. 50 and 64 abab, acac, nos. 61, 65-8 abab abab ; 1 *seven-line*, no. 16 aab cceb ; 5 *six-line*, nos. 11-13, 15, aa, bb, cc, no. 14, aaaa, bb ; 37 *four-line*, no. 32 aa bb, the rest ab ab.]

[*Dramatis Personae* :

Thomas.  
Iohannes Apostolus.  
Symon.  
Petrus.

Ihesus.  
Andreas.  
Jacobus.  
Philippus.

Maria.  
Matheus.  
Angeli 1 & 2 etc.]

Thomas.

(1)

**B** Rethere aH, that now here bene,  
fforgett<sup>t</sup> my lorde yit may I noght ;  
I wote not what it<sup>t</sup> may mene,  
Bot more I Weyn ther wiH be wroght. 4  
Iohannes apostolus. My lord<sup>t</sup> ihesus wiH wyrk  
his wiH,

Thomas,  
John, Simon  
and Peter,  
express their  
faith and ex-  
pectation.

pleatt we neuer agans his thocht,  
ffor vs ne wyrkes, as it is skyH,  
his hand-warke that he has wroght. 8  
symon. Apon his wordes wiH I ryst  
that he his self saide vs vntiH,  
As stedfastly on hym to tryst,  
Mystrust we neuer for goode ne iH. 12

(2)

petrus. In heuen and erthe his myght may be,  
his wytt and his wiH also ;  
The holy gost, brethere, ment he,  
thus wiH he neuer fro vs go. 16

(3)

ffourty dayes now drawes nere  
sen his resurreccyon complete ;  
Afore that wiH he appere,  
thus sodanly not lefe vs yett. 20



(4)

They will  
abide in  
Bethany to  
await what  
may befall.

In bethany here let vs abyde,  
We knaw not yit what may befall;  
peraventur' it may betyde,  
he shaH fuH weH comforth vs aH.

24

(5)

[Fol. 117, b.]  
Jesus ap-  
pears and  
gives them  
peace.

*Ihesus.* peasse now, my dere freyndys!  
peasse be with you euer and ay!  
ffor it aH wrangys amendys;  
peasse brethere, sam I say!

28

(6)

He bids  
them be of  
good cheer.  
He must go  
from them,  
but will send  
the Holy  
Spirit to  
comfort  
them.

Brethere, in hartes be nothyng heuy  
what tyme that I from you am gone,  
I must go from you sone, in hy,  
bot neuer the les make ye no mone;  
ffor I shaH send to you anone  
the holy gost, to comforth you,  
you to wysH in euery wone  
I shaH you teH what-wyse and how.  
It shalbe for youre prow  
that I thus-gatys shaH do;  
It has been saide or now  
My fader must I to.

32

36

40

(7)

Let them  
abide His re-  
turn on this  
hill.

with hym must I abide and dweH,  
ffor so it is his wiH;  
ffor youre comforth thus I you teH,  
be ye stedfast for good or iH.  
Abide me here right on this hiH  
to that I com to you agane,  
this forwarde must I nedys fulfiH,  
I wiH no longer fro you lane;  
And therfor loke that ye be bayn,  
and also trew and stedfast,  
ffor who soeuer you oght frayn  
when that I am past.

44

48

52

*hic recedit.*

(8)

<i>petrus.</i> fuH heuy in hart now may we be		
that we oure master saH forgo,		
Bot neuer the les yit saide he		
he wold not dweH fuH lang vs fro.	56	Peter, Andrew, and Thomas think on the words of Jesus, but cannot help mourning His departure.
What wonder is if we be wo,		
thus sodanly shaH oure master mys,		
And masters' on lyfe haue we no mo		
that in this warld shuld vs wys.	60	
he wiH pas furth to blys,		
and leyfe vs here behynde,		
No merueH now it is		
if we mowrne now in oure mynde.	64	

(9)

<i>Andreas.</i> In oure mynde mowrne we may,	
as men that masyd ar and mad,	
And yit also, it is no nay,	
we may be blythe and glad,	68
Because of tythyngys that we haH,	
that his self can vs say ;	
he bad be blythe and noght adrad,	
ffor he wold not be long away.	72
Bot yit both nyght and day	
oure hartes may be fuH sore,	
As me thynk, by my fay,	
ffor wordes he saide lang ore.	76

(10)

<i>Thomas.</i> lang ore he saide, fuH openly,	
that he must nedys fro vs twyn,	
And to his fader go in hy,	
to Ioy of heuen that neuer shaH blyn ;	80
Therfor we mowrne, both more and myn,	
And mery also yit may we be ;	
he bad vs aH, both outt and in,	
be glad and blythe in ich degre,	84
And saide that com shuld he	
to comfortH vs kyndly ;	
Bot yit heuy ar we	
to we hym se truly.	88

(11)

[Fol. 118, a.] *Iacobus.* With ee wold we hym se / oure saveoure crist,  
 James and goddys son,  
 Philip That dyed apon a tre / yit trewe I that we mon<sup>1</sup>: 90  
 mourne also, though they Now god grauntt vs that boyn / that with his bloode vs  
 remember Jesus' promises. boght,

To se hym in his throne / as he maide aH of noght;<sup>1</sup>  
 his wiH now has he wrought / and gone from vs away,  
 As he noght of vs roght / and therfor mowrne we may. 94

(12)

*philippus.* We may mowrne, no merueH why / for we  
 oure master thus shaft mys,  
 That shaft go fro vs sodanly / and we ne wote what  
 cause is,<sup>1</sup> 96

Neuer the les the sothe is this / he saide that he shuld  
 com agane

To bryng vs aH to blys / therof may we be faue.<sup>1</sup>  
 That commyng wiH vs mych gane / and oure saules aH saue,  
 And put vs fro that payn / that we were lyke to haue. 100

(13)

Jesus ap-  
 pears and  
 comforts  
 them.

*Ihesus.* herkyns to me now, euer ichon / and here what I  
 wiH say,

ffor I must nedys fro you gone / for thus my fader wiH  
 allway,<sup>1</sup> 102

And therfor peasse be wiH you ay / where so ye dweH in  
 wone,

And to saue you fro aH fray / my peasse be wiH you blood  
 and bone.<sup>1</sup>

I lefe it you bi oon and oone / noght as the world here dos,  
 It shalbe true as any stone / to defende you fro youre foos.

(14)

If they love  
 Him, they  
 will be glad  
 that He is  
 going to His  
 Father.

let not youre hartes be heuy / drede not for any kyns thyng,  
 ye haue harde me say fuH playnly / I go, and to you am  
 I commyng. 108

If ye luf me, for-thi / ye shuld be glad of this doying,  
 ffor I go fuH securly / to my fader, heuyns kyng;<sup>1</sup>  
 The which, without lesyng / is mekiH more then I,  
 Therfor be ye thus trowyng / when aH is endid fully. 112

<sup>1</sup> The end-ryme of this couplet is the centre-ryme of the next couplet.

(15)

ye haue bene of mysbilefe / hard of harte and also of wiȝt; He re-  
proaches  
them for  
their un-  
belief,  
To theym that my rysyng can prefe / no credence woldȝ ye  
    gif theym tiȝt;<sup>1</sup> 114

Mary mawdlayn saide you tiȝt / that I was rysyn, bot ye  
    ne wold

hir trow for good or iȝt / the trouȝt aȝt if she told.<sup>1</sup>  
siȝt harmes in hartes ye hold / and vnstedfast ye ar,  
ye trowid no man of moldȝ / witnes of my rysyng that bare;

(16)

Therfor ye shaȝt go tech / in aȝt this warldȝ so wyde, and bids  
them  
And to aȝt the people preche / Who baptym wiȝt abyde, [Fol. 118, b.]

    And trowe truly 121 preach  
throughout  
the world.  
Those that  
believe shall  
be saved,  
Mi detȝe and rysyng,  
and also myn vpstevynyng,  
And also myn agane-commynge,  
    thay shalbe saue suerly. 125

(17)

And Who trowys not this and those  
that believe  
not, damned.  
That now rehersyȝt is,  
he shalbe dampned, I wys,

    ffor veniance and for wreke. 129 The faithful  
shall cast out  
devils, speak  
with new  
tongues,  
Tokyns, for sothe, shaȝt bene  
Of those that trow, withoutten weyn;  
Devyls shaȝt thay kest out cleyn,  
    And with new tongys speke. 133

(18)

Serpentes shaȝt thay put away, be proof  
against  
serpents and  
poison, and  
heal the  
sick.  
And venymus drynk, bi nyght and day,  
Shaȝt not noy theym, as I say;  
    And where thay lay on handys 137

Of seke men far and nere,  
Thay shalbe hole, withoutten dere,  
Of aȝt sekenes and sorowes sere,  
    Euer in alkyn landys. 141

<sup>1</sup> The end-ryme of this quartlet or couplet is the centre-ryme of the next couplet.

(19)

Jesus bids  
the Apostles  
abide in  
Jerusalem  
for His  
Father's  
promise.

And therfor now I byd that ye  
Go not from ierosolyme,  
Bot abide the behest of my fader fre

In land ay whore,

145

That ye haue hard here of me ;  
ffor Iohn baptist, dere in degre,  
In water forsoth baptysid me

Now here before ;

149

(20)

They are to  
baptize men  
in every  
land, in the  
Holy Spirit.

And ye certan in euery coste  
shaH baptise in the holy goost,  
Thrug vertue of hym that is the moost

lord god of myght,

153

within few dayes now folowyng ;

And herof merueH ye nothyng,  
ffor this shalbe his awne wyrkyng,

shewyd in youre sight.

157

& *recedit ab eis.*

(21)

Peter,  
Andrew, and  
James renew  
their mourn-  
ing. They  
are in fear of  
the Jews.

*petrus.* ffarlee may we fownde and fare  
for myssyng of oure master *ihesus* ;  
Oure hartys may sygh and be fuH sare,  
thise Iues *with* wreke thay waten vs.

161

(22)

Vs to tray and teyn

ar thay abowte bi nyght and day ;

ffor ihesu that is so seldom sene,

as masid men mowrne we may.

165

(23)

[Fol. 119, a.]

*Andreas.* Mowrnyng makys vs masid and maH,  
as men that lyff in drede ;

ffuH comforthles ar we staH

for myssyng of hym that vs shuld lede.

169

(24)

*Iacobus.* Thise Iues that folow thare faythles wiH,  
and demed oure master to be ded,

With mayn and mode they wold hym spiH,

if thay wist how, in towne or sted.

173

(25)

<i>Iohannes.</i> let keep vs fro thare carpyng kene, and com bot lytyH in thare sight ; Oure master wiH com when we leest weyn, he wiH vs rewle and red <sup>d</sup> fuH right.	John has faith in Jesus' coming.	177
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(26)

<i>Thomas.</i> Of this carpyng now no more, It drawes nygh <sup>n</sup> the tyme of day ; At oure mette I wold we wore, he sende vs socowre that best may.	181
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(27)

<i>Maria.</i> socowre sone he wiH you sende, If ye truly in hym wiH traw ; youre mone mekely wiH he amende, My brethere dere, this may ye knawe.	Mary speaks of the faith- fulness of her Son.	185
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(28)

The hestys hyghly that he me hight he has fulfillid in worde and dede ; he gabbyd neuer bi day nor nyght, ffor-thi, dere brethere, haue no drede.	189
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(29)

<i>Matheus.</i> Certys, lady, thou says fuH wele ; he wiH vs amende, for so he may ; we haue fon sothe euerilka dele AH that euer we hard hym say.	193
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(30)

<i>Ihesus.</i> peter, and ye my derlyngys dere, As masid men me thynk ye ar ; holly to you I haue shewyd here To bryng youre hartys from care ;	Jesus ap- pears and exhorts them again.	197
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(31)

In care youre hartys ar cast, And in youre trowth <sup>n</sup> not trew ; In hardnes youre hartys ar fast, As men that no wytt knew.	201
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(32)

sende was I for youre sake / fro my fader dere, flesh and blode to take / of a madyn so clere ; sythen to me ye soght / and holly felowid me, Of wonders that I haue wrought / som haue I letten you se.	[Fol. 119, b.]
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(33)

He recalls  
His mighty  
works,

The dombe, the blynde as any stone,  
I helyd ther I cam by,  
The dede I rasid anone,  
Thrugħ my myght truly;

209

(34)

And othere warkys, that wonderfuH wore,  
I wroght wisely befor you aH;  
My payn, my passion, I told before,  
holly thrug outt as it shuld faH;

213

(35)

contrasts  
Mary's faith  
with their  
doubts,

Mi rysyng on the thryd day,  
As ye bi tokyns many oone haue sene;  
youre trowth truly had bene away  
had not my blissid moder bene.

217

(36)

In hir it restyd aH this tyde,  
youre dedys ye ow greatly to shame;  
here may ye se my woundys wyde,  
how that I boght you out of blame.

221

(37)

and reminds  
John that  
she is en-  
trusted to  
his care.

Bot, Ioħn, thynk when I hang on rud  
That I betoke the mary mylde;  
kepe hir yit wiH stabuH mode,  
she is thi moder and thou hir childe.

225

(38)

loke thou hir luf, and be hir freynde,  
and abide with hir in weH and wo,  
ffor to my fader now wiH I weynde,  
thar none of you ask wheder I go.

229

(39)

Philip asks  
to be shown  
the Father.

*philippus.* lord, if it be thi wiH,  
shew vs thi fader we the pray;  
we have bene with the in good and iH,  
and sagħ hym neuer nyght ne day.

233

(40)

Jesus  
answers, He  
who sees Me,  
sees the  
Father.

*Ihesus.* philip̄, that man that may se me  
he seys my fader fuH of myght;  
Trowys thou not he dwellys in me  
and I in hym if thou trow right?

237

(41)

In his howse ar dyuerse place,  
I go to ordan for you now ;  
ye shaH aH be fulfilld with grace,  
the holy goost I shaH sende you.

He pro-  
mises them  
the Holy  
Spirit,

241

(42)

he shaH you in youre hartys wyse  
In worde and dede, as I you say ;  
With aH my hart I you blys—  
My moder, my brethere, haue aH good day !

[Fol. 120, a.]

245

*Tunc vadit ad ascendendum.*

(43)

ffader of heuen, with good intent,  
I pray the here me specyally ;  
ffrom heuen tiH ertH thou me sent  
Thi name to preche and claryfy.

prays to the  
Father,

249

(44)

thi wiH haue I done, aH and som,  
In erthe wiH I no longere be ;  
Opyn the clowdes, for now I com  
In ioy and blys to dweH wiH the.

and bids the  
clouds open  
to receive  
Him.

253

& sic ascendit, cantantibus angelis "*Ascendo ad patrem  
meum.*"

(45)

*primus angelus.* ye men of galylee,  
wherfor merueH ye ?  
hevyn behold and se

Angels pro-  
claim His  
ascension,

257

how iHesus vp can weynde  
vnto his fader fre,  
where he syttys in maieste,  
With hym ay for to be  
In blys withoutten ende.

261

(46)

And as ye sagH hym sty  
Into heuen on hy,  
In flesh and feH in his body  
ffrom erthe now here,

and foretell  
His return to  
judge the  
world.

265



Right so shaH he, securly,  
 Com downe agane truly,  
 with his woundys bloody,  
 To deme you aH in fere. 269

## (47)

He is God  
 Almighty,

*secundus angelus*, MerueH haue no wight,  
 No wonder of this sight,  
 ffor it is thurgh his myght,  
 That aH thyng may. 273  
 What so he wiH by day or nyght,  
 In heH, medyH-erth, and on hight,  
 Or yit in derknes or in light,  
 withoutten any nay ; 277

## (48)

ffor he is god aH-weldand,  
 heuen and heH, both se and sand,  
 wod and water, fowH, fysH and land,  
 AH is at his wiH ; 281  
 he haldys aH thyng in his hand  
 that in this warld is lyfand,  
 Then nedys ye noght be meruelland.  
*primus angelus*. And for this skyH, 285

## (49)

[Fol. 120, b.] Ryght as he from you dyd weynde

and shall  
 come again  
 in jndgment.

so com agane he shaH,  
 In the same manere at last ende,  
 To deme both greatt and smaH. 289  
*secundus angelus*. Who so his byddyng wiH obey,  
 And thare mys amende,  
 With hym shaH haue blys on hy,  
 And won ther withoutten ende. 293

## (50)

And who that wyrk amys,  
 And theym amende wiH neuer,  
 shaH neuer com in heuen blys,  
 Bot to heH banyshed for euer. 297

- Maria.* A selcouth sight yonder now is,  
Behold now, I you pray!  
A clowde has borne my chylde to blys,  
Mi blyssyng bere he euer and ay!  
301  
(51)
- Bot, son, thynk on thi moder dere,  
That thou has laft emangys thi foes!  
swete son, lett me not dweH here,  
let me go with the where thou goes.  
305  
(52)
- Bot, Iohn, on the is aH my trast,  
I pray the forsake me noght.  
*Iohannes.* lefe marye, be noght abast,  
ffor thi wiH shaH ay be wroght.  
309  
(53)
- here may we se and fuH weH know  
That he is god most of myght;  
In hym is good, we trawe,  
holly to serue hym day and nyght.  
313  
(54)
- petrus.* A meruellous sight is yone,  
That he thus sone is taken vs fro;  
fro his fomen is he gone  
with outten help of othere mo.  
317  
(55)
- Mathews.* Where is iHesus, oure master dere,  
that here with vs spake right now?  
*Iacobus.* A wonderfuH sight, men may se here,  
my brethere dere, how thynk you?  
321  
(56)
- Thomas.* we thynk it wonder aH,  
that oure master shuld thus go;  
After his help I red we call,  
That we may haue som tokyn hym fro.  
325  
(57)
- Bartholomeus.* A more merueH men neuer saw  
then now is sene vs here emang;  
ffrom ertH tiH heuen a man be draw  
With myrth of angeH sang.  
329

Mary calls  
on her as-  
cended Son.

She bids  
John not to  
forsake her.  
He comforts  
her.

The disciples  
marvel at the  
ascension of  
Jesus.

[Fol. 121, a.  
Sig. S. 1.]

ffrom vs, me thynk, he is full lang,<sup>1</sup>  
 and yit longere I trow he wiH;  
 Alas! my hart it is so strang<sup>1</sup>  
 that I ne may now wepe my fiH

Alone and  
 suddenly  
 Jesus as-  
 cended from  
 them.

Anone.  
 A wonder sight it was to se  
 When he stevyd vp so sodanly  
 To his fader in maieste,  
 By his self alone.

334

338

(58)

*Matheus.* Alon, for sothe, vp he went / into heuen tiH  
 his fader,  
 And noman wyst what he ment / nor how he dyd of no  
 manere,  
 so sodanly he was vp hent / in flesH and feH fro ertH vp  
 here ;  
 he saide his fader for hym sent / that maide vs aH to be  
 in dwere

This nyght ;

343

Neuer the les full weH wote we  
 As that he wiH so must it be,  
 ffor aH thyng is in his pauste,  
 And that is right.

347

(59)

Mary blesses  
 her Child.

*Maria.* AH myghty god, how may this be?  
 a clowde has borne my childe to blys ;  
 Now bot that I wote wheder is he,  
 my hart wold breke, weH wote I this.

351

(60)

his stevnyng vp to blys in hy,  
 it is the soure of aH my Loyes ;  
 Mi blyssyng, barne, light on thi body !  
 let neuer thi moder be spylt with Iues.

355

May He save  
 her from the  
 Jews.

(61)

Take me to the, my son so heynd,  
 and let me neuer with Iues be lorne ;  
 help, for my son luf, Iohn, son kynde,  
 for ferde that I with Iues be torne.

359

For His sake  
 John must  
 help her.

<sup>1</sup> MS. long, strong.

Mi flesh it quakys as lefe on lynde,  
 to shontt the showres sharper then thorne ;  
 help me, Ioĥn, if thou be kynde,  
 my son myssyng makys me to mowrne. 363

She is  
 trembling  
 like a leaf.

(62)

Iohannes. youre seruande, lady, he me maide,  
 and bad me kepe you ay to qweme ;  
 Blythe were I, lady, myght I the glad,  
 and with my myght I shaĥ the yeme. 367

John com-  
 forts her.

(63)

Therfor be ferd for nokyn thyng  
 for oght that Iues wold do you to ;  
 I shaĥ be bayn at youre byddyng,  
 as my lorde bad, your seruande lo ! 371

He will be  
 at her bid-  
 ding.

(64)

Maria. Glad am I, Ioĥn, Whils I haue the ;  
 more comforth bot my son can I none craue ;  
 so covers thou my care, and carpys vnto me,  
 whils I the se, euer am I safe. 375  
 Was none, safe my son, more trusty to me,  
 therfor his grace saĥ neuer fro the go ;  
 he shaĥ the qwyte, that died on a tre,  
 weĥ mendys thou my mode, when I am in wo. 379

[Fol. 121, b.]

Mary feels  
 safe with  
 him.

Her Son will  
 requite him.

(65)

simon. let hy vs fro this hiĥ, and to the towne weynde,  
 for fere of the Iues, that spitus ar & prowde ;  
 With oure dere lady, I red that we weynd,  
 and pray tiĥ hir dere son, here apon lowde. 383  
 To hir buxumly I red that we bende,  
 syn hir dere son fro vs is gone in a clowde,  
 And hertely in hast haylse we that heynde,  
 To oure master is she moder, semely in shrowde. 387

Simon pro-  
 poses to go  
 to the town  
 for fear of  
 the Jews.  
 They must  
 show rever-  
 ence to Mary  
 as their  
 Master's  
 mother.

(66)

A, marie so mylde, the myssid we haue ;  
 Was neuer madyn so menskfuĥ here apon molde  
 As thou art, and moder cleyne, bot this wold we craue,  
 If this were ihesu, thi son, that Iudas has sold, 391

He asks if  
He who as-  
cended was  
her Son  
Jesus, whom  
Judas sold.

Shew vs the sothe, vs aH may it saue ;  
we pray the, dere lady, layn that thou nold,  
Bot speH vs oure spyryng, or els mon we rafe,  
Bot thou witterly vs wysH, so fayn wyt we wold. 395

(67)

Mary pro-  
claims that  
He who was  
born of her  
bosom, was  
God and  
Man, and  
bids them  
teach this.

*Maria.* peter, andrew, IoHn, and Iamys the gent,  
Symon, Iude, and bartilmew the bold,  
And aH my brethere dere, that ar on this bent,  
Take tent to my tayH, tiH that I haue told 399  
Of my dere son, what I haue mentt,  
That hens is hevyd to his awne hold ;  
he taght you the trouthe, or he to heuen went ;  
he was borne of my bosom as his self wold. 403

(68)

he is god and man that stevynd into heuen ;  
preche thus to the pepyH that most ar in price.  
Sekys to thare savyng, ye apostilles eleven,  
To the Iues of Ierusalem as youre way lyse, 407  
say to the cyte as I can here neuen,  
teH the warkys of my son warly and wyse ;  
Byd theym be stedfast & lysten your steuen,  
or els be thay dampned as men fuH of vyce. 411

\* \* \* \* \*

Here is a gap of 12 leaves, in the MS., from Sig. s. 1. to sig. t. 6.

XXX.

[Iudicium.]

[42 nine-line stanzas; aaaab, cccb; 23 eight-line, ab, ab, ab, ab;  
2 six-line, no. 63, ababab, no. 2 aab, ccb; 9 four-line, aaaa,<sup>1</sup>  
no. 65, ab ab; 5 couplets and 2 lines of Latin.]

[Incomplete.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

*Primus Malus.*  
*Secundus Malus.*  
*Tercius Malus.*  
*Quartus Malus.*  
*Primus Angelus.*

*Primus Demon.*  
*Secundus Demon.*  
*Tutiwillus.*  
*Jesus.*

*Primus Bonus.*  
*Secundus Bonus.*  
*Tercius Bonus.*  
*Quartus Bonus.]*

[*Secundus Malus.*] (1)

[Fol. 122, a.]

ffuH darfe has bene oure deede / for thi commen is oure  
care;

*Secundus  
Malus la-  
ments. The  
horn has  
sounded that  
calls to  
Judgment.*

This day to take oure mede / for nothyng may we spare.

Alas, I harde that horne / that callys vs to the dome,

AH that euer were borne / thider behofys theym com. 4

May nathere lande ne se / vs fro this dome hide,

ffor ferde fayn wold I fle / bot I must nedys abide;

Alas, I stande great aghe / to loke on that Iustyce,

Ther may no man of laghe / help with no quantyce. 8

No lawyer  
nor advocate  
may save  
men by  
quibbles.  
Each must  
answer for  
himself.

vokettys ten or twelfe / may none help at this nede,

Bot ilk man for his self / shaH answeere for his dede. 10

(2)

Alas, that I was borne!

I se now me beforne,

That lord with Woundys fyfe; 13

how may I on hym loke,

That falsly hym forsoke,

When I led synfuH lyfe? 16

(3)

*Tercius malus.* Alas, carefuH catyfys may we ryse,

sore may we wryng oure handys and wepe;

ffor cursid and sore covytyse

dampnyd be we in heH fuH depe. 20

<sup>1</sup> The aaaa lines have central rymes markt here by bars / not in the MS.

Tercius Ma-  
lus bemoans  
his wicked  
works.

Roght we neuer of godys seruyce,  
his commaundementys wold we not kepe,  
Bot oft tymes maide we sacrifice  
to sathanas when othere can slepe. 24

(4)

Alas! now wakyns aH oure were,  
oure wykyd Warkys can we not hide,  
Bot on oure bakys we must theym bere,  
that wiH vs soroo on ilka syde. 28

Oure dedys this day wiH do vs dere,  
Oure domysman here we must abide,  
And feyndys, that wiH vs felly fere,  
thare pray to haue vs for thare pride. 32

(5)

All that ear  
has heard  
or heart  
thought,  
mouth  
spoken or  
eye seen, is  
now brought  
before them.

Brymly before vs be thai broght,  
oure dedys that shaH dam vs bidene;  
That eyre has harde, or harte thoght,  
that mowthe has spokyn, or ee sene, 36

That foote has gone, or hande wroght,  
in any tyme that we may mene;  
ffuH dere this day now bees it boght.  
alas! vnborne then had I bene! 40

(6)

Quartus Ma-  
lus has heard  
the horn.  
Would he  
were un-  
borne!

*Quartus malus.* Alas, I am forlorne! / a spytus blast here  
blawes!  
I harde weH bi yonde horne / I wote wherto it drawes;  
I wold I were vnborne / alas! that this day dawes!  
Now mon be dampnyd this morne / my warkys, my dedys,  
my sawes. 44

(7)

His wicked-  
ness is  
known, and  
may not be  
hid.

Now bees my curstnes kyd / alas! I may not layn  
aH that euer I dyd / it bees put vp fuH playn.  
That I wold fayn were hyd / my synfuH wordys and vayn,  
ffuH new now mon be rekynyd / vp to me agayn. 48

(8)

[Fol. 122, b.]  
He would  
fain flee.

Alas! fayn wold I fle / for dedys that I haue done,  
Bot that may now not be / I must abyde my boyn;  
I trowed neuer to have sene this dredfuH day thus soyn;  
Alas! what shaH I say When he sittys in his trone? 52

(9)

To se his Woundys bledande / this is a dulfuht case ;  
 Alas ! how shaht I stand / or loke hym in the face ?  
 So curtes I hym fand / that gaf me life so lang a space ;  
 Mi care is aht command / alas ! where was my grace ? 56

How shall  
 he look on  
 Christ's  
 face ?

(10)

Alas ! catyffys vnkynde / where on was oure thoght ?  
 Alas ! where on was oure mynde / so wykyd warkys we  
 Wroght ? 58

To se how he Was pynde / how dere oure luf he boght,  
 Alas ! we were fuht blynde / now ar we wars then noght.

(11)

Alas ! my couetyse / myn yht wiht, and myn Ire !  
 Mi neghbur to dispise / most was my desyre ; 62  
 I demyd euer at my deuyse / me thoght I had no peyre,  
 With my self sore may I grise / now am quyt my hyre.

Alas for his  
 covetous-  
 ness, and all  
 his sins.

(12)

Where I was wonte to go / and haue my Wordys at wiht,  
 Now am I set fuht thro / and fayn to hold me stiht ;  
 I went both to and fro / me thoght I did neuer iht,  
 Mi neghburs for to slo / or hurt withoutten skiht. 68

(13)

Wo worth euer the fader / that gate me to be borne !  
 That euer he lete me stir / bot that I had bene forlorne ;  
 Warid be my moder / and warid be the morne  
 That I was borne of hir / alas, for shame and skorne ! 72

Cursed be  
 father and  
 mother, and  
 the day he  
 was born !

(14)

*primus angelus, cum gladio.*

stand not togeder, parte in two !  
 aht sam shaht ye not be in blys ;  
 Oure lorde of heuen wiht it be so,  
 for many of you has done amys ; 76  
 On his right hand ye good shaht go,  
 the way tiht heuen he shaht you wys ;  
 ye wykid saules ye weynd hym fro,  
 on his left hande as none of his. 80

The first  
 angel parts  
 the good  
 from the  
 bad.

(15)

Ihesus. The tyme is commen, I wiht make ende,  
 my fader of heuen wiht it so be,  
 Therfor tiht ertlie now wiht I weynde,  
 my self to sytt in maieste. 84

Jesus takes  
 His way to  
 earth.



He comes,  
in His body,  
to deal judg-  
ment.

To dele my dome I wiH discende,  
this body wiH I bere with me,  
how it was dight mans mys to amende  
aH mans kynde ther shaH it se.

88

(16)

[Fol. 123, a.]

The first  
demon has  
heard the  
horn :

*primus demon*. Oute, haro, out, out ! / harkyn to this  
horne,

I was neuer in dowte / or now at this morne ;  
So sturdy a showte / sen that I was borne  
hard I neuer here abowte / in ernyst ne in skorne,  
A wonder !

93

at the sound  
of it his  
bonds broke  
asunder.

In yrens for to last,  
Bot my bandys thai brast  
And shoke aH in sonder.

97

(17)

The second  
demon shook  
for dread ;

*secundus demon*. I shoterd and shoke / I herd sich a rerd,  
When I harde it I qwote / for aH that I lerd,  
Bot to swere on a boke / I durst not aperd ;  
I durst not loke / for aH meditt-erd,  
ffuH payH ;

102

but all his  
grinning  
helped no-  
thing.

Bot gyrned and gnast,  
my force did I frast,  
Bot I wroght aH wast,  
It myght not auayH.

106

(18)

They tell  
each other  
of their  
fright.

*primus demon*. It was like to a trumpe / it had sich a  
sownde ;

I feH on a lumpe / for ferd that I swonde.

*secundus demon*. There I stode on my stumpe / I stakerd  
that stownde,

There chachid I the crumpe / yit held I my grounde  
halfe nome.

111

Their gear  
must be got  
ready, for  
they are like  
to have war.  
Doomsday is  
come, and  
the souls  
have fled  
from hell.

*primus demon*. Make redy oure gere,  
we ar like to haue were,  
ffor now dar I swere

That domysday is comme ;

115

(19)

ffor aH oure saules ar wente / and none ar in heH.

*secundus demon*. Bot we go we ar shente / let vs not  
dweH,

It sittys you to tente / in this mater to meH,		
As a pere in a parlamente / what case so befeH ;		
It is nedefuH	120	The second demon tells the first that he must get to the Court, like a peer to Parliament.
That ye tente to youre awne,		
What draght so be drawne,		
If the courte be knawen		
the Iuge is right dredfuH.	124	

(20)

<i>primus demon.</i> ffor to stand thus tome / thou gars me grete.		Up Watling Street will be the way, but they would rather make three pilgrimages to Rome.
<i>secundus demon.</i> let vs go to this dome / vp watlyn strete.		
<i>primus demon.</i> I had leuer go to rome / yei thryse, on my fete,		
Then forto grefe yonde grome / or with hym forto mete ;		
ffor wysely	129	
he spekys on trete,		
his paustee is grete,		
bot begyn he to threte		
he lokys fuH grisly.	133	

(21)

Bot fast take oure rentals / hy, let vs go hence !		They must take their books with
ffor as this fals / the great sentence.		
<i>secundus demon.</i> Thai ar here in my dals / fast stand We		[Fol. 123, b.]
to fence,		them, to give evidence against the damned souls.
Agans thise dampnyd sauls / Without repentence,		
And Iust.	138	
<i>primus demon.</i> how so the gam crokys,		
Examyn oure bokys.		
<i>secundus demon.</i> here is a bag fuH, lokys, ,		
of <u>pride</u> and of <u>lust</u> ,	142	

(22)

Of Wraggers and wrears / a bag fuH of brefes,		They have bags full of all kinds of sinners.
Of carpars and cryars / of mychers and thefes,		
Of lurdans and lyars / that no man lefys,		
Of flytars, of flyars / and renderars of reffys ;		
This can I,	147	
Of alkyn astates		
that go bi the gatys,		
Of poore pride, that god hatys,		
Twenty so many.	151	

(23)

The first  
demon asks  
if there is  
anger in  
their bill; if  
so, his fellow  
shall have a  
drink.

*primus demon*. peasse, I pray the, be stiH / I laghe that I  
kynke,  
Is oght Ire in thi biH / and then shaH thou drynke.  
*secundus demon*. sir, so mekiH iH wiH / that thai wold  
synke

There is  
anger and  
treachery  
too.

Thare foes in a fyere stiH / bot not aH that I thynke  
dar I say,  
Bot before hym he prase hym,  
behynde he mys-sase hym,  
Thus dowbiH he mase hym,  
thus do thai today. 156

(24)

Is there  
anything  
recorded  
against the  
feminine  
gender?

*primus demon*. has thou oght Writen there / of the  
femynyn gendere?  
*secundus demon*. yei, mo then I may bere / of rolles forto  
render ;

More rolls  
full than he  
can carry.

Thai ar sharp as a spere / if thai seme bot slender ;  
Thai ar euer in were / if thai be tender,  
yH fetyld ; 165  
she that is most meke,  
When she semys full seke,  
she can rase vp a reke  
if she be weH nettyld. 169

(25)

The second  
demon is  
praised as a  
good ser-  
vant, and  
bids his  
master  
hurry.

*primus demon*. Thou art the best hyne / that euer cam  
beside vs.  
*secundus demon*. yei, bot go we, master myne / yit wold I  
we hyde vs ;  
Thai haue blowen lang syne / thai wiH not abide vs ;  
We may lightly tyne / and then wiH ye chide vs  
Togeder. 174

*primus demon*. Make redy oure tollys.  
ffor we dele with no folys.

*secundus demon*. sir, aH clerkys of oure scolys /  
ar bowne furth theder ; 178

(26)

Had Dooms-  
day been de-  
layed, they  
must have  
built hell  
bigger.

Bot, sir, I teH you before / had domysday oght tarid  
We must haue biggid heH more / the world is so warid.

*primus demon*. Now gett we dowbiH store / of bodys  
myscarid<sup>l</sup>

The first  
demon  
thinks of the  
bodies and  
souls to be  
harried.

To the soules where thai wore / both sam to be harrid.

*secundus demon*. Thise rolles

183

Ar of bakbytars,

[Fol. 124, a.]

And fals quest-dytars,

I had no help of writars

bot thise two dalles.<sup>1</sup>

187

(27)

ffaithe and trowth, maffay / has no fete to scande ; ✓

The poore pepyH must pay / if oght be in hande, ✓

The drede of god is away / and lawe out of lande. ✓

*primus demon*<sup>l</sup>. By that wist I that domysday / was nere  
hande

Faith and  
truth are  
weak, and  
the fear of  
God per-  
ished.

In seson.

192

*secundus demon*<sup>l</sup>. Sir, it is saide in old sawes—

the longere that day dawes—

‘ Wars pepiH wars lawes.’ ✓

The proverb  
tells us that  
people and  
laws ever  
grow worse.

*primus demon*<sup>l</sup>. I lagH at thi reson ;

196

(28)

Alle this was token / domysday to drede ;

ffuH oft was it spokyn / fuH few take hede ;

Bot now shaH we be wrokyn / of thare falshede,

ffor now bese vnlokyn / many dern dede

All this was  
a sign of  
judgment.

In Ire ;

201

AH thare synnes shaH be knawen,<sup>2</sup>

Othere mens, then thare awne.

*Secundus demon*. Bot if this draught be weH drawn

don is in the myre.

If their  
draught be  
not well  
drawn,  
“Dun is in  
the mire.”

205

(29)

*Tutivillus*. Whi spir ye not, sir / no questyons ?

I am oone of youre ordir / and oone of youre sons ;

I stande at my tristur / when othere men shones.

*primus demon*<sup>l</sup>. Now thou art myn awne quere<sup>st</sup>ur / I wote  
where thou wonnes ;

Tutivillus  
accosts  
them, and  
is greeted as  
the first  
devil's own  
officer.

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs “dolles.”

<sup>2</sup> MS. knowen.

- Tutivillus  
has been  
tollisman and  
registrar for  
the devil,  
and is now  
master  
lollard.
- do tell me. 210
- Tutiwillus.* I was youre chefe tollare,  
And sithen courte rollar,  
Now am I master lollar,  
And of sich men I meht me. 214
- (30)
- He has  
sometimes  
brought in  
more than  
ten thousand  
souls in an  
hour.
- I haue broght to youre hande / of saules, dar I say,  
Mo than ten thowsand <sup>1</sup> / in an howre of a day ;  
som at ayH-howse I fande / and som of ferray,  
som cursid, som bande / som yei, som nay ;  
so many 219
- Thus broght I on blure,  
thus did I my cure.  
*primus demon*. Thou art the best sawgeoure  
that euer had I any. 223
- (31)
- He has  
hunted them  
till he is  
tired.
- Tutiwillus.* here a roH of ragman / of the rownde tabiH,  
Of breffes in my bag, man / of synnes dampnabiH ;  
vnethes may I wag, man / for very in youre stabiH  
Whils I set my stag, man. /  
*secundus demon.* abide, ye ar abiH
- To take wage ; 228
- [Fol. 121, b.] Thou can of cowrte thew,  
The demons  
compliment  
him.
- Bot lay downe the dewe  
ffor thou wiH be a shrew,  
be thou com at age. 232
- (32)
- He tells of  
the fools who  
dress finely,  
and leave  
their chil-  
dren bread-  
less.
- Tutiwillus.* here I be gesse / of many nyce hoket,  
Of care and of curstnes / hethyng and hoket,  
Gay gere and witles / his hode set on koket,  
As prowde as pennyles / his slefe has no poket,  
ffuH redles ; 237
- With thare hemmyd shoyne,  
AH this must be done,  
Bot syre is out at hye noyn  
And his barnes bredeles. 241
- (33)
- A horne and a duch ax / his slefe must be flekyt,  
A syde hede and a fare fax / his gowne must be spekytt,

Thus toke I youre tax / thus ar my bookys blekyt.  
*primus demon*. Thou art best on thi wax / that euer was  
 clekyt,  
 or knowen;<sup>1</sup>

He tells the  
 demons his  
 name, Tuti-  
 villus, and  
 talks gibber-  
 ish in Latin.

246

with wordes wiH thou fiH vs,  
 bot teH thi name tiH vs.

*Tutiullus*. Mi name is tutiuillus,  
 my horne is blawen;

250

ffragmina verborum / tutiuillus colligit horum,  
 Belzabub alorum / belial belium doliorum.

(34)

*secundus demon*. What, I se thou can of gramory / and  
 som what of arte;

had I bot a penny / on the wold I warte.

*Tutiullus*. Of femellys a quantite / here fynde I parte.

He finds  
 plenty of  
 women here.

*primus demon*<sup>1</sup>. Tutiullus, let se / goddys forbot thous parte!

*Tutiullus*. so Ioly

255

Ilka las in a lande

like a lady nerehande,

So fresh and so plesande,

makys men to foly<sup>2</sup>

259

(35)

If she be neuer so fowH a dowde / with hir keHes and hir  
 pynnes,

They can  
 disguise  
 their ugliness,

The shrew hir self can shrowde / both hir chekys and hir  
 chynnes;

she can make it fuH prowde / with iapes and with gynnes,  
 hir hede as hy as a clowde / bot no shame of hir synnes

Thai fele;

264

When she is thus paynt,

she makys it so quaynte,

She lookys like a saynt,

And wars then the deyle.

268

and make  
 themselves  
 up to look  
 like saints,  
 though  
 worse than  
 the devil.

(36)

she is hornyd like a kowe / . . . . . fon syn,

The euker hyngys so side now / furrid with a cat skyn,

AH thise ar for you / thai ar commen of youre kyn.

*Secundus demon*<sup>1</sup>. Now, the best body art thou / that euer  
 cam here in.

[Fol. 125, a.  
 Sig. V. 1.]

<sup>1</sup> MS. knowen.

It is fashion-  
able for  
them to  
break their  
wedlock.

*Tutiullus.*                      An vsage,                      273

swilk dar I vndertake,  
makys theym breke thare wedlake,

And lif in syn for hir sake,

And breke thare awne spowsage.                      277

(37)

More than a  
thousand  
false swear-  
ers shall  
come to hell,

yit a poynt haue I fon / I teH you before,  
That fals swerars shaH hider com / mo then a thowsand<sup>1</sup>  
skore ;

√ In sweryng thai grefe godys son / and pyne hym more  
and more,

Therfor mon thai with vs won / in heH for euer more.

I say thus,                      282

raisers of  
false taxa  
and gather-  
ers of green  
wax.

√ That rasers of the fals tax,  
And gederars of greyn wax,  
Diabolus est mendax

Et pater eius.                      286

(38)

He must not  
forget the  
new fashion  
of padding  
the shoul-  
ders with  
moss and  
flock.

yit a poynte of the new gett / to teH wiH I not blyn,  
Of prankyd gownes & shulders vp set / mos & flokkys  
sewyd wyth in ;

To vse sich gise thai wiH not let / thai say it is no syn,  
Bot on sich pilus I me set / and clap thaym cheke and  
chyn,

no nay.                      291

dauid in his sawtere says thus,

That to heH shaH thai trus,

Cum suis adinuencionibus,

for onys and for ay.                      295

(39)

"Kirk-  
chaterers"  
and lovers of  
simony he  
drags to hell  
out of the  
churches.

√ yit of thise kyrkchaterars / here ar a menee,  
Of barganars and okerars / and lufars of symonee,  
Of runkers and rowners / god castys thaym out, trulee,  
ffrom his temple aH sich mysdoers / I each thaym then to me  
ffuH soyn ;                      300

ffor writen I wote it is

In the gospeH, withoutten mys,

Et eam fecistis

Speluncam latronum.                      304

(40)

yt of the synnes seven <sup>1</sup> / som thyng speciall  
now natelly to neven / that renys ouer aH;  
Thise laddys thai leuen / as lordys riaH,  
At ee to be even / picturde in paH

Something  
special must  
be said too  
of the seven  
deadly sins.

As kyngys; 309  
May he dug hym a doket,  
A kodpese like a pokett,  
hym thynke it no hoket  
his tayH when he Wryngys. 313

(41)

his luddokkys thai lowke / like walk-mylne cloggys,  
his hede is like a stowke / hurlyd as hoggys,  
A woH blawen bowke / thise fryggys as froggys,  
This Ielian Lowke / dryfys he no doggys  
To felter; 318  
Bot with youre yelow lokkys,  
ffor aH youre many mokkys,  
ye shaH clym on heH crokkys  
With a halpeny heltere. 322

(42)

And neH With hir nyfys / of crisp and of sylke, [Fol. 125, b.]  
Tent weH youre twyfys / youre nek abowte as mylke;  
With youre bendys and youre bridyls / of sathan, the  
whilke  
sir sathanas Idyls / you for tha ilke  
This giH knaue; 327  
It is open behynde,  
before is it pynde,  
Bewar of the West wynde  
youre sinok lest it wafe. 331

(43)

Of Ire and of enuy / fynde I herto,  
Of couetyse and glotony / and many other mo;  
Thai caH and thai cry / go we now, go!  
I dy nere for dry / and ther syt thai so

Anger, enuy,  
covetous-  
ness,  
gluttony.

<sup>1</sup> MS. vij.



AH nyght ; 336  
 With hawveh and Iawveh,  
 syngyng of lawveh,  
 Thise ar howndys of heH,  
 That is thare right. 340

(44)

Sloth that  
 makes the  
 sluggard  
 wish the  
 clerk hanged  
 when the  
 bells ring to  
 church.

In slewthe then thai syn / goddys warkys thai not Wyrke ;  
 To belke thai begyn / and spew that is irke ;  
 his hede must be holdyn / ther in the myrke,  
 Then deffys hym with dyn / the bellys of the kyrke,

When thai clatter ; 345

he wishys the clerke hanged<sup>1</sup>

ffor that he rang it,

Bot thar hym not lang it,

What commys ther after. 349

(45)

Harlots,  
 whores, and  
 bawds,

And ye Ianettys of the stewys / and lychoures on lofte,  
 youre baiH now brewys / avowtrees fuH ofte,  
 youre gam now grewys / I shaH you set softe,  
 youre sorow enewes / com to my crofte

AH ye ; 354

AH harlottys and horres,

And bawdys that procures,

To bryng thaym to lures,

Welcom to my see ! 358

(46)

liars, scolds,  
 extortioners,  
 usurers,  
 backbiters,  
 are all wel-  
 come to hell.

ye lurdans and lyars / mychers and thefes,  
 flytars and flyars / that aH men reprefes,  
 Spolars, extorceyonars / Welcom, my lefes !  
 ffals Iurars and vsurars / to symony that clevys,

To teH ; 363

hasardars and dysars,

ffals dedys forgars,

Slanderars, bakbytars,

AH vnto heH. 367

(47)

[Fol. 126, n.  
 Sig. V. 2.]

The increase  
 of the wicked  
 made the  
 first demon  
 think the  
 end was  
 nigh.

primus demon. When I harde many swilke / many  
 spytus and feH,

And few good of ilke / I had merueH,

I trowd it drew nere the prik. /

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs "hangit."

*Secundus demon.* sir, a worde of counseH ;  
saules cam so thyk / now late vnto heH

Of late souls  
have so  
crowded to  
hell, that the  
porter has  
been hard  
worked.

As euer ;

372

Oure porter at heH yate

Is haldyn so strate,

vp erly and downe late,

he rystys neuer.

376

(48)

*primus demon.* Thou art pereles of tho / that euer yit  
knew I,

when I WiH may I go / if thou be by ;

Go we now, We two. /

The two  
demons  
make their  
way to the  
Judgment  
Hall, with  
their rolls

*Secundus demon.* syr, I am redy.

*primus demon.* Take oure rolles also, / ye knawe the  
cause Why ;

do com

381

And tent weH this day.

*Secundus demon.* sir, as weH as I may.

*Primus Demon.* Qui vero mala

In ignem eternum.

385

(49)

*Ihesus.* Ilka creatoure take tente

What bodworde I shaH you bryng,

This wykyd world away is wente,

and I am commyn as crownyd kyng ;

389

Mi fader of heuen has me downe sente,

to deme youre dedys and make endyng ;

*Commen* is the day of Iugemente,

of sorrow may euery synfuH syng.

393

(50)

The day is *commen* of catyfnes,

aH those to care that ar vncleyn,

The day of bateH and bitternes,

ffuH long abiden has it beyn ;

397

The day of drede to more and les,

of Ioy, of tremlyng, and of teyn,

Ilka wight that wikyd is

may say, alas this day is seyn !

401

The day is  
come, a day  
of dread and  
joy.

*Tunc expandit manus suas & ostendit eis Wlnera sua.*

(51)

He shows  
the wounds  
by which He  
bought bliss  
for men.

here may ye se my Woundys wide  
that I suffred for youre mysdede,  
Thurgh harte, hede, fote, hande and syde,  
not for my gilte bot for youre nede. 405  
Behald both bak, body, and syde,  
how dere I boght youre broder-hede,  
Thise bitter paynes I wold abide,  
to by you blys thus wold I blede. 409

(52)

He recalls  
the scourg-  
ing, the  
cross, the  
crown of  
thorns, the  
spear that  
pierced  
Him,

Mi body was skowrgid withoutten skiH,  
also ther fuH throly was I thrett ;  
On crosse thai hang me on a hiH,  
blo and blody thus was I bett ; 413  
With crowne of thorne thrastyn fuH iH,  
A spere vnto my harte thai sett ;  
Mi harte blode sparid thai not to spiH.  
man, for thi luf wold I not lett. 417

(53)

the con-  
tumely of  
the Jews  
and His own  
patience.

The Iues spytt on me spitusly,  
thai sparid me no more then a thefe ;  
When thai me smote I stud stillly,  
agans thaym did I nokyns grefe. 421  
Beholde, mankynde, this ilk am I,  
that for the suffred sich myschefe,  
Thus was I dight for thi foly,  
man, loke thi luf was me fuH lefe. 425

(54)

[Fol. 126, b.]  
All this He  
suffered for  
man ; what  
has man  
suffered for  
Him ?

Thus was I dight thi sorow to slake ;  
man, thus behovid the borud to be ;  
In aH my wo toke I no wrake,  
my wiH it was for luf of the. 429  
Man, for sorow aght the to qwake,  
this dredfuH day this sight to se ;  
AH this suffred I for thi sake.  
say, man, What suffred thou for me ? 433

*Tunc vertens se ad bonos, dicit illis.*

(55)

Mi blissid barnes on my right hande,  
 youre dome this day thar ye not drede,  
 ffor aH youre ioy is now commande,  
 youre life in likyng shaH ye lede.  
 Commes to the kyngdom ay lastand,  
 That you is dight for youre good dede,  
 ffuH blithe may ye be there ye stand,  
 ffor mekiH in heuen bees youre mede.

The good  
 are sum-  
 moned to  
 bliss.

437

441

(56)

When I was hungre ye me fed,  
 To slek my thirst ye war fuH fre ;  
 When I was clothles ye me cled,  
 ye Wold no sorowe on me se ;  
 In hard prison When I was sted  
 On my penance ye had pyte ;  
 ffuH seke when I was broght in bed,  
 kyndly ye cam to comforth me.

They have  
 fed Him  
 when He  
 was hungry  
 slaked His  
 thirst, His  
 clothed  
 Him, visited  
 Him in  
 prison and  
 sickness,

445

449

(57)

When I was wiH and weriest  
 ye harberd me fuH esely,  
 ffuH glad then were ye of youre gest,  
 Ye plenyd my pouerte fuH pitusly ;  
 Belife ye broght me of the best,  
 And maide my bed there I shuld ly,  
 Therfor in heuen shaH be youre rest,  
 In ioy and blys to beld me by.

given Him  
 shelter and  
 sympathy ;

453

457

therefore  
 they shall  
 rest with  
 Him in  
 heaven.

(58)

*primus bonus.* lord, When had thou so mekiH nede ?  
 hungre or thrusty, how myght it be ?  
*Secundus bonus.* When was oure harte fre the to  
 feede ?

When did  
 they thus  
 succour  
 Him ? the  
 good ask.

In prison When myght We the se ?

461

[Fol. 127, a.  
 Sig. V. s.]

*Tercius bonus.* When was thou seke, or wantyd wede ?

To harboure the when helpid we ?

*Quartus bonus.* When had thou nede of oure fordede ?

when did we aH this dede to the ?

465

(59)

Jesus tells  
them they  
succoured  
Him in help-  
ing the  
needy.

*I*hesus. Mi blissid barnes, I shaH you say

what tyme this dede was to me done ;

When any that nede had nyght or day,

Askyd you help and had it sone ;

469

youre fre harte saide theym neuer nay,

Erly ne late, myd-day ne noyn,

As ofte-sithes as thai wold pray,

Thai thurte bot aske and haue thare boyn.

473

*Tunc dicet malis.*

(60)

He casts  
forth the  
wicked to  
dwell for  
ever in dole.

ye cursid catyfs of kames kyn,

That neuer me comforthid in my care,

Now I and ye for euer shaH twyn,

In doyn to dwell for euer mare ;

477

youre bitter bayles shaH neuer blyn

That ye shaH thole when ye com thare,

Thus haue ye seruyd for youre syn,

ffor derfe dedys ye haue doyn are.

481

(61)

They chased  
Him from  
their gate  
when He had  
need of food ;

When I had myster of mete and drynke,

Catyfs, ye chaste me from youre yate ;

when ye were set as syres on bynke

I stode ther oute very and Wate,

485

yit none of you Wold on me thynke,

To haue pite on my poore astate ;

Therfor to heH I shaH you synke,

WeH ar ye worthy to go that gate.

489

(62)

When I was seke and soryest

ye viset me noght, for I was poore ;

would not  
look how He  
fared in  
prison ;  
drove Him  
with blows  
from their  
doors.

In prison fast when I was fest

wold none of you loke how I foore ;

493

When I wist neuer where to rest

With dyntys ye drofe me from youre doore.

Bot euer to pride then were ye prest,

Mi flesh, my bloode, ye oft for-swore.

497

(63)

[Fol. 127, b.]

Clothles, When that I was cold,

That nerehande for you yode I nakyd,

Mi myschefe sagh ye many folde,

As they for-  
sook Him, so  
shall they  
now be for-  
saken.

Was none of you my sorowe slakyd ;

501

Bot euer forsoke me, yong and olde,

Therfor shaft ye now be forsakyd.

503

(64)

*primus malus.* lorde, when had thou, that aH has,

hunger or thriste, sen thou god is <sup>1</sup> ?

When, they  
ask, have  
they shown  
Him this un-  
kindness ?

When was that thou in prison was ?

When was thou nakyd or harberles ?

507

*Secundus malus.* When myght we se the seke, alas !

and kyd the aH this vnkyndnes ?

*iiijus malus.* When was we let the helples pas ?

When dyd ye the this wikydnes ?

511

(65)

*iiijus malus.* Alas, for doyH this day !

alas, that euer I it abode !

(One begins  
his lament,  
ere he hears  
the answer.)

Now am I dampned for ay,

this dome may I not avoyde.

515

(66)

*Ihesus.* Catyfs, alas, ofte as it betyde

that nedefull oght askyd in my name,

ye harde thaym noght, youre eeres was hid,

youre help to thaym was not at hame ;

Jesus tells  
them the  
unkindness  
they showed  
to the needy  
was shown  
to Him.

519

To me was that vnkyndnes kyd,

therfor ye bere this bitter blame,

To the lest of myne when ye oght dyd,

to me ye dyd the self and same.

523

*Tunc dicet bonis.*

(67)

Mi chosyn childer, commes to me !

With me to dweH now shaft ye weynde,

He sum-  
mons the  
good to  
dwell with  
Him in bliss.

Ther ioy and blys euer shaft be,

youre life in lykyng for to leynde.

527

*Tunc dicet malis.*

<sup>1</sup> Originally 'es,' no doubt.

The wicked  
are doomed  
to hell.

ye warid Wightys, from me ye fle,  
In heH to dweH withoutten ende !  
Ther shaH ye noght bot sorow se,  
And sit bi sathanas the feynde.

531

(68)

The devils  
begin to  
drive them.

*primus demon.* Do now furthe go,<sup>1</sup> / trus, go we hyne !  
vnto endles wo / ay-lastand pyne ;  
Nay, tary not so / we get ado syne.

*secundus demon.* hyte hyder warde, ho / harry ruskyne !

War oute !

536

The meyn shaH ye nebyH,  
And I shaH syng the trebiH,  
A revant the deviH

TiH aH this hole rowte.

540

(69)

They may  
curse the day  
they were

*Tutiwillus.* youre lyfes ar lorne / and commen is youre  
care ;

[Fol. 128, a.  
Sig. V. 4.]

born.

ye may ban ye were borne / the bodes you bare,  
And youre faders before / so cursid ye ar.

*primus demon*<sup>1</sup>. ye may wary the morne / and day that  
ye ware

Of youre moder

545

ffirst borne forto be,  
flor the wo ye mon dre.

*Secundus demon*<sup>1</sup>. Ilkone of you mon se  
sorow of oder.

549

(70)

Where now  
are their  
gold, their  
retinue, and  
their finery ?

Where is the gold and the good / that ye gederd togedir ?  
The mery menee that yode / hider and thedir ?

*Tutiwillus.* Gay gyrdyls, iaggid hode / prankyng gownes,  
whedir ?

haue ye wit or ye wode / ye broght not hider

Bot sorowe,

554

And youre synnes in youre nekkys.

*primus demon.* I beshrew thaym that rekkys !  
he comes to late that bekkys

youre bodyes to borow.

558

<sup>1</sup> MS. go furthe.

(71)

*Secundus demon*. Sir, I Wold<sup>t</sup> cut thaym a skawte / They were  
and make theym be knowne ; sturdy and  
They were sturdy and hawte / great boste haue thai proud, find-  
blawne ; ing faults in  
yours pride and yours pransawte / What wi<sup>th</sup> it gawne ? others and  
ye tolde ilk mans defawte / and forgate yours awne. forgetting  
their own.

*Tutiullus*. moreouer 563

Thare neighbors thai demyd,  
Thaym self as it semyd,  
Bot now ar thai flemyd  
ffrom sayntys to recouer. 567

(72)

*primus demon*. Thar neighbors thai towchid / With They up-  
wordys fu<sup>ll</sup> i<sup>n</sup>, braided their  
The warst ay thai sowchid / and had no ski<sup>n</sup>. neighbours,  
*secundus demon*. The pennys thai powchid / and held<sup>t</sup> were  
thaym sti<sup>ll</sup> ; pouchers of  
The negons thai mowchid / and had no wi<sup>th</sup> pence,  
ffor hart fare ; gluttonous  
and greedy.

Bot riche and i<sup>n</sup>-dedy,  
Gederand and gredy,  
sore napand and neddy  
yours godys forto spare. 572

(73)

*Tutiullus*. ffor a<sup>ll</sup> that ye spard / and dyd extorcyon, The weal<sup>th</sup>  
ffor yours childer ye card / yours heyre and yours son, they laid up  
Now is a<sup>ll</sup> in oueward / yours yeres ar ron, for their  
It is commen in vovgard / yours dame malison, children is  
now in the  
devil's keep-  
ing.

To bynde it ; 581  
ye set bi no cursyng,  
Ne no sich sma<sup>ll</sup> thyng.

*primus demon*. No, bot prase at the partyng,  
ffor now mon ye fynde it. 585

(74)

yours leyfys and yours females / ye brake yours wedlake ; [Fol. 128, b.]  
Te<sup>ll</sup> me now what it vales / a<sup>ll</sup> that mery lake ?

se so falsly it falyys. /

*secundus demon*. syr, I dar vndertake  
Thai wi<sup>th</sup> te<sup>ll</sup> no tales / bot se so thai quake

They broke  
their wed-  
lock. What  
avails their  
merriment  
now ?



Now they  
are quaking  
and dumb.

ffor moton ;  
he that to that gam gose,

590

Now namely on oldt tose.

*Tutiuiillus*. Thou heldt vp the lose,

That had I forgotten.

594

(75)

*primus demon*. sir, I trow thai be dom / somtyme were  
fuH melland ;

WiH ye se how thai glom. /

They shall  
dwell in  
pitch and  
tar, with no  
respite.

*secundus demon*. thou art ay telland ;

Now shaH thai haue rom / in pyk and tar euer dwelland,

Of thare sorow no some / bot ay to be yelland

In oure fostre.

599

*Tutiuiillus*. By youre lefe may We mese you ?

*primus demon*. showe furth, I shrew you !

*Secundus demon*. yit to-nyght shaH I shew you

A mese of ih ostre.

603

(76)

*Tutiuiillus*. Of thise cursid forsworne / and aH that  
here leyndys,

Blaw, wolfys-hele and oute-horne / now namely my  
freyndys.

*primus demon*. Illa haiH were ye borne / youre awne  
shame you sheyndys,

That shaH ye fynde or to morne. /

The devils  
carry them  
off, with  
threats.

*secundus demon*. com now with feyndys

To youre angre ;

608

youre dedys you dam ;

Com, go we now sam,

It is comen youre gam,

Com, tary no langer.

612

(77)

*primus bonus*. We loue the, lorde, in alkyn thyng,

That for thyne awne has ordand thus,

That we may haue now oure dwellyng

In heuen blis giffen vnto vs.

616

Therfor fuH boldly may we syng  
 On oure way as we trus;  
 Make we aH myrth and louyng  
 With te deum laudamus.

The right-  
 cous give  
 thanks to  
 God.

620

*Explicit Iudicium.*

XXXI.

Incipit Lazarus.

[47 couplets; 4 ten-line stanzas, *aaaa*<sup>1</sup> *bbbc bc*; 1 nine-line (no. 11), *aaaa bbc bc*; 7 eight-line, four *ab ab ab ab*, two *abab bcbc*, one *ab ab ba ba*; 3 six-line, *aaab ab*; 1 five-line, *aab ab*.] [Fol. 129, a.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Jesus.</i>		<i>Johannes.</i>		<i>Martha.</i>		<i>Lazarus.]</i>
<i>Petrus.</i>		<i>Thomas.</i>		<i>Maria.</i>		

(1)

*Ihesus.* Commes now, brethere, and go With me;  
 We Will pas furth vntiH Iude,  
 To betany wiH we Weynde,<sup>2</sup>  
 To vyset lazare that is oure freynde.<sup>2</sup>  
 Gladly I wold we with hym speke,  
 I teH you sothely he is seke.

Jesus pro-  
 poses to go  
 to Bethany  
 to visit  
 Lazarus, who  
 is ill.

4

*petrus.* I red not that ye thider go,  
 The Iues halden you for thare fo;  
 I red ye com not in that stede,  
 ffor if ye do then be ye dede.

8

Peter, John,  
 and Thomas  
 dissuade  
 Him for fear  
 of the Jews.

*Iohannes.* Master, trist thou [not] on the Iue,  
 ffor many day sen thou thaym knewe,  
 And last tyme that we were thore  
 We wenyd tiH haue bene ded therfor.

12

*Thomas.* When we were last in that contre,  
 This othere day, both thou and we,

16

<sup>1</sup> The *aaaa* lines have central rymes markt here with bars (not in the MS).

<sup>2</sup> These lines are transposed in the MS., and the letters *a* and *b* are placed opposite them in the margin to indicate their proper order.

	We wenyd that thou ther shuld haue bene slayn ; WiH thou now go thider agane ?	
Jesns tells them Lazar- us is fallen asleep ; they must go to make that knight awake. If he sleep he will mend, Peter thinks.	<i>Ihesus.</i> herkyn, breder, and takys kepe ; lazare oure freynde is fallyn on slepe ; The way tiH hym now wiH we take, To styr that knyght and gar hym wake. <i>petrus.</i> Sir, me thynke it were the best To let hym slepe and take his rest ; And kepe that no man com hym hend, ffor if he slepe then mon he mend. <i>Ihesus.</i> I say to you, With outten fayH, No kepyng may tiH hym avaiH,	20 24
[Fol. 129, b.]	Ne slepe may stand hym in no stede, I say you sekerly he is dede ; Therfor I say you now at last leyfe this speche and go we fast.	28 32
Thomas says the disciples will share Jesus' peril and go with Him.	<i>Thomas.</i> Sir, What so euer ye bid vs do We assent vs weH ther to ; I hope to god ye shaH not fynde None of vs shaH lefe behynde ; ffor any pareH that may befaH Weynde we With oure master aH.	36
Martha tells Jesus Lazar- us is dead.	<i>Martha.</i> help me, lorde, and gif me red ! lazare my broder now is dede, That was to the both lefe and dere ; he had not dyed had thou bene here.	40
He shall rise and live again, Jesns says.	<i>Ihesus.</i> Martha, martha, thou may be fayn, Thi brothere shaH rise and lif agayn. <i>Martha.</i> lorde, I wote that he shaH ryse And com before the good iustyce ; ffor at the dredfuH day of dome	44
Yes, at Doomsday, Martha answers.	There mon ye kepe hym at his come, To loke What dome ye WiH hym gif ; Then mon he rise, then mon he lyf.	48
Jesus says, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."	<i>Ihesus.</i> I Warne you, both man and wyfe, That I am rysyng, and I am life ; And Whoso truly trowys in me, That I was euer and ay shaH be, Oone thyng I shaH hym gif, Though he be dede yit shaH he lif.	52 56

say thou, Woman, trowys thou this ?

*Martha.* yee, for sothe, my lorde of blys,

Ellys were I greatly to mysprase,

ffor aH is sothe-fast that thou says.

60

*Ihesus.* Go teH thi sister mawdlayn

That I com, ye may be fayn.

[*Martha goes to Mary.*]

*Martha.* Sister, lefe this sorowful bande,

Oure lorde commys here at hand,

64

And his apostyls with hym also.

*Maria.* A, for godys luf let me go !

Blissid be he that sende me grace,

That I may se the in this place.

68

lorde, mekiH sorow may men se

Of my sister here and me ;

We ar heuy as any lede,

ffor our broder that thus is dede.

72

had thou bene here and on hym sene,

dede for sothe had he not bene.

*Ihesus.* hider to you commen we ar

To make you comforth of youre care,

76

Bot loke no fayntyse ne no slawth

Bryng you oute of stedfast trawthe,

Then shaH I hold you that I saide.

lo, where haue ye his body laide ?

80

*Maria.* lorde, if it be thi WiH,

I hope be this he sauers iH,

ffor it is now the ferth<sup>1</sup> day gone

sen he Was laide vnder yonde stone.

84

*Ihesus.* I tok the right now ther thou stode

that thi trawth shuld ay be goode,

And if thou may that fulfiH

AH bees done right at thi wiH.

88

*Et lacrimatus est ihesus, dicens.*

(2)

ffader, I pray the that thou rase

lazare that was thi hyne,

And bryng hym oute of his mysese

And oute of heH pyne.

92

Martha  
believes,

and is  
bidden to  
fetch her  
sister  
Magdalene.

[Fol. 130, a.]

Mary tells  
Jesus of  
their sorrow.

Jesus is  
come to  
comfort  
them.

He asks  
where the  
body is laid.

Jesus prays  
to the Father  
for Lazarus.

<sup>1</sup> MS. iiij.

Let his days  
be in-  
creased.

When I the pray thou says aH wayse  
Mi wiH is sich as thyne,  
Therfor WiH we now eke his dayse,  
To me thou wiH inclyne.

96

(3)

He bids  
Lazarus  
come forth,  
and be  
stripped of  
his grave-  
clothes.

Com furth, lazare, and stand vs by,  
In erth shaH thou no langere ly ;  
Take and lawse hym foote and hande,  
And from his throte take the bande,  
And the sudary take hym fro,  
And aH that gere, and let hym go.

100

102

(4)

Lazarus  
gives  
thanks to  
Jesus, for  
raising him  
from hell.

*lazarus.* lorde, that aH thyng maide of noght,  
louyng be to thee,  
That sich Wonder here has Wroght,  
Gretter may none be.  
When I was dede to heH I soght,  
And thou, thurgh thi pauste,  
Rasid me vp and thens me broght,  
Behold and ye may se.

106

110

(5)

Not the  
mightiest on  
earth, king  
or knight,  
can escape  
death.

Ther is none so styf on stede,  
Ne none so prowde in prese,  
Ne none so dughty in his dede,  
Ne none so dere on deese,  
No kyng, no knyght, no Wight in wede,  
ffrom dede haue maide hym seese,  
Ne flesh he was wonte to fede,  
It shaH be Wormes mese.

114

118

(6)

youre dede is Wormes coke,  
youre myrroure here ye loke,  
And let me be youre boke,  
youre sampiH take by me ;  
ffro dede you cleke in cloke,  
sich shaH ye aH be.

122

124

(7)

[Fol. 130, b.]

Ilkon in sich aray / With dede thai shaH be dight,  
And closid colde in clay / Wheder he be kyng or knyght

ffor all his garmentes gay / that semely were in sight,		For all their
his flesh shaH frete away / With many a wofuH wight.	128	gay clothes,
Then wo'ully sich wightys		their flesh
ShaH gnawe thise gay knyghtys,		shall be
Thare lunges and thare lightys,		eaten away.
Thare harte shaH frete in sonder ;	132	
Thise masters most of myghtys		
Thus shaH thai be broghit vnder.	134	

(8)

Vnder the ertHe ye shaH / thus carefully then cowche ;		They shall
The royfe of youre haH / youre nakyd nose shaH towche ;		have such a
Nawther great ne smaH / To you wiH knele ne crowche ;		hall that
A shete shaH be youre paH / sich todys shaH be youre		their naked
nowche ;	138	nose shall
Todys shaH you dere,		touch the
ffeyndys wiH you fere,		roof, for
youre flesh that fare was here		covering a
Thus rufully shaH rote ;		sheet and
In stede of fare colore		toads for
sich bandys shaH bynde youre throte.	144	jewels.

(9)

youre rud that was so red / youre lyre the lylly lyke,		They shall
Then shaH be wan as led / and stynke as dog in dyke ;		stink like
Wormes shaH in you brede / as bees dos in the byke,		dead dogs,
And ees out of youre hede / Thus-gate shaH paddokys		worms shall
pyke ;	148	breed in
To pike you ar preste		them, toads
Many vncomly beast,		pick out
Thus thai shaH make a feste		their eyes.
Of youre flesh and of youre blode.		
ffor you then sorows leste		
The moste has of youre goode.	154	

(10)

youre goodys ye shaH forsake / If ye be neuer so lothe,		They may
And nothing With you take / Bot sich a wyndyng clothe ;		take nothing
youre Wife sorow shaH slake / youre chylder also both,		with them
vnnys youre mynnyng make / If ye be neuer so wrothe ;	158	but their
Thai myn you with nothyng		winding
That may be youre helpyng,		sheet.

Wife and  
children will  
forget them  
and pay for  
no masses  
for their  
soules.

Nawther in mes syngyng,

Ne yit with almus dede ;

Therfor in youre leuyng

Be wise and take good hede.

164

(11)

Take hede for you to dele / Whils ye ar on life,

Trust neuer freyndys frele<sup>1</sup> / Nawthere of childe then wife ;

[Fol. 131, a.]

ffor sectures ar not lele / Then for youre good WiH stryfe ;

Trust not  
friend, wife,  
or child ;  
executors  
are always  
unfaithful.

To by youre saules hele / There may no man thaym  
shrife.

168

To shrife no man thaym may,

After youre endyng day,

youre sauH for to glad ;

youre sectures wiH swere nay,

And say ye aght more then ye had.

173

(12)

Let them  
amend while  
they may.

Amende the, man, Whils thou may,

let neuer no myrthe fordo thi mynde ;

Thynke thou on the dredefuH day

When god shaH deme aH mankynde.

177

Thynke thou farys as dothe the wynde ;

This warlde is wast & wiH away ;

Man, haue this in thi mynde,

And amende the Whils that thou may.

181

(13)

When they  
are dead it  
will be too  
late ; no  
wealth may  
save them  
then.

Amende the, man, whils thou art here,

Agane thou go an othere gate ;

When thou art dede and laide on bere,

Wyt thou weH thou bees to late ;

185

ffor if aH the goode that euer thou gate

Were delt for the after thi day,

In heuen it wolde not mende thi state,

fforthi amende the Whils thou may.

189

(14)

The rich  
man's  
wealth be-  
longs to  
God,

If thou be right ryah in rente,

As is the stede standyng in staH,

In thi harte knowe and thynke<sup>2</sup>

That thai ar goddys goodys aH.

193

<sup>1</sup> These words, "Trust neuer freyndys frele," are hardly legible.

<sup>2</sup> The assonance wants "thenke."

he myght haue maide the poore and smaH  
As he that beggys fro day to day ;

and must be  
accounted  
for.

Wit thou weH acountys gif thou shaH,  
Therefore amende the whils thou may. 197

(15)

And if I myght with you dweH  
To teH you aH my tyme,  
ffuH mekiH cowthe I teH

Lazarus has  
heard and  
seen many a  
marvel.

That I haue harde and sene, 201

Of many a great merueH,  
sich as ye wolde not wene,

In the paynes of heH

There as I haue bene. 205

(16)

Bene I haue in wo,  
Therfor kepe you ther fro ;  
Whilst ye lif do so

Let them be  
warned by  
his suffer-  
ings,

If ye wiH dweH with hym

That can gar you thus go,

And hele you lith and lym. 211

(17)

he is a lorde of grace,

Vmthynke you in this case,

And pray hym, fuH of myght,

he kepe you in this place

And haue you in his sight. 216

Amen.

*Explicit Lazarus.*

(XXXII.)

Suspencio Iude.<sup>1</sup>

[Incomplete ; 16 six-line stanzas, *aaab ab.*]

[Fol. 131, b.]

(1)

[*Judas.*] Alas, alas, & walaway !

waryd & cursyd I haue beyn ay ;

Judas  
laments.

<sup>1</sup> This poem is added in a more modern hand than the others, apparently about the commencement of the sixteenth century.



I slew my father, & syn by-lay  
My moder der ;  
And falsly, aftur, I can betray  
Myn awn mayster.

6

(2)

His father's  
name was  
Reuben, his  
mother's  
Sibaria.

My fathers name was ruben, right ;  
Sibaria my moder hight ;  
Als he her knew apun a nyght

AH fleshle,

When he  
was be-  
gotten his  
mother  
dreamed  
that there  
lay in her  
side a lump  
of sin which  
should  
destroy all  
Jewry.

In her sleyp she se a sighte,  
A great ferle.

12

(3)

her thoght ther lay her syd with-in  
A lothly lumpe of fleshly syn,  
Of the which distruccion schuld begyn  
Of aH Iury ;

That Cursyd Clott of Camys kyn,  
fforsoth, was I.

18

(4)

Dreyd of that sight mad her awake,  
& aH hir body did tremyH & qwake ;  
her thoght hir hert did all to-brake—

No wonder was—

the first[e] word my moder spake  
was alas, alas !

24

(5)

She told his  
father her  
dream,

Alas, alas ! sche cryed faste,  
with that, on weping owte sche braste :

My father wakyd at the laste,

& her afranyd ;

Sche told hym how she was agaste,

& nothyng laynyd.

30

(6)

and he re-  
solved that  
if a child  
were born  
he should be  
destroyed.

my father bad, " let be thy woo !  
my Cowncel is, if hit be soo,  
A child be gettyn betwixt hus too,

Doghter or son,

lett hit neuer on erth[e] go,

Bot be fardon.

36

(7)

bettur hit is fordon to be  
 then hit fordo both the & me ;  
 ffor in a while then schaff we se,  
     & fuH weH knaw,  
 wheder *that* swevyns be vanite  
     or on to traw."

They would  
 soon know  
 if dreams  
 were vain or  
 true.

42

(8)

The tyme was comyn *that* I was borne,  
 os my moder sayd beforn ;  
 Alas, *that* I had beyn forlorn  
     *With-In* hir syd !  
 for ther then spronge a schrewid thorn  
     *That* spred fuH wyd.

Judas was  
 born.

48

(9)

for I was born *with* owtyng grace,  
 Thay me namyd & Callyd Iudas ;  
 The father of the child ay hays  
     Great petye ;  
 He myght not thoyle afor his face  
     My deth to se.

His father  
 would not  
 have him  
 killed in his  
 sight,

54

(10)

My ded to se then myght he noght ;  
 A lytyH lep he gart be wroght,  
 & ther I was in bed [i-]broght  
     & bondon faste ;  
 To the salt se then thay soght,  
     & In me Caste.

but had him  
 cast into the  
 sea.

60

(11)

The wawes rosse, the wynd[e] blew ;  
 That I was Cursyd fuH well *thai* knew ;  
 The storme vnto the yle me threw,  
     That lytill botte ;  
 And of that land my to-name drew,  
     Iudas skariott.

The waves  
 and wind  
 rose, and  
 the storm  
 threw him  
 on the isle  
 whence he  
 was call'd  
 Iscariot.

66

(12)

Thor os wreкке in sand I lay,  
 The qweyn Com passyng *ther* away,  
*With* hir madyns to sport & play ;

The queen  
found him  
there as she  
came to play  
with her  
maidens,

And prevaly  
A child she fond in slyk aray,  
& had ferly.

72

(13)

Neuer-the-lesse sche was weH payd,  
And on hir lap[pe] sche me layd ;  
Sche me kissid & with me playd,  
ffor I was fayre ;  
“ A child god hays me send,” sche sayd,  
“ to be myn ayre.”

78

(14)

and passed  
him off on  
the king as  
her own son.

Sche mad me be to norice done,  
And fosterd as her awn[e] sone,  
And told the kyng that sche had gone  
AH *the* yer *with* child ;  
And *with* fayr wordys, as wemen Con,  
sche hym begild.

84

(15)

The king  
made a  
feast.

Then the kyng gart mak a fest  
To aH the land [right] of the best,  
ffor that he had getty[n] a gest,  
A swetly thyng,  
When he wer ded & broght to rest,  
*that* myght be kyng.

90

(16)

Two years  
afterwards  
the queen  
bore a fair  
son.

Sone aftur *with* in yer[e]s too,  
In the land hit befeH soo,  
The qweyn hir self *with* child Can goo ;  
A son sche bayr ;  
A fayrer child from tope to too  
Man neuer se ayre.

96

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

FINIS HUIUS [*in a later hand.*]

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 Architrecelyn, 248/152, ruler of the feast (mistaken for a proper name).  
 Are, 150/320, 158/569, before.  
 Ars, kis myne, 11/59.  
 Asery, 232/135, proclaim, denounce.  
 Asell, 314/270, vinegar.  
 Askaunce, 20/401, 239/353, a joke, a make-believe: *see* Skawnce.  
 Assay, 100/13, trial, test.  
 Asse, 68/139, ask.  
 Assyse, 291/379, appoints.  
 Ast, 240/389, asked: *see* Hast.  
 At-lowe, 158/572, below, on earth.  
 Avaylys, 179/452; Avayll, 178/403, benefits, vails, incomings.  
 Avowtre, 231/98, adultery.  
 Awe, 28/171, owest, ought.  
 Aw-where, 282/123, anywhere.  
 Awnter, 227/735, adventure.  
 Awre, 127/364; Awro, 119/111, anywhere. The sense seems to require awte=aught, anything.  
 Awth, 330/166. Can it be O.N. auð-r, idle, empty.  
 Babyshed, 94/292, scoffed at.  
 Baill, 270/403; Bale, 51/52, destruction, misfortune.  
 Balk, 118/49, ridge in a field.  
 Baly, 247/146, jurisdiction.  
 Ban, 11/59, curse.  
 Bane, 99/53, ready, obedient servant.  
 Bard, 32/328, barred, shut up.  
 Barett, 196/31, strife, debate, trouble.  
 Barne, 69/166, bosom.  
 Barnes, 32/308, children.  
 Barne-teme, 54/74, brood of children.  
 Bast, 310/131, =baist, abashed (?).  
 Bayle, 23/26, hell-fire; Bayll, 32/311, destruction, misfortune: *see* Baill.  
 Bayles, 20/405, bailiffs.  
 Bayn, 20/397, quickly; 32/308, ready, obedient.  
 Be, 182/43, by the time that.  
 Bedeyn, 15/222, at once, at the same time.  
 Beete, 57/23, amend, heal.  
 Behete, 36/430, promised.  
 Belamy, 84/188, fair friend.  
 Belife, 10/37; Belyf, 83/156, quickly.  
 Belke, 378/342, belch.  
 Bemys, 62/199, trumpets.  
 Benste, 118/55, benedicite.  
 Bent, 120/142, field.  
 Benyson, 49/6, blessing.  
 Bere, 66/79, bear, carry; 129/405, noise.

- Besele, 30/240, busily, earnestly.  
 Beshers, 78/1, fair sirs; Bewshere, 174/273, fair sir.  
 Be-stode nede, 340/74, was in need, danger.  
 Bet, 46/186, beaten.  
 Betaght, 15/211, given up to, assigned to.  
 Betake, 21/440, assign, commit.  
 Bete, 259/36, mend, remedy.  
 Be-tell, 260/79, conquer, deceive (?)  
 Beyde, 66/78, command, proclaim.  
 Beyld, 158/576, seek protection; 158/581, protection, shield, comfort.  
 Beyldyng, 143/93, comfort, encouragement; 167/35, shelter, dwelling.  
 Beyll, 197/72, relieve, remove: *see* Beyld.  
 Beyr, 300/230, noise: *see* Bere.  
 Beys, 168/62, is.  
 Beytter, 32/311, mender, healer.  
 Biggid, 372/80, built.  
 Bike, 49/4, nest, hive.  
 Blan, 307/52, ceased: *see* Blyn.  
 Ble, 163/109, colour, complexion.  
 Blekyt, 375/244, blacked.  
 Blo, 35/413, blue-black, livid.  
 Blome, 60/130, bloom, flower.  
 Blowre, 74/307, blisters (?)  
 Blowys, 81/94, talk, proclaim, publish.  
 Blure, 374/220, destruction (?), damnation.  
 Blyn, 18/324, stop, cease: *see* Blan.  
 Bob, 139/718, bunch.  
 Bodworde, 69/145, 195/27, message.  
 Bollars, 291/374, drunkards.  
 Bolne, 237/281, swell.  
 Bon, 240/390, bound.  
 Bondon, 59/102, disposition, discretion.  
 Bone, 72/240, petition, boon: *see* Boyne.  
 Boote, 346/203, remedy, redress: *see* Boyte.  
 Borghe, 277/608, pledge, surety: *see* Borow.  
 Borod, 221/554, ransomed, saved.  
 Boroo, 184/100, ransom, save.  
 Borow, 29/204, pledge, security.  
 Borud, 380/427, ransomed, saved: *see* Borod.  
 Bowke, 377/316, belly, paunch.  
 Bowne, 44/129, prepared.  
 Bowrde, 115/482, jest.  
 Bowrdend, 188/56, jesting.  
 Boyne, 14/183, petition, prayer: *see* Bone.  
 Boyte, 19/376; 108/247, remedy, redress, use.  
 Brade, 25/91, swell; 23/21, moment of time, jiffy; 168/76, boasted; 273/488, trouble.  
 Bradyng, 243/7, onset.  
 Bragance, 117/34, bragging, boasting.  
 Brall, 167/31, brawl, cry out.  
 Brand, 78/5, sword.  
 Brast, 31/264, burst.  
 Brayde, 225/664, stratagem, deceit; Brayde, of, 105/153, are like, resemble.  
 Brede, 2/20, breadth.  
 Brefe, 151/342, letter, official document.  
 Brene, 237/290, fierce, furious.  
 Bren, 14/180, burn.  
 Brend, 11/73, Brent; burnt.  
 Brere, 282/91; Brerys, 15/202, briars, thorns.  
 Bressed, 256/371, bruised.  
 Brestyn, 276/589, burst, *p.p.*  
 Brith, 166/3, birth.  
 Brodell, 150/315, wretch.  
 Browes, 21/417, broth, stew.  
 Browke, 14/186, use.  
 Brude, 124/237, offspring, children (?)  
 Bruet, 50/24, broth.  
 Brynly, 368/33, fiercely.  
 Bryssyng, 204/9, bruising, breaking: *see* Bressed, Bursyd.  
 Bryst, 136/629, burst.  
 Bun, 4/66, bound.  
 Bursyd, 161/34, bruised.  
 Busk, 167/31, prepare; 167/35, set out, depart.  
 Bustus, 235/213, rough, boisterous, clumsy.  
 Buxom, 96/336, obedient.  
 By, 126/330, pay for: *see* Aby, Abite.  
 Byched, 289/325, cursed.  
 Bydeyn, 22/157, at once: *see* Bedeyr.  
 Byg, 22/182, build.  
 Bygyng, 19/91, building.  
 Byke, 31/147, hive.  
 Byll-hagers, 102/57, men who hack with bills.  
 Bynke, 30/484, bench.  
 Byr, 3/371, rush.  
 Byrdyng, 96/345, playing, jesting (*see* 95/302), supposed adultery; or is it 'little bird, child (?)'.

- Byrkyn, 168/63, break.
- Can, 2/338, know.
- Carls, 70/205, rustics.
- Carpe, 4/115, talk.
- Casbald, 255/351, a term of reproach.
- Catyfdam, 184/101, caitifdom, the devil, hell.
- Catyfnes, 266/271, wickedness.
- Cautelys, 208/144, tricks.
- Cele, 134/558, happiness: *see* Ceyll.
- Cely, 214/323, good, innocent.
- Certis, 46/191, certainly.
- Ceyll, 133/523, bliss, happiness.
- Charge, 8/404, load, prepare.
- Charys, 126/304, pieces of work, jobs.
- Chase, 59/85, chose.
- Chefc, 123/398, succeed.
- Cheftance, 245/82, chieftains.
- Chepe, lyght, 16/236; 121/170, easy, cheap bargain.
- Chere, 40/18, countenance.
- Ches, 31/281; Chese, 27/129, rows (*see* Chess in Dict.).
- Chese, 253/315, chose.
- Chevich, 274/514, bargain, deal.
- Chuffer, 259/31 (?), boaster (Jesus).
- Claryfy, 361/249, proclaim, make famous: *see* Cleryfy.
- Cleke, 390/123, seize (?)
- Clekyt, 375/245, hatched (?)
- Clerge, 112/389; Clerge[te], 107/240, book-learning.
- Cleryfy, 80/65, proclaim, preach, tell.
- Cloke, 390/123, claw (?)
- Cloute, 33/353, patch, mend.
- Cloyse, 247/125, clothes.
- Clyfe, 95/308, cliff (?)
- Clynke, 262/135, clench.
- Clyppys, 390/124, eclipse.
- Cod, 101/22, bag, pillow.
- Coke, 390/119, cook.
- Cokkers, 291/374, fighters.
- Cokys, 239/355, cocks.
- Colke, 338/43, core.
- Colknyfys, 102/57, cabbage-knives.
- Combred, 285/189, 321/508, encumbered, entangled (?)
- Conandly, 189/104, wisely, suitably.
- Condyth, 155/482, conduct.
- Copyn, Kyng, 233/166, King Empty-skein (?)
- Coth, 35/417, disease.
- Couandys (better Conandys), 222/586, covenants, agreements.
- Couth, 269/373, known, familiar.
- Couth, 66/68; Cowth, 37/473, could.
- Cowche, 115/478, lie down.
- Cowll, 241/405, swelling, weal.
- Cowrs, 286/225, course, way.
- Coyle, 21/425; Coyll, 34/389, pottage (should be cayll); 5/136 coal.
- Crate, 242/427, decrepit man (?)
- Craw, 18/311, crow.
- Croft, 239/355, field.
- Cronyng, 281/67, crooning, moaning.
- Crop, 115/470, top, head.
- Crumpe, 370/110, cramp.
- Cryb, 107/208, put in a crib (?)
- Cuker, 375/270, coker, kind of half-boot or gaiter.
- Cutt, 273/508, lot (draw lots).
- Dall, 139/733, hand; Dalles, 373/187; Dals, 371/136, hands.
- Dam, 249/186; 236/248, condemn.
- Dampnabill, 234/198, deserving of condemnation.
- Dang, 314/274, beat.
- Dangere, 71/225, control, dominion.
- Dare, 163/83, lie hid.
- Darfe, 367/1, hard, heavy.
- Dase, 32/314, am dazed, stupefied, bewildered.
- Daunche, 181/509, fastidious (?)
- Daw, 30/247, (?) melancholy, sluggard.
- Dawes, 196/55; Dayes, 55/108, dawns.
- Dayde, 234/185, brought to trial (at an appointed day) (?)
- Daynteth, 294/55, dignity, importance.
- Dede, 7/203, death.
- Dedir, 32/314 (Yorkshire 'dither'), shiver, tremble.
- Deese, 390/114, daïs.
- Des, 5/121; Desse, 286/231; Deese, 390/114; Dese, 245/64; daïs, throne.
- Defend, 86/6, forbid.
- Defly, 119/109, deafly.
- Deill, 16/247, bit, morsel.
- Dele, 13/137, share, divide.
- Delf, 66/79, delve, dig.
- Delfe, 276/575, grave.
- Deme, 4/113, judge.
- Dere, 32/317, harm, injury.
- Derfe, 382/481, hard, cruel.
- Derly, 117/389, grievously.
- Dern, 373/200, secret, hidden.
- Dernly, 168/69, secretly, quietly.



- Determynd, 348/251, ended.  
 Devere, 32/319, duty.  
 Dewe, 374/230, list (of fools).  
 Deyde, 66/80, deeds, work.  
 Deyle, 15/213; Deyll, 15/205, share,  
 give : *see* Dele and Deill.  
 Deyle, 375/268, devil.  
 Distance, 24/57, disagreement, dis-  
 pute.  
 Dit, 17/280; Dytt, 233/178, shut,  
 stopped.  
 Ditizance dountance, 171/171.  
 Doket, 377/310, (?) rag, clout, or (?)  
 little tail.  
 Dold, 31/266, dulled, grown dull.  
 Dom, 207/109, doom, sentence.  
 Done, 92/228, place, put.  
 Donnyng, 10/32, dun mare(?), cp. 'Dun  
 is in the myre.'  
 Dos, 19/360, dost, puttest.  
 Dote, 31/265, foolish person, dotard.  
 Dotfy-pols, 173/231, crazy-heads.  
 Dowde, 375/260, slut.  
 Dowse, 124/246, harlot.  
 Doyll, 34/390, dole, portion ; 74/302,  
 grief, mourning.  
 Doyn, 382/481, done.  
 Doyse, 4/110, dust.  
 Drake, 312/221, dragon.  
 Dray, 57/14, draw, withdraw.  
 Dre, 118/65, endure.  
 Drech, 326/20, harass, afflict.  
 Drely, 108/245, long, deeply.  
 Dres, 30/238, direct one's course, go ;  
 245/65, prepare, order, direct.  
 Drogh, 6/155, drew, betook himself.  
 Duch ax, 374/242, Dutch axe.  
 Dug, 377/310 cut (?)  
 Dughtyest, 175/294, doughtiest.  
 Dulfull, 7/203, dolefull.  
 Dustardys, 285/10, dastards, stupid  
 persons.  
 Dwere, 364/342, perplexity.  
 Dwill, 12/89, devil.  
 Dwillis, 11/63, devil's.  
 Dwyrd, 348/252, destroy (?)  
 Dyght, 39/543, prepared, disposed.  
 Dyke, 66/79, ditch.  
 Dyll, 163/80, render dull, assuage.  
 Dyllydowne, 135/609, pet, darling.  
 Dyng, 77/410, beat, strike.  
 Dyntand, 280/54, riding.  
 Dysars, 291/373, dicers.  
 Dyscry, 243/8; Dyscryfe, 345/180,  
 describe.  
 Dysseferance, 343/144, separation,  
 dissension.  
 Dytt, 233/178, stopt.  
 Edder, 86/25, serpent.  
 Eft, 30/241, afterwards, again.  
 Eld, 62/189, age.  
 Eme, 51/59, uncle.  
 Emell, 65/34, among.  
 Encense, *v.t.* 172/198, incense.  
 Encheson, 44/133, occasion, cause.  
 Endoost, 196/48, protected.  
 Endorde, 107/234, glazed, gilded.  
 Enfray, 308/71, affray.  
 Enys, 225/661, once.  
 Ernes, 150/303, earnest.  
 Eschele, 55/115, troop.  
 Ethle, 232/141, easily.  
 Everychon, 41/43, each or every  
 one.  
 Examynyng, *sb.* 235/235, examination.  
 Excusyng, *sb.* 94/294.  
 Faed, 269/363, withered.  
 Fageyng, 287/252, flattery.  
 Fames, 92/213, makes known.  
 Fand, 69/164, found.  
 Fang, 30/245, take hold of, take.  
 Fare, 10/32, on, pull.  
 Farenes, 235/217, fairness, justice.  
 Farly, 56/3, wonderfully.  
 Farlys, 294/53, wonders.  
 Farne, 149/271, fared, got on: *see*  
 Fowre.  
 Farne, 133/533, laboured, borne a  
 child.  
 Fature, 71/226, traitor, deceiver,  
 impostor.  
 Faund, 47/219, found.  
 Fawchon, 288/274, falchion.  
 Fawte, 229/55, default, want.  
 Fax, 374/243, hair.  
 Fayn, 45/175, joyful.  
 Fayntyse, 389/77, cowardice, languor.  
 Fayre, 18/308, go, fare.  
 Featte, 287/252, doings.  
 Fee, 11/76, property, 'corn or cattle';  
 66/62, cattle.  
 Feere, 7/209, companion.  
 Feft, 136/620, endowed.  
 Feld, 13/122, field.  
 Fele, Felle, 65/43, many; 141/24,  
 knock down; 156/515, mountain;  
 170/142, cruel, fierce.  
 Fell, 331/181, skin.

- Felly, 368/31, terribly.  
 Felter, 377/318, join together (?)  
 Fend, 10/38, forbid.  
 Fenyng, 250/224, feigning.  
 Fenys, 205/22, feign.  
 Ferd, 13/145, afraid; 18/338, fear.  
 Fere (in), 20/383, in company, together.  
 Fere, 368/31, terrify.  
 Ferly, 14/156, wonder, marvel.  
 Ferray, 374/217, plundering.  
 Fersly, 77/405, fiercely (?)  
 Ferys, 230/64, companions: *see* Fere.  
 Fest, 109/280, settle, fix.  
 Feste, 251/244, fastened.  
 Feytld, 372/165, made ready.  
 Feyll, 294/53, many.  
 Feyr, 191/161, companion: *see* Fere.  
 Ffarlee, 358/158, wonderfully: *see* Farly.  
 Ffelterd, 102/65, joined together, interwoven.  
 Femmes, 101/30, rents due to landlord.  
 Fill (half my fill), 21/427.  
 Flay, 34/380, put to flight, frighten.  
 Flekyt, 374/242, spotted.  
 Fleme, 84/188, banish, put to flight.  
 Flemyd, 235/234, banisht, condemned: *see* Fleme.  
 Flett, 29/223, flat, floor; 36/436, floated.  
 Flone, 110/324, dart: *see* Thoner-flone, lightning.  
 Floo, 26/115, flow.  
 Flume, 197/72, river.  
 Flyt, 17/303; 29/223, flee, shift; 73/284, flee from, avoid.  
 Flyte, 17/293, quarrel.  
 Flyx, 182/30, flux, diarrhoea.  
 Foche, 71/221, fetch.  
 Foche, 96/365; 268/343, offspring: *see* Foode.  
 Foine, 268/343, product, treasure.  
 Fon, 274/526, am bewildered.  
 Fon, 47/218, found; 96/353, fool.  
 Fon, 239/360, seize, take.  
 Fone, 26/99, few.  
 Foode, 91/178, offspring, child; 196/39, young man.  
 Foore, 122/196, fared.  
 For, 19/354, because.  
 Forbot, 102/38, forbidding.  
 Force, 19/374, power, strength; 'no force,' no matter.  
 Fordo, 26/114, ruin, destroy.  
 For-fare, 234/317, destroy.  
 Forfett, 230/62, transgressed; 242/425, offence, penalty (?)  
 Forgangere, 195/28, foregoer.  
 Forgeyn, 49/285, forgiven.  
 For-rakyd, 124/256, overdone with walking.  
 Fors, 65/32, might, power.  
 Forshapyn, 136/619, transformed.  
 Forspokyn, 136/613, enchanted.  
 Forth, 52/24, carry out, execute.  
 For-thi, 10/45, For-thy, 270/405, therefore.  
 Forthlynk, 94/299; 24/354, repent, be sorry.  
 Forthynkyng, 343/144, repentance.  
 Forwakyd, 124/253, exhausted with watching.  
 Forward, 289/322, agreement, promise.  
 Foryeldys, 121/171, requites.  
 Fostre, 386/599, care, protection.  
 Fott, 20/392, fetch.  
 Found, 41/53; Fownde, 358/158, prove, try, seek.  
 Fow[n]dyng, 219/497, temptation.  
 Fowre, 74/305, fared.  
 Foyde, 139/720, child, offspring: *see* Foode.  
 Foyll, 225/678, fool; 5/137, foal.  
 Foyn, 177/381, thrust.  
 Foyne, 125/281, few: *see* Fone.  
 Foyte, 263/182, foot, 12 inches.  
 Frast, 28/183; 41/53, inquire of, try.  
 Fray, 175/317, attack, alarm, fright; 312/198, from.  
 Frayes, 65/42, affrays, rows.  
 Frayn, 91/185, question, ask.  
 Fre, *sb.* 32/310, free, noble, liberal being, God.  
 Freke, 289/322, warrior, man.  
 Frele, 392/166, frail.  
 Frely, 49/277; 139/720; 196/39, noble.  
 Fres, 351/314; Frese, 34/391, fear.  
 Fresh: as fresh as an eel, 127/356.  
 Frog, 289/311, frock, Christ's gown.  
 Froskis, 73/284, frogs.  
 Fry, 25/66, children, descendants.  
 Fryggys, 377/316, animals, beings (?)  
 Funn, 65/43, found  
 Fyld, 90/159, defiled, copulated with.  
 Fynd, 94/272, put, clothe.  
 Fyrth, 156/515, forest.  
 Fytt, 59/104, song, stanza.



- Gab, 347/243, deceive.  
 Gad, 13/149, go quickly to and fro.  
 Gadlyng, 80/84, fellow.  
 Gam, 3/84, pleasure, sport.  
 Ganstand, 44/128, withstand, oppose.  
 Garn, 32/298, yarn.  
 Garray, 76/377, armed force; 134/564, commotion, row.  
 Gars, 10/44, causes.  
 Gart, 43/104, made.  
 Garthynere, 323/563, gardener.  
 Gate, 52/29, going, path.  
 Gawdis, 65/41, tricks, habits.  
 Gaytt-door, 126/328, street door.  
 Gedlyngis, 10/14, fellows: *see* Gadlyng.  
 Geld, 89/134, barren.  
 Gent, 366/396, gentle, well-born.  
 Gere, 30/245, gear, tools.  
 Ges, *sb.* 15/231, guess.  
 Gessen, 74/315, Goshen.  
 Get, 46/188, offspring, progeny.  
 Gett, 376/287, mode, fashion.  
 Geyn, 203/270, given.  
 Glase, 241/418, gloss, polishing.  
 Glase, 126/316, chance, risk.  
 Glom, 386/596, frown, are gloomy.  
 Glope, 174/264, surprise.  
 Glose, 129/413, falsehood.  
 Gnast, 170/157, gnash, be troubled.  
 Goderhayll! 107/226, good luck!  
 Gog, 10/44, God.  
 Gonne, 203/269, man.  
 Goonys, 183/47, yawn.  
 Grade, 257/404; Graide, 234/286, prepared.  
 Grafen, 316/350, buried.  
 Grales, 172/205, gradual, part of the Mass.  
 Grame, 25/89, anger.  
 Gramercy, 98/20, many thanks.  
 Gramery, 108/242, grammar, learning.  
 Grankys, 183/45, groan.  
 Granser, 204/12, grandsire.  
 Grath, 37/482, (?) favour, readiness.  
 Grauyng, 157/557, burial.  
 Grayd, 300/227, prepared: *see* Grade.  
 Grayth, 55/103, prepare.  
 Graythly, 207/95, readily.  
 Grefyd, 217/432, grieved.  
 Greime, 54/73, anger, harm: *see* Grame.  
 Gresys, 8/238, herbs, plants.  
 Grete, 50/38, weeping, to weep; 316/350, grit, stone.  
 Grew, 274/531, Greek.  
 Grewys, 378/352, turns to horror (?)  
 Grith, 166/4, peace, security: *see* Gyrth.  
 Grofen, 74/326, grown (?)  
 Groflyngis, 46/203, groveling, face downwards.  
 Grome, 371/128, groom, boy.  
 Gropyng, 347/243, feeling, handling.  
 Groved, 15/199, grew.  
 Grownne, 114/432, snout (?)  
 Groyf, 196/54, grow (?)  
 Gruch, 198/104, grudge, murmur.  
 Grufe, 37/463, grow (?)  
 Gryle, 163/99, shrilly, keenly.  
 Grymly, 338/14, cruelly, terribly.  
 Gryse, 48/254, feel horror, shudder.  
 Gryssed, 106/189, grassed, covered with grass.  
 Gryth, 226/707, peace, security: *see* Gyrth.  
 Gyll, 243/11, guile.  
 Gyn, 26/128, contrivance, engine.  
 Gyrd, 136/622, strike, cut.  
 Gyrth, 80/54, peace, security: *see* Gryth.  
 Gyse, 127/341, plan (?)  
 Had I wyst, 119/93, had I known, before I played the fool.  
 Hailes, 180/484, unhurt (?)  
 Haft, 187/52, affairs, business.  
 Hafyng, 191/175, possessions, property.  
 Hagh, 330/144, consideration.  
 Hak, 131/476, go on, behave, make uproar (?)  
 Halsid, 294/56, embraced, fondled.  
 Hamyd, 117/15, crippled, lamed.  
 Handband, 50/33, covenanted portion.  
 Hap, 130/434, wrap up.  
 Har (to-har), 297/142, harry, drag.  
 Har, 234/210, hinge.  
 Harbar, 124/245; Harbor, 297/139, lodging, dwelling.  
 Hardely, 19/463, boldly, certainly.  
 Harll, 256/358, drag.  
 Harlottis, 10/22, rascals.  
 Harnes, 128/392, brains.  
 Harnes, 43/118, equipment.  
 Haro! 17/275, help!  
 Harrer, 11/55, quicker.  
 Harsto, 297/136; Hurstow, 20/386, hearest thou.  
 Hast, 238/318, asked, ordered: *see* Ast.  
 Hat, 10/15, is called.  
 Hathennes, 79/26, heathendom.

Hatters, 133/543, confound it!  
 Hawvell, 378/337, noise, jabber (?).  
 Apparently mere gibberish, like the  
 rime-word *lawvell*.  
 Haylse, 365/386, salute.  
 Haytt, 123/227, hot.  
 He, 37/469, high.  
 Hek, 126/305, hatch, wicket-gate.  
 Hekis, 10/47, hay-racks (?).  
 Held, 181/6, eld, old age.  
 Helme, 35/420, rudder.  
 Hend, 388/25, near.  
 Hend, 9/262, hand.  
 Hent, 35/420, take, seize.  
 Here, 12/100, here is.  
 Heris, 7/198, hear thou.  
 Het, 46/190, promised; Hetis, 51/52,  
 promises; Hete, 352/348, promise.  
 Hething, 281/86, scorn, contempt.  
 Hevyd, 366/401, lifted.  
 Heyle, 87/45, healing, salvation.  
 Heynd, 62/174, gracious.  
 Heytt, 73/298, promised: *see* Het.  
 Hien, 193/216, hence.  
 Hight, 3/71, (be) called; 24/46, pro-  
 mised.  
 Ho, 35/411, cry ho! stop.  
 Hogh, 317/371, high, (?) read 'hegh.'  
 Hoill, 9/7, hole.  
 Hoket, 374/233, 234; 377/312, ridi-  
 cule (?), or (?) difficulty, obstacle.  
 Holard, 177/358, debauchee.  
 Holgh, 18/310, empty, hollow.  
 Homely, 294/56, familiarly.  
 Hone, 13/133, delay.  
 Hore, 104/132, hair (?), sheep.  
 Hostyld, 348/263, lodged.  
 Hote, 53/46, promise, vow.  
 Houer, 75/363, tarry.  
 Hoyle, 34/388, whole, contented.  
 Hoyne, 32/80, delay: *see* Hone.  
 Hoyse, 21/436, hose.  
 Hu, 346/221, hue (?).  
 Hud, 288/283, hood.  
 Hufe, 37/461, delay.  
 Hullars, 291/373, lechers.  
 Hurlyd, 244/30, driven forcibly; 377/  
 316, covered with bristles.  
 Hy, 10/43, hasten; *in hy*, in haste.  
 Hyght, 81/107, promise.  
 Hyghtynd, 90/68, set high, lifted up,  
 exalted.  
 Hyne, 53/54, servant; 184/90, hence (?).  
 Hydis, 66/62, shepherds.  
 Hyte! 11/55, gee up! go on!

Ich, Icha, 4/106, each, every.  
 Ich, I, who be, 122/207.  
 Ichon, 26/112, each one.  
 Ilk, 62/183, same.  
 Ilka, 63/211, each, every.  
 Indoost, 242/421, flogged, loaded on  
 the back.  
 Indytars, 205/24, inditers, writers.  
 Infude, 100/89, pour into, endow.  
 Ingroost, 202/250, engrossed, included,  
 comprehended.  
 Innocent, sb. 177/388.  
 Inquiryd, 195/21, inquired of, asked.  
 Intraste (in traste), 299/182, trust in.  
 Irk, 182/43, weary, disinclined for  
 exertion.  
 Irregulere, 237/306, out of rule,  
 unjust.  
 Ist, 201/212, is it.  
 Janglis, 9/6; chatters; Jangyls,  
 13/134, chatterest.  
 Jape, 123/221, jest.  
 Jawvell, 378/337, wrangling = javel,  
 chavel, jaw.  
 Jelian Jowke, 377/317, Gillian  
 Clown (?).  
 Jourmontyng, 166/11, governor (?).  
 Jues, 65/35, Jews.  
 Keill, 32/300; Keyle, 26/118, cool,  
 allay.  
 Kelles, 375/260, cauls, nets.  
 Kend, 11/72, taught; 62/193, known.  
 Kepe, 253/304, await, meet (?); 388/  
 19, heed.  
 Kest, 266/255, cast, reckon up.  
 Knafe, 20/382; Knave, 134/554, boy,  
 servant.  
 Knakt, 137/659, hit it off, sang.  
 Knap, 238/337, knock, strike.  
 Knop, 241/408, stud with knobs.  
 Knyt, 36/451, knit, closed.  
 Koker, 374/235, cock, aside.  
 Kon, 4/91, know.  
 Kun thank, 65/30, give thanks.  
 Kyd, 2/45; 266/272, made known,  
 shown.  
 Kynd, 50/42, kindred, family.  
 Kynke, 372/152, double up, tie myself  
 in a knot.  
 Kyppys, 134/557, seizes, snatches.  
 Kyth, 54/67, kith, kindred, native  
 country.  
 Kythe, 54/95; 266/266, show.

- Laft, 261/105, have left, relinquished.  
 Laghe, 339/44, law.  
 Lak, 68/118; Lake, 115/465; 385/  
 587, play, game.  
 Lakan, 124/242, plaything.  
 Lake, sb. 206/85, lack.  
 Lane, 334/48, hide; *see* Layn.  
 Langett, 29/224, strap, thong.  
 Langyd, 117/42, longed, wished.  
 Lap, 287/265, rag.  
 Lappyd, 116/4; Lapt, 123/368,  
 wrapped up, involved.  
 Lare, 70/194, lore, learning.  
 Large, in, 189/90, at large, fully.  
 Late, 90/137, seek, inquire.  
 Lath, 298/165, hateful, hideous; *see*  
 Layth.  
 Law, 67/81, low.  
 Lawd, 61/143, lay, unlearned.  
 Lawdys, 121/180, praises, part of the  
 Matins Service.  
 Lawvell, 378/338, blasphemy (?)  
 Lay, Layse, 65/48, law, laws.  
 Layn, 45/169, hide, deny.  
 Layt, 192/180, seek, look for.  
 Layth, 87/63, hateful, hideous.  
 Laytt, 286/238, search (?)  
 Leasse, 6/158, falsehood.  
 Leche, 12/83, physician.  
 Lede, 287/265, man.  
 Leder, 31/289; Ledyr, 121/147, evil,  
 bad.  
 Lefe, 11/65; Leif, 11/68, dear.  
 Lege, 192/181, alleges, quotes.  
 Leghe, 33/38, lie, falsehood.  
 Leif, 15/195, remain.  
 Leke, 5/129, leek.  
 Lele, 36/446, loyal.  
 Lely, 192/180, loyally.  
 Lelyst, 288/296, most loyal, fairest.  
 Lemman, 87/65, dear one (V. Mary).  
 Lemyd, 110/316, shone.  
 Lent, 96/352, remained.  
 Lenys, 13/118, lends.  
 Lep, 395/56, basket.  
 Lerd, 233/169, taught.  
 Lere, 45/159, teach.  
 Leryd, 72/239, learnt.  
 Les, 5/120; Lese, 7/194, falsehood :  
*see* Leasse.  
 Lese, 209/163, lose.  
 Lesyns, 206/67, lyings, falsehoods.  
 Letherly, 121/171, badly (cheap and  
 nasty).  
 Letht, 232/142; lithe, mitigation.
- Lett, 189/89, Linder, desist, stop ;  
 259/33, thought, esteemed.  
 Letys, 260/56, toinks.  
 Leuer, 47/217, rather : *see* Leyffer.  
 Leuerd, 287/265, delivered, given.  
 Leueryng, 107/217, dish of liver (?) :  
*see* Levyr.  
 Levyn, 33/346, lightning.  
 Levyr, 35/399, liver.  
 Lewde, 139/707, unlearned, lay.  
 Lewte, 41/50, loyalty.  
 Leyde, 24/48, people, nation; 4/82,  
 lead.  
 Leyf, 5/126, dear : *see* Leif.  
 Leyfe, 4/111, leave, abandon; 85/234,  
 pleased, willing.  
 Leyffer, were I, 42/84, I had rather.  
 Leyfys, 385/586, darlings, loves.  
 Leyn, 12/112, lean.  
 Leyn, 12/115, lend.  
 Leynd, 68/140, remain, linger.  
 Leynyd, 53/37, leaned, inclined.  
 Lig, 18/326, lie.  
 Lightness, 195/5, light.  
 Ligis, 15/220, lies : *see* Lig.  
 List, 11/59, pleases.  
 Lith, 2/26, light; 393/211, joint.  
 Lofe, 3/75, praise.  
 Lofyng, 12/103, praising, praise : *see*  
 Lovyng.  
 Loghe, 281/86, laughed.  
 Lone, 203/271, loan.  
 Long, 35/399, lungs.  
 Longys, 3/81, belongs.  
 Lonys, 107/230, loins.  
 Looke, 123/219, look favourably on,  
 save.  
 Loppys, 74/306, insects, fleas.  
 Lorne, 66/76, lost.  
 Lose, 250/202, praise, repnte.  
 Losell, 72/242, scamp, worthless  
 man.  
 Lote, 129/409, noise.  
 Loth, 208/126, loathsome, hateful,  
 hideous : *see* Lath.  
 Lothes, 166/9, injuries.  
 Lottyn, 232/123, looking : *see* Sowre-  
 loten.  
 Louf, 42/56, love : *see* Luf.  
 Loutt, 280/49, bow the head : *see*  
 Lowt.  
 Lovyng, 3/62, praise.  
 Lowde, and styll, 190/122, in all con-  
 ditions.  
 Lowfes, 211/239, valuest.

- Lowfyd, 248/169, praised.  
 Lowked, 229/58, locked, closed.  
 Lowt, 21/434, bow the head.  
 Luddokys, 377/314, buttocks.  
 Luf, 21/434, love.  
 Lufe, 37/462, hand, palm.  
 Luffy, 3/72, lovely.  
 Lullay, syng, 130/442.  
 Lurdan, 72/239, lowt, lazy person.  
 Luskand, 227/750, hiding, sneaking.  
 Lyere, 269/362; face, countenance :  
*see* Lyre.  
 Lyght, 60/115, descend; 127/337,  
 delivered (in childbirth); chepe, 16/  
 236, 121/170, light, cheap bargain.  
 Lykance, 281/56, liking, pleasure.  
 Lykandly, 265/234, pleasantly.  
 Lykyng, 74/316, pleasure.  
 Lynage, 69/143, lineage.  
 Lynde, 97/368, lime-tree.  
 Lyre, 65/24, face, countenance : *see*  
 Lyre.  
 Lyst, 65/24, pleasure, liking.  
 Lyte, 85/225; Lytt, 152/394, flaw,  
 error.  
 Lythe, 340/87, go, travel.  
 Lytter, 158/590, bed.
- Ma-fay ! 275/564, my faith !  
 Make, 7/187, mate, wife; 21/442,  
 match, equal.  
 Malison, 19/355, malediction, curse.  
 Malys, 179/453, bags, wallets.  
 Mangery, 214/343, feast.  
 Mangyng, 107/232, eating, meal.  
 Mar, 27/129, hinder.  
 Mare, 238/310, nightmare, goblin.  
 Marke, 182/33, dark, dim.  
 Maroo, 130/436, companion, mate.  
 Mase, 68/135, makes, does.  
 Masid, 358/165, 166; 359/195, mazed,  
 dazed.  
 Mastre, 3/81; 65/34; 223/610, lord-  
 ship, superiority.  
 Masyd, 220/510, dizzy, stupid.  
 Mawgre, 287/270, ill-will, displeasure.  
 Mawmentry, 260/78, idolatry.  
 May, 80/70, maiden; 223/610, make.  
 Mayll-casse, 132/485, discomfort, sick-  
 ness.  
 Mayn, 163/101; 265/241, power,  
 strength.  
 Maytt, 202/245, dejected, sorrowful.  
 Measse, 34/389, mess, dish.  
 Med, 341/111, mead, honey-drink.
- Mede, 17/294, reward.  
 Medill-erd, 26/100, earth, world.  
 Medys, 2/31, midst.  
 Mekill, 16/237, much.  
 Mell, 24/44, speaks (of); 260/82,  
 meddle.  
 Melland, 386/595, speaking, talking.  
 Mene, 141/37, indicate, point out.  
 Menec, Menye, 23/22, household,  
 company.  
 Meng, 166/15, mingle; 271/437, disturb,  
 trouble.  
 Menged, 41/31, disturbed, troubled;  
 314/270, mixed.  
 Menske, 82/140, dignify, honour.  
 Menskfull, 365/389, honourable.  
 Ment, 40/15, aimed at, aspired to;  
 45/174, signified, intended.  
 Menys, 225/688, bemoans.  
 Merely, 77/419, merrily.  
 Merkyd, 195/3, marked.  
 Marshall, 264/198, farrier.  
 Mes, 172/206, Mass.  
 Mese, 209/151, soothe.  
 Mesel, 16/264, leprous.  
 Mett, 115/484, measured.  
 Mevid, 39/542, moved.  
 Meyne, 12/111, mean, middling.  
 Meyne, Mene 12/113, complain, moan.  
 Mo, 6/163; Moo, 8/237, more.  
 Mode, 180/472, mind, mood.  
 Modee, 260/86, proud, courageous.  
 Mold, 243/3, earth, ground.  
 Mom, 70/188, mutter.  
 Mompyns, 107/210, teeth: 'mone-  
 pyennes', Lydgate.  
 Mon, 16/265, must.  
 Mop, 115/467; 139/724, bundle, baby.  
 Moren, 101/39, morning.  
 Mortase, 264/213; 267/304, mortice,  
 notch for the Cross to rest in.  
 Mos, 376/288, moss, for padding  
 folk's shoulders.  
 Mot, 16/254, must.  
 Mow, 261/99, grimace.  
 Mowchid, 385/571, preyed, pilfered (?)  
 Moyne, 195/6, moon.  
 Moyte, 213/298, discuss, moot.  
 Moytt, 271/430, plead.  
 Moytys, 301/270, slippest, goest  
 astray.  
 Muf, 70/188, speak indistinctly.  
 Muster, 298/177, punish (?)  
 Mychers, 258/12, pilferers.  
 Mydyng, 34/376, dunghill.

Myld, *sb.* 94/281, gentle maiden, Mary.  
 Myn, 26/112, less; 39/551, remember.  
 Myn, 291/361, Mynnyng, 391/158, memory, remembrance.  
 Myr, 157/557, myrrh.  
 Myrk, 197/88, dark.  
 Mys, 39/551, suffering; 195/26, evil.  
 Mysfoundyng, 347/242, mistaken endeavour, mistake.  
 Mysprase, 389/59, blame.  
 Myssaes, 275/569, (?) discomforts.  
 Myster, 107/231, need, require.  
 Mytyng, 115/477, little one.  
 Napand, 385/575, napping, catching, griping.  
 Nar, 43/119; 124/246, nigh, nearer.  
 Nate, 260/62, use.  
 Nately, 121/158, quickly.  
 Nawder, 14/193, neither.  
 Nawre, 323/579, nowhere.  
 Nawther, 132/504, neither.  
 Ne, 297/118, nigh, near.  
 Neemly, 123/271, nimbly.  
 Nefe, 241/407, fist.  
 Negh, 7/201, go nigh, approach.  
 Negons, 385/571, misers.  
 Neld, 13/123, needle.  
 Nere-hand, 49/286, almost.  
 Nese, 132/488, nose (?)  
 Nesh, 133/545, soft, tender.  
 Neuen, 23/13, name, relate; 194/266, speak of.  
 Newys, 14/189, renews.  
 Nokyns, 246/99, no kind of.  
 Nold, 360/11, would not.  
 None, 370/111, numb, benumbed.  
 None, 32/317, noon.  
 Nonys, the, 133/527 = then onys, then once, the nonce.  
 Nores, 132/496; Norice, 396/79; Norysh, 262/141; nurse.  
 Nose, 9/11, noise.  
 Note, 31/264, occupation, business; 34/368, contention.  
 Novels, 38/508, news.  
 Nowche 391/138, brooch.  
 Noy, 39/532, Noah.  
 Noyes, 77/397, annoyances, hurts.  
 Noynyng, 281/65, noon-tide.  
 Noytis, 69/154; 110/306; 194/266, notes, things: *see* Note.  
 Nyfylys, 377/323, trivialities.  
 Nyghtertayll, 227/734, night-time.  
 Nyk, 323/571, deny.

Nyll, 106/198, will not.  
 O, 1/1, omega.  
 Oker, 191/163, usury.  
 Okerars, 376/297, usurers.  
 Oneths, 182/42, scarcely: *see* Unethes.  
 Onone, 4/99, anon, immediately.  
 Ons, 238/326; Onys, 29/207, once.  
 Oone-fold, 157/554, one.  
 Oost, 202/256, host, company.  
 Oostre, 32/329, hostelry, inn.  
 Or, 196/32, before.  
 Ordand, 26/119, ordain, make.  
 Ore, 355/76, before, ago: *see* Are.  
 Ostre, 386/603, entertainment.  
 Other-gatis, 13/121, otherwise.  
 Ouerlaide, 32/306, covered, flooded.  
 Ouertwhart, 102/48, athwart, across.  
 Out-horne, 232/139, hue and cry.  
 Owe, 91/178, owns.  
 Oy, Oyes, 21/416, hear, listen, oh yes! (call for silence).  
 Paddokys, 391/148, toads (or frogs).  
 Paide, 31/283; Payde, 80/61, satisfied.  
 Pall, 223/613, royal robe.  
 Paramoure, 25/80, as a lover.  
 Parel, 170/136, perils (?)  
 Pask, 214/314, Passover.  
 Paustè, 41/32, power.  
 Pay, 76/373, satisfy, please; 175/326, beat.  
 Payde, 218/470, pleased.  
 Paynt, 117/28, painted, ornamented.  
 Peche, 202/239, impeach.  
 Pelt, 237/283, knock, thrust.  
 Pent, 246/100, belonged.  
 Perch, 251/233, pierce.  
 Perles, 243/5, peerless.  
 Permafay, 80/67, by my faith.  
 Pertly, 212/247, quickly, boldly.  
 Peruyce, 240/387, church-porch.  
 Peyre, 369/63, equal.  
 Pight, 269/364, doubt (?)  
 Pight, 285/188, fixed (?)  
 Pik, 26/127, pitch.  
 Pike-harnes, 10/37, plunderer of armour.  
 Pilus, 376/290, folk with padded shoulders.  
 Playn, 292/408; Plene, 189/99, full.  
 Plenyd, 381/453, complained, bemoaned.  
 Plète, 106/204; Pleyte, 287/248, plead.  
 Plight, 327/56; Plyght, 88/91, guilt.



- Ply, 281/58, bend.  
 Po, 117/37, peacock.  
 Poece, 172/204, poet's (not Boece, as in margin).  
 Pose, 113/423, catarrh, cold.  
 Powderd, 107/216, salted.  
 Poynt, 83/161, condition, danger.  
 Pranky, 376/288, embroidered, be-decked.  
 Pransawte, 385/561, prancing, showing off.  
 Praty, 115/477, pretty.  
 Prayse, 212/257, appraise, value.  
 Prease, 65/19, crowd, throng: *see* Prese.  
 Prefe, 72/255, prove.  
 Prese, 253/313, crowd, throng.  
 Prest, 220/510, ready, prompt.  
 Preualy, 253/292, privately.  
 Preue, 151/338, private.  
 Preuatè, 80/125, privacy, secret.  
 Propyce, 54/100, propitious.  
 Prouand, 10/45, provender, food.  
 Prow, 14/163, profit.  
 Purs-cuttars, 291/375, purse-cutters.  
 Purst, 107/209, put away.  
 Purvaye, 39/553, provide.  
 Purvance, 117/33, provision, equipment.  
 Pyk, 31/282, pitch.  
 Pynd, 33/332, pinned, confined.  
 Pynde, 47/220, pained, pnnished.  
 Pyne, 29/227, punishment.  
 Pystyll, 119/100, epistle.  
  
 Quantyse, 66/65, skill, wisdom.  
 Quarrell, 19/367, square bolt of a cross-bow.  
 Quarte, 19/368, safety.  
 Quell, 66/65, kill.  
 Queme, 2/42, agreeable, pleasant.  
 Querestur, 373/209, chorister.  
 Quest-dytars, 373/185, inquest- or inquiry-holders.  
 Quest-mangers, 205/25, inquest- or inquiry-holders.  
 Quetstone, 230/80, whetstone.  
 Queyd, 82/117, bad 'un.  
 Qwantt, 135/593, clever, quaint.  
 Qweasse, 132/487, wheeze, breathe.  
 Qwelp, 113/425, whelp.  
 Qweine, 365/365, please.  
 Qwenes, 255/349, women.  
 Qweyn, 83/164, woman.  
 Qwite, 11/52, requite.  
  
 Rad, 121/175; 270/384, afraid.  
 Radly, 77/401; 168/65, readily, speedily.  
 Rafe, 21/423, raves; 270/384, rave.  
 Ragman (roll of), 374/224, document with seals.  
 Rake, 168/65, course, path; 198/119, wander, go.  
 Rake, 260/88, rack, torture.  
 Rap, 237/300, hit, knock.  
 Rase, 36/429, race, rush.  
 Rathly, 270/402, quickly, promptly.  
 Raunson, 269/354, ransom.  
 Raw, 119/109, row, line.  
 Rawth, 330/168, routh, pity.  
 Rayd, 206/68, set in array, arranged.  
 Recrayd, 321/507, recreant.  
 Red, advice, plan.  
 Rede, 4/111, advice, counsel; 7/202, command.  
 Redles, 270/384, without counsel.  
 Reepe, 16/235, sheaf.  
 Refe, 245/65, rob, deprive of.  
 Reffys, 371/146, thefts, spoil, plunder.  
 Refys, 266/269, robbest of.  
 Rehett, 171/161, rebuke.  
 Rek, 16/247, care thou, heed thou.  
 Reke, 372/168, smoke.  
 Rekyls, 148/237, incense.  
 Rekys, 5/129, care: *see* Rek.  
 Reme, 252/258, realm, kingdom.  
 Ren, 57/25, run, live.  
 Renabyll, 231/110, reasonable.  
 Renderars, 371/146, restorers.  
 Renk, 168/70, man, warrior.  
 Rentals, 371/134, rents (?).  
 Rerd, 26/101, sound, noise.  
 Res, 48/255; Resse, 273/481, race, rush.  
 Rese, 245/62, crowd.  
 Reue, 58/74, rob, plunder.  
 Rew, 63/224, rue, be merciful.  
 Rewyll, 222/585, order, line, row.  
 Reyde, 7/114, advise, counsel: *see* Rede.  
 Reyf, 83/174, deprive of, rob from: *see* Reue.  
 Reyll, 125/274, set about it.  
 Reynand, 26/111, running.  
 Ro, 30/237; 266/269, quiet, repose.  
 Roght, 78/11; 368/21, cared, recked.  
 Rok, 33/338, distaff.  
 Rok, 238/330, shake, agitate.  
 Rose, 12/95, praise, glorify.  
 Rost, cold, 21/421, cold roast meat.

Roton, 107/221, rotten.  
 Route, 32/305, roaring noise.  
 Rowne, 82/118, whisper.  
 Rowte, 175/309, company.  
 Royse, 4/111, praise.  
 Roytt, 341/102, root.  
 Rud, 391/145, redness of complexion.  
 Rude, 271/440, rood, cross.  
 Rug, 248/148, rock, agitate, shake.  
 Runk, 82/118, whisper, talk.  
 Ruse, 229/33, rose, praise.  
 Rused, 273/492, praised, celebrated.  
 Ryfe, 13/153, tear, split.  
 Ryfe, 103/96, widely.  
 Ryffen, 13/141, torn.  
 Ryke, 103/92, realm.  
 Rynes, 230/82, runs.  
 Rype, 132/515, examine.  
 Ryst, 65/47, rising, insurrection.  
 Rytt, 198/109, disobedience (?)

Sadly, 206/60, firmly, seriously.  
 Sagh, 56/16, saying: *see* Sawe.  
 Sakles, 250/215, innocent.  
 Salys, 220/506, assails.  
 Sain, 22/445, together.  
 Samyne, 112/398, same.  
 Sangre, 113/430, song.  
 Santis, 40/555, saints.  
 Saunce, 103/112, without.  
 Sawe, 112/68; Sayes, *pl.* 55/107, saying, speech.  
 Say, 323/563, tell.  
 Sayll, 286/229, hall.  
 Sayne, 43/107, bless; Saynyd, 55/106, blessed.  
 Saynt, 123/209, show off (?)  
 Seasse, 6/182, seize, give possession, install.  
 Sectures, 392/167, executors.  
 Securly, 34/372, surely.  
 Sekir, 17/295; Sekyr, 8/249, sure.  
 Selcowth, 67/103, strange, wonderful.  
 Seme, 4/107, 112; Semys, 4/100, 104, suit, befit.  
 Sen, 212/259, since: *see* Sithen.  
 Seniors, 204/8.  
 Sere, 8/255, several, separate.  
 Sese, 4/114, cease.  
 Sew, 77/403, pursue.  
 Seyll, 32/301, happiness.  
 Seymland, 29/211, semblance, appearance.  
 Seyr, 8/239, various, separate: *see* Sere.

Share, 351/329, cut, pierced.  
 Shech, 205/52, speech, doctrine (?)  
 Shene, 143/99, beautiful.  
 Shent, 8/221, disgraced, destroyed.  
 Sheynd, 76/376, destroy.  
 Shog, 265/230, shake up and down.  
 Shon, 46/200, avoid, escape.  
 Shontt, 365/361, avoid, escape.  
 Shope, 14/174, shaped, made.  
 Shoterd, 370/98, shuddered.  
 Shoyt, 13/153, shoes; 269/361, shone.  
 Shrew, 19/341, curse.  
 Shrogys, 120/455, shrubs, brushwood.  
 Shyld, 99/71; Outt-shyld, out-shelled (?) *L. inanes*.  
 Shyre, 18/317, clear.  
 Sithe, 340/85, journey.  
 Sithen, 12/103, afterwards, since.  
 Sitt, 5/147, pain.  
 Skar, 237/301, cross, angry (?)  
 Skard, 124/289, scared, timid.  
 Skarthis, 105/160, fragments.  
 Skathe, 53/51, injury, loss.  
 Skannee, 20/401; Skawnee, 239/353, joke, make-believe.  
 Skawde, 135/596, scold.  
 Skawte, 385/559, blow, thrust.  
 Skayll, 108/249, bowl, drinking-vessel.  
 Skelp, 32/323, blow.  
 Skete, 63/221, quickly.  
 Skill, 6/260, reason.  
 Skraw, 274/516, scroll.  
 Skryke, 30/232, screech.  
 Skyfte, 292/392, shift, trick.  
 Skyllys, 44/133, reasons: *see* Skill.  
 Slake, 249/189, loose, set free, humble.  
 Slape, 21/414, slippery, crafty.  
 Slefe, 117/28, sleeve.  
 Sleght, 169/121, scheme, trick: *see* Slyght.  
 Slegthe, 263/157, sleight, contrivance.  
 Slo, 19/371, slay.  
 Sloghe (of-sloghe, ?) 128/385 (?)  
 Slokyn, 138/677, quench.  
 Slyght, 27/137, skill (?), 130/433, trick, contrivance.  
 Slyk, 396/71, sleek, smooth.  
 Slyke, 30/233, such.  
 Slythys, 120/122, slides.  
 Smeke, 17/286, smoke.  
 Snek, 126/306, latch.  
 Snokke-borne, 80/80, sneaking fellow.  
 Soferand, 65/22, sovereign.  
 Sogh, 109/274, sow.  
 Sole, 34/391, hall.

- Somdele, 293/6, somewhat.  
 Sond, 122/202, messenger.  
 Sone, 63/221, soon.  
 Soriornyd, 300/237, sojourned.  
 Sory, 31/264, miserable.  
 Sotell, 67/83, subtle, clever.  
 Sothen, 107/224, sodden, boiled.  
 Sothfast, truthful.  
 Sotlike, 38/496, truly.  
 Sow, 238/327, sound; 300/234, follow:  
   *see* Sowys.  
 Sowde, 110/312, sounded.  
 Sowll, 105/152, sauce, relish.  
 Sowre-loten, 119/102; -lottyng, 232/  
   123, sour-looking.  
 Sowys, 73/283, follows.  
 Soyne, 118/50, soon.  
 Spar, 26/128, shut, keep; 27/130,  
   beam, spar; 213/294, spare, scanty.  
 Spart, 109/271, spare it (?).  
 Sparyd, 296/104, enclosed, shut up.  
 Spell, 113/412, speak.  
 Spence, 251/249, expense, cash.  
 Spill, 42/87, kill; 89/129, be de-  
   stroyed.  
 Spir, 373/206, ask: *see* Spyr.  
 Spitus, 35/416, spiteful.  
 Spra, 154/449; Spray, 172/219, spront,  
   spring, rise.  
 Spreyte, 6/168, spirit.  
 Sprote, 17/290, sprout.  
 Spyll, 89/129, be destroyed.  
 Spyr, 47/226, ask, enquire.  
 Stad, 294/28, placed.  
 Stald, 234/202, installed, set.  
 Stall, 33/345, station.  
 Stangyng, 228/11, stinging.  
 Stanys, 10/47, stones.  
 Stard, 179/427, stared (?).  
 Stark, 31/268, stiff.  
 Starnes, 2/50, stars.  
 Sted, 7/206, stand, stop; 29/199,  
   placed, situated.  
 Stede, 2/38, place.  
 Stegh, 53/37, ladder.  
 Stenen (or stenen, stoven), 221/546,  
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 Stere, 235/350, move; 259/27, govern,  
   control.  
 Stere-tre, 36/433, tiller.  
 Stersman, 293/259, pilot, guide.  
 Steven, 14/175, voice.  
 Stevyd, 364/336, ascended: *see*  
   Stenen (*for* Stienen).  
 Stevynd, 324/594, ascended.  
 Stokyn, 299/205, fastened, shut up.  
 Stold, 39/525, fixed.  
 Stone-styll, 123/232; 125/280.  
 Store, 114/456, stock.  
 Stott, 133/518, bullock.  
 Stoure, 297/131, tumult, battle.  
 Stowke, 377/315, stook, pile of sheaves.  
 Stownd, 336/337, moment, time.  
 Stowndys, 313/254, fits of pain.  
 Stowre, 155/497, trouble, vexation.  
 Strayd, 180/481, strewed.  
 Strenkyllid, 341/108, sprinkled.  
 Strete, 52/7, road, way.  
 Strewyd, 62/194, scattered, destroyed.  
 Strut, 57/15, swelling, contention (?).  
 Stry, 176/348, hag.  
 Sty, 19/365, path, way; 361/262,  
   ascend.  
 Synt, 6/161, cease.  
 Styngyng, 156/525, rising, ascension.  
 Stythe, 54/96, strong.  
 Sudary, 318/390, napkin.  
 Sufferan, 6/173; Suffrane, 80/81,  
   sovereign.  
 Swa, 155/486, so.  
 Swalchon, 155/473, scamp.  
 Swap, 247/136, stroke, cut.  
 Swayn, 60/124, countryman, labourer.  
 Swedyll, 130/432; 135/598, swaddle,  
   wrap up.  
 Swelt, 133/525, become faint.  
 Sweypys, 272/470, whips, scourges.  
 Swevyn, 128/384, dream, vision.  
 Swogh, 162/68, swoon; 226/718,  
   soughing, sound.  
 Swongen, 272/470, beaten.  
 Swylke, 351/333, such.  
 Swyme, 10/27, dizziness.  
 Swynk, 29/195, labour, toil.  
 Swythe, 77/404, quickly.  
 Syb, 191/167, relative.  
 Sybre, 233/149, a term of abuse.<sup>1</sup>  
 Symnell, 292/389, sort of fine bread.  
 Syne, 30/228, afterwards.  
 Synthen, 190/113, since.  
 Sythes, 332/234, times.  
 Tabard, 177/357, short sleeveless coat.  
 Talent, 83/157, service, disposal.

<sup>1</sup> The surname Sybry, Sibree is common in Yorkshire. Perhaps some malefactor of the name may have rendered it celebrated, so that it may have been half-jocularly put in here.—H. B.



- Tarid, 229/50, delayed (?)  
 Tase, 146/185, takes.  
 Tayll, 58/64, number.  
 Temporal (law), 237/292, secular.  
 Ten, 10/21, teeth.  
 Tend, 11/73, tenth, tithe.  
 Tendand, 245/89, attending.  
 Tent, 3/291; 371/221, attend; *take tent*, 1/211; 146/185, give attention; 3/478, tenth.  
 Tenys, 139/736, tennis.  
 Tethee, 28/186, tetchy, touchy, testy.  
 Teyn, 29/210, be vexed, injured; 123/218, vex, injure; 39/533, vexation, injury.  
 Teynd, 5/144, tenth: *see* Tend.  
 Teynfully, 167/56, cruelly.  
 Thame, 21/420, them.  
 Thar, 17/293; 43/117, is necessary.  
 Tharnes, 128/391, bowels, bellies, children.  
 Tharne, 149/272; Tharnys, 22/191, lack.  
 Thaym, 20/412, them: *see* Thame.  
 The, 32/328, prosper.  
 Thee, 54/90, thigh.  
 Ther, 282/106, must: *see* Thar.  
 Thew, 14/185; 374/229, morals, manners, service.  
 Tho, 30/228, them.  
 Thole, 126/306, bear, suffer.  
 Thoner-flone, 110/324, thunder-dart, lightning.  
 Thoyle, 395/53, suffer: *see* Thole.  
 Thrafe, 15/197, bundle, sheaf.  
 Thrall, 22/464, slave.  
 Thrang, 101/47, throng, company.  
 Thraw, 10/30, short space of time.  
 Thrawes, 348/250, throes.  
 Threpe, 121/168, contradict, argue.  
 Thro, 162/69, strongly, deeply; 328/76, bold, eager.  
 Throle, 291/357, boldly, severely.  
 Throng, 112/416, pressed together.  
 Thrug, 341/111, through.  
 Thryng, 173/240, throng, press.  
 Thurgh, 349/281, coffin.  
 Thurt, 301/256, needed [=fallait]: *see* Thar.  
 Thwang, 123/211, be flogged.  
 Thyrl, 251/234, pierce; Thyryld, 271/429, pierced.  
 Till, 61/151, to, unto.  
 To, 266/268, according to, in, after.  
 To, 60/152; 119/108; 270/385, till.  
 To-draw, 321/506, pull to pieces.  
 Tollare, 374/211, tax-gatherer.  
 Tome, 133/547, empty; 210/201, leisure.  
 Ton, 146/177, taken.  
 To-name, 395/65, surname.  
 To-tyre, 170/144, tear in pieces.  
 Tote, 3/63, fundament; 11/63, 64, arse.  
 Toyles, 257/406, tools.  
 Trace, 249/200, track.  
 Trade, 340/87, trod.  
 Trane, 95/330; Trayn, 163/93, trick, deceit, stratagem.  
 Trant, 173/235, trick.  
 Trast, 41/54, trusty.  
 Trattys, 178/394, trotts, old women.  
 Trauell, 13/152, labour.  
 Trauesses, 298/153, traverses, thwarts.  
 Traw, 12/115, throw, believe (*see* Trow); 58/77, true.  
 Tray, 39/533, affliction, grief; 358/162, betray.  
 Trew as steele, 26/120.  
 Tristur, 373/208, tryst, station.  
 Trone, 1/9, throne.  
 Trow, 18/320, believe.  
 Trowage, 84/198, fealty, allegiance.  
 Trewth, 14/159, faith, belief.  
 Trus, 31/316, pack up; 61/152, go away, be off.  
 Trussell, 14/170, bundle.  
 Tup, 104/117, ram.  
 Twyfylys, 377/324, twirls, curls (?)  
 Twyk, 263/171, twitch.  
 Twyn, 18/325, 159/625, divide, separate.  
 Tyde, 22/470, time, season.  
 Tydely, 31/291, quickly.  
 Tyme, 10/26, befall, happen.  
 Tymely, *adv.* 133/524, early.  
 Tynde, 101/39, lost: *see* Tynt.  
 Tyne, 115/467, tiny.  
 Tyne, 36/441; 339/72, lose.  
 Tynt, 5/149, lost.  
 Tyre, 149/285, tear, fight: *see* To-tyre.  
 Tyte, 11/53; Tytt, 313/245, quickly.  
 Tythand, 55/113, 128, tidings.  
 Tythingis, 61/163; 320/479, tidings.  
 Tytter, 73/293, quicker, sooner: *see* Tyte.  
 Umbithynke, 5/123, bethink, meditate on.  
 Unshade, 89/128, shade around, over-shadow.

- Umthynke, 303/318, meditate : *see* Umbithynke.  
 Unbayn, 291/356, unready, disobedient.  
 Unburnyd, 111/362.  
 Unbychid, 291/356, disorderly (?)  
 Unceyll, 100/3, unhappiness.  
 Unconand, 204/1, ignorant.  
 Undemyd, 235/230, unjudged.  
 Under-lowte, 221/552, inferiors, subjects.  
 Undughty, 291/368, unprofitable.  
 Unethes, 181/7; Unoths, 273/476, scarcely, hardly.  
 Unfylyd, 111/366, undefiled.  
 Ungayn (at), 20/379, inconveniently.  
 Ungrathly, 96/341, unsuitably.  
 Unheynde, 224/642, discourteous, rude man (Jesus).  
 Unnes, 391/158, scarcely : *see* Unethes.  
 Unquart, 99/72, render unsafe, harass.  
 Unrad, 285/214, imprudent.  
 Unrid, 24/40; Unryde, 100/11, cruel, enormous.  
 Unsoght, 26/97, unatoned for, irreconciled.  
 Untill, 21/426, unto.  
 Untrist, 332/210, untrusty.  
 Unweld, 182/5; Unwelde, 91/171, impotent.  
 Unwynly, 210/189, unpleasantly.  
 Unyth, 164/135, scarcely : *see* Unethes.  
 Upstevynyng, 357/123, ascension.  
 Utward, 244/31, outwardly.  
 Vales, 285/587, avails, is worth.  
 Vantage, 243/17, advantage.  
 Vany, 4/111, vain, empty.  
 Vayll, 243/19, avail, gain.  
 Veray, 144/119, truly.  
 Veryose, 107/236, verjuice.  
 Voketty, 367/9, advocates.  
 Vowgard, 385/580, (?) place of security.  
 Wafe, 21/430, wander (?)  
 Waght, 286/218; 290/329, a bad way.  
 Walk-mylne, 377/314, fulling mill.  
 Walteryng, 124/236, rolling about.  
 Wan, 13/139, won, acquired; 21/444, faint.  
 Wandreth, 24/40, misfortune.  
 Wane, 102/62, wagon.  
 Wanhope, 220/507, despair.  
 Wap, 223/593, wrap; 289/314, blow; 'at a wap,' in a moment.  
 War, 43/113, aware; 10/25, 29, an exclamation, a hunter's cry.  
 Wardan, 341/113, keeper, guardian.  
 Wared, 50/14; Waris, 50/14, cursed, curses : *see* Warrie.  
 Warkand, 52/8, aching.  
 Wardis, 13/150, world's, wordly.  
 Warloo, 137/640; Warlow, 71/232, sorcerer, traitor, devil.  
 Warly, 366/409, warily (or wary) (?)  
 Warpyd, 271/413, cast.  
 Warrie, 6/156, curse.  
 Wars, 16/250, worse.  
 Warte, 375/252, spend it.  
 Wary, 29/208, curse : *see* Warrie.  
 Waryson, 79/44, treasure, reward.  
 Wast, 95/332, waste, void.  
 Wat, 10/14, man.  
 Wate, 382/485, wet.  
 Wate, 36/444, know; Wayte, 118/75, knows : *see* Wote.  
 Wate, 213/283, tricked.  
 Waten, 358/161, watch.  
 Wathe, 37/486, hunting, prey.  
 Waue, 231/103, move to and fro.  
 Wawghes, 36/426, waves.  
 Wayrd, 300/238, ward, guardianship.  
 Wel 11/53; 3/147, an exclamation.  
 Wed, 339/56, pledge.  
 Wede, 139/731, garments; 162/47, be mad, rage.  
 Weders, 36/451, storms.  
 Wedyng, 119/92, wedding, marrying (the evils of).  
 Weft, 21/435, weft, woven stuff : "Ill-spun weft ay comes foul out."  
 Weld, 44/126, wield, rule; Weldand, 38/494, wielding, ruling.  
 Welke, 348/261, walked.  
 Welland, 75/344, boiling, bubbling.  
 Welner, 128/387, well-near, almost.  
 Welthly, 6/185, happy, delightful.  
 Wem, 87/37, spot, stain.  
 Wemay! 13/148, an exclamation, Oh! by God! *see* We!  
 Wemles 221/541, spotless.  
 Wemo! 15/198; Wemmow! 334/291, Oh! by God! *see* We! Wemey!  
 Wend, 8/250, thought, supposed.  
 Wene, 83/165, believe, suppose : *see* Weyn.  
 Wenyand, 15/226, waning of the moon, unlucky time.  
 Wenys, 13/149, thinkest.

- Were, 41/22, doubt; 69/151, defend, save.  
 Weyn, *vb.* 20/387, believe, suppose; *sb.* 67/108: 221/553, doubt.  
 Weynd, 13/132, go.  
 Wha? 319/439, who?  
 Whake, 62/182, quake, tremble.  
 Whannow, 345/184, what now.  
 Whartfull, 52/29, safe and sound.  
 Whaynt, 208/144, quaint, clever.  
 Wheme, 58/62, please.  
 Whik, 134/548; Whyk, 236/265, living.  
 Whyr, 104/117, be quiet.  
 Whystyll, wett hyr, 119/103, drunk beer, &c.  
 Whyte, 125/294, requite, suffer for it.  
 Wight, 252/264, nimbly; *see* Wyghtly.  
 Wilsom, 324/604, bewildered.  
 Wish, 142/72, guide, direct.  
 Wist, 43/89, knew.  
 Wit, 43/96, know.  
 Wite, *vb.* 18/322, blame.  
 Wittely, 338/41, wisely.  
 Wode, 19/350, mad: *see* Wood.  
 Wogh, 39/533, evil, harm.  
 Wold, 57/32, wielding, dominion, power.  
 Wols-hede, 232/139, wolf's-head, outlawry.  
 Wone, 4/93, dwell; 46/196, wont, accustomed to do.  
 Won, 240/391, wound.  
 Wonden, 278/656, wrapped.  
 Wone, 13/116, custom, habit; 'in wone,' habitually; 6/184, habitation.  
 Womnyng, *a.* 6/180, dwelling.  
 Wood, 14/173; Woode, 14/159, mad.  
 Worth, 292/404, become, be to; 'well worth,' farewell!  
 Worthely, 6/184, worthy, stately.  
 Wote, 19/375, know.  
 Woth, 35/416, peril.  
 Wragers, 102/58; Wragger, 371/143, wranglers.  
 Wake, 27/138, injury, vengeance.  
 Wrast, 69/150, wrest, twist.  
 Wrears, 371/143, wrigglers, twisters: *see* Wryers.  
 Wrich, 270/397, wretched.  
 Wright, 301/246, carpenter.  
 Wrichtry, 30/250, carpentry, workmanship.  
 Wrokyn, 40/276, avenged.  
 Wrongwosly, 58/58, wrongfully.  
 Wryers, 102/58; 371/143, wrigglers, twisters.  
 Wryng, *sb.* 235/237, twist.  
 Wrytt, 59/106, writing, scripture.  
 Wyghtly, 178/396; Wightly, 223/593; nimbly, quickly.  
 Wyk, 236/262, wicked.  
 Wyle, 71/233, wile, delude with sorcery.  
 Wyll of reede, 80/75, wild in counsel, bewildered.  
 Wyn, 6/185, joy; 23/24, get, move.  
 Wyn, 283/153, labour, contention (? pleasure).  
 Wynn, 15/227, sleep.  
 Wys, 58/49; Wyse, 82/122, teach, show, point out, guide.  
 Wysh, 85/240, guide, direct: *see* Wys and Wish.  
 Wyte, 95/332, impute; 252/278, be blamed.  
 Wytterly, 58/59, surely, certainly.  
 Yai, 11/51, yea.  
 Yare, 44/121, ready; 156/514, quickly.  
 Yate, 53/40, gate.  
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 Yeld, 56/135, recompense.  
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 Yeme, 237/292, take care of, carry out; 341/112, observe, regard.  
 Yerde, 230/69, garden.  
 Yerdys, 93/248, rods, wands.  
 Yere-tyme, 15/200, (?) ear-time, plowing-time; or the proper season, time of year.  
 Yerne, 191/174, yearn for, covet.  
 Yheme, 58/61, observe, keep holy.  
 Ylahayll! 72/258, bad luck to you!  
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 Yoyll, 239/344, Yule, Christmas.  
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- Jelian Jowke, 377/317, Gillian Clown.
- Jeromy, 87/48, Jeremiah.
- Jerusalem, 336/364; 337/369; 358/143; 366/396
- Jesse, 59/97; 111/349
- Jesus in the Temple, 187/49; baptized, 200/85; before betrayal, 214/316
- Jesus, 254/320, &c.; 265/233, &c.; 293/1, &c.; 296/115; 313/226; 323/569; 328/98; 340/84; 351/312; 356/101; 369/81, &c.; 379/386; 387/1
- Jesus of Nazarene, 225/674
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- Jettyr, Bishop, 67/99—i. e. Jethro.
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 Kemp town, 167/47, ? not part of Brighton, or in Devon, or Norfolk.  
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 Lucifer, 3/77 ; &c. ; 8/250 ; 23/16  
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 Magi, Offering of the ; Play of, p. 140—160  
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- Rome, 371/127
- Rybold in Hell, 296/89, 95, &c.
- Saba, 151/363
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- Sathanas, 22/467; 297/142, &c.; 377/326
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- Sirinus; Sir Syryn, 81/99; 82/127, 130, Cyrenius, of St. Luke (?)
- Slow-pace, the 3rd Shepherd, 104/125
- Stott, 10/41, Cain's horse (?)
- Strevyn, St., 128/383, *for* Stevyn, Stephen (?)
- Surry, 167/44, Syria.
- Susa, 167/48
- Suspensio Jude, p. 393—396
- Sybyll sage, 87/50; p. 61—63
- Talents, the Play of the, p. 279—292 (casting Dice for Christ's coat).
- Tars, 151/363, Tarsus.
- Thaddeus, 215/368
- Thomas, St., 353/1, &c.; 387/15
- Thomas, St., of India; Play of, p. 337—352
- Thomas of Kent, St., 131/458
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- Trinity, the, 221/528
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- Tuskane, 167/42 Tuscany.
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- Wakefeld, 1
- Watlyn strete, 371/126
- White-horne, 10/42, Cain's ox (?)
- Women, St. Paul on, p. 338, 389
- Women, their children killed by Herod's soldiers, 176/342, &c.
- Zachary, Elizabeth's husband, 89/136, and John the Baptist's father, 195/14

## OMISSIONS FROM GLOSSARY.

- Abowne, ? *vb.* ? 167/49.  
 Agane, *adv.* with ellipsis of *go.*—He shall be sent to where he came from, 80/34, 150/318.—B.  
 And, *sb.* breath, 182/34.  
 Bat, *sb.* blow, 180/490.  
 Bekkys, begs; or bows (?), 384/557.  
 Befon, be found (?), 38/503.—B.  
 Berd, beard, played them a trick, 171/189.—B.  
 Bere, "draw," of ship (water), 36/434.  
 Beyd, offer, 77/409.  
 Bore, *sb.* bore, holes bored in the Cross, 313/253.—B.  
 Chace, *sb.* privilege of hunting, 174/270.—B.  
 Crisp, *sb.* fine linen, 377/323.  
 Croyne, *vb.* croon, sing (punctuation wrong), 131/472.—B.  
 Euer amang, continually, 20/391.  
 Fed, bred, 52/63.  
 Fele, conceal, 79/42.—B.  
 Ffor, against, 204/9.  
 Hede, head-dress, 374/243.—B.  
 Hose, hoarse, 129/416.  
 Idyls, renders vain, 377/326.  
 Lede, people, 295/62.—B.  
 Lendyng, residing, 102/80.  
 Loke, ordain, provide, 331/72.  
 Nyk, *add*—with nay, 323/571.  
 Ragyd, the=devil, 75/337.  
 Sleght, *adj.* tricky, 173/235.  
 Sloes, *pr. s.* slays, 345/195.—B.  
 Somkyns, of some kind, 139/708.  
 Sowchid, suspected, 385/569.  
 Stevyn, set—, appointed time, 342/126.  
 Stry, *vb.* strive (?), 177/380.  
 Syde, long, 374/243; Side, 375/270.  
 Take, give, 291/377.  
 To-har, drag to pieces, 297/142.—B.  
 Trete, on—, in order (?), 371/130.  
 Unthankys, myn—, unwillingly, 14/187.  
 Wheder, neuer the—, nevertheless, 93/265.  
 Wyt, wit, 79/42.

## SUGGESTED EMENDATIONS IN GLOSSARY.

- Blure, 374/220, *i. q.* Blowre, pustule; *lit.* bladder.—See Blure, in *York Plays*, 85/294.  
 Crate, 242/427, an error for Trate; Trot, old woman. It was in connection with this word that Halliwell in his *Dict.* (*s. v.* Crate) erred in correcting Ritson for reading (*Anc. Pop. Poetry*, p. 77), "my wyfe that olde trate."—See *Sir Ferumbras*, E.E.T.S. 50/1370, "that olde trate;" also *ibid.*, note, p. 205, last line.  
 Haffes, destitute (have less), 180/484.  
 Hak, stammer, 131/476.  
 Kynke, pant, 372/152.  
 Lak, fault, blame, 68/118.  
 Lote, 129/409, bow, inclination of head.  
 Merkyd with that measse, 70/175.  
 See *Messe* in Stratmann, and quotation from *York Plays*, xi. 162.  
 Muster, show, carry into effect, 298/177.—B.  
 Quarrell, quarry, 19/367, Jamieson.—The Glossary rendering is no sense.  
 Reyll, stray abroad, 125/274.  
 Sathan, satin, 377/325 (a play upon the word Satan).  
 Skar, to, in mockery (?), 237/301.  
 Sowys sore, 73/283, afflicts: a not uncommon allit. collocation; *vid.* Barbour, xvi. 628; *Wars Alex.* (Skeat), 2313, 5348; L. Minot, v. 12.  
 Wenyand, in the, 15/226, etc. (as much as), curse it, or, curse thee.  
 Wone, in, 13/116, in abundance.  
 Wyll of reede, at a loss for advice, 80/75.



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☞ The Society intends to complete, as soon as its funds will allow, the Reprints of its out-of-print Texts of the year 1866, and also of nos. 20, 26, and 33. Dr. Otto Glanning has undertaken *Seinte Marherete*; and Dr. Furnivall has *Hali Meidenhad* in type. As the cost of these Reprints, if they were not needed, would have been devoted to fresh Texts, the Reprints will be sent to all Members in lieu of such Texts. Though called 'Reprints,' these books are new editions, generally with valuable additions, a fact not noticed by a few careless receivers of them, who have complained that they already had the volumes.

**March 1907.** A gratifying gift is to be made to the Society. The American owner of the unique MS. of the Works of John Metham—whose Romance of Amoryus and Cleopar was sketched by Dr. Furnivall last year in his new edition of *Political, Religious and Love Poems*, No. 15 in the Society's Original Series—has promised to give the Society an edition of his MS. prepared by Dr. Hardin Craig of Princeton, and it will be issued this year as No. 132 of the Original Series. The giver hopes that his example may be followed by other folk, as the support hitherto given to the Society is so far below that which it deserves.

The Original-Series Texts for 1906 were No. 130, Part II of the englishting, ab. 1450 A.D., of the Deeds in the *Register of Godstow Nunnery*, edited from the unique MSS. by the Rev. Andrew Clark, LL.D.; No. 131, *The Brut*, or *The Chronicles of England*, edited from the best MSS. by Dr. F. Brie, Part I.; No. 132, *John Metham's Works* mentioned above will probably be issued in 1907 for 1906.

The Original-Series Texts for 1907 will be, No. 133, Part I of the *English Register of Osney Abbey*, by Oxford, edited by the Rev. Andrew Clark, LL.D., already issued, and No. 134, Part I of the *Coventry Leet Book*, copied and edited for the Society by Miss M. Dormer Harris—helped by a contribution from the Common Council of the City:—it will be published by the Society as its contribution to our knowledge of the provincial city life of the 15th century.

Among the Texts for 1908 and 1909 will be Part II of *The Brut*; Part III of the *Alphabet of Tales*, edited by Mrs. M. M. Banks; Part III of the *English Register of Godstow Nunnery*; Part II of the *English Register of Osney Abbey*, edited by the Rev. Dr. Andrew Clark, and Part II of the *Coventry Leet Book*, copied and edited by Miss M. Dormer Harris. Future Texts will be Part III of Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, edited by Dr. Furnivall, with a Glossary of Wm. of Wadington's French words in his *Manuel des Pechez*, and comments on them, by Mr. Dickson-Brown; Part II of the *Exeter Book*—Anglo-Saxon Poems from the unique MS. in Exeter Cathedral—re-edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A.; Part II of Prof. Dr. Holthausen's *Vices and Virtues*; Part II of *Jacob's Well*, edited by Dr. Brandeis; the Alliterative *Siege of Jerusalem*, edited by the late Prof. Dr. E. Kölbing and Prof. Dr. Kaluza; an Introduction and Glossary to the *Minor Poems of the Vernon MS.* by H. Hartley, M.A.; Alain Chartier's *Quadrilogue*, edited from the unique MS. Univ. Coll. Oxford MS. No. 85, by Prof. J. W. H. Atkins. Canon Wordsworth of Marlborough has given the Society a copy of the Leofric Canonical Rule, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, Parker MS. 191, C. C. C. Cambridge, and Prof. Napier will edit it, with a fragment of the englisht Capitula of Bp. Theodulf: it is now at press.

The Extra-Series Texts for 1906 are to be No. XCVII, *Lydgate's Troy Book*, edited from the best MSS. by Dr. Hy. Bergen, Part I; No. XCVIII, *Skelton's Magnificence*, edited by Dr. R. L. Ramsay, with a special Introduction; No. XCIX, *The Romance of Emaré*, re-edited by Miss Edith Rickert, Ph.D.

Further Extra-Series Texts for 1907, &c., will be *The Harrowing of Hell*, four parallel Texts, re-edited by Prof. Hulme, with an Introduction tracing the history of the Legend from the East; *Lydgate's Troy Book*, Parts II and III, edited by Dr. Hy. Bergen; *Ballads and Carols* from Jn. Hyde's Balliol MS., edited by Dr. R. Dyboski; *The Owl and Nightingale*, two parallel Texts, edited by Mr. G. F. H. Sykes; Dr. Erbe's re-edition of *Mirk's Festial*, Part II; Dr. M. Konrath's re-edition of *William of Shoreham's Poems*, Part II; Prof. Erdmann's re-edition of *Lydgate's Siege of Thebes* (issued also by the Chaucer Society); Prof. I. Gollancz's re-edition of two Alliterative Poems, *Winner and Waster*, &c., ab. 1360; Dr. Norman Moore's re-edition of *The Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew's Hospital*, London, from the unique MS. ab. 1425, which gives an account of the Founder, Rahere, and the miraculous cures wrought at the Hospital; *The Craft of Nombryng*, with other of the earliest englisht Treatises on Arithmetic, edited by R. Steele, B.A.; and Miss Warren's two-text edition of *The Dance of Death* from the Elksmere and other MSS.

These Extra-Series Texts ought to be completed by their Editors: the Second Part of the prose Romance of *Melusine*—Introduction, with ten facsimiles of the best woodblocks of the old foreign black-letter editions, Glossary, &c., by A. K. Donald, B.A. (now in India); and a new edition of the famous Early-English Dictionary (English and Latin), *Promptorium Parvulorum*, from the Winchester MS., ab. 1440 A.D.: in this, the Editor, the Rev. A. L. Mayhew, M.A., will follow and print his MS. not only in its arrangement of nouns first, and verbs second, under every letter of the Alphabet, but also in its giving of the flexions of the words. The Society's edition will thus be the first modern one that really represents its

original, a point on which Mr. Mayhew's insistence will meet with the sympathy of all our Members.

Later Texts for the Extra Series will include *The Three Kings' Sons*, Part II, the Introduction, &c., by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner; Part II of *The Chester Plays*, re-edited from the MSS., with a full collation of the formerly missing Devonshire MS., by Mr. G. England and Dr. Matthews; Prof. Jespersen's editions of John Hart's *Orthographie* (MS. 1551 A.D.; blackletter 1569), and *Method to teach Reading*, 1570; Deguilleville's *Pilgrimage of the Soule*, in English prose, edited by Prof. Dr. L. Kellner. (For the three prose versions of *The Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*—two English, one French—an Editor is wanted.) Members are asked to realise the fact that the Society has now 50 years' work on its Lists,—at its present rate of production,—and that there is from 100 to 200 more years' work to come after that. The year 2000 will not see finish all the Texts that the Society ought to print. The need of more Members and money is pressing. Offers of help from willing Editors have continually to be declined because the Society has no funds to print their Texts.

An urgent appeal is hereby made to Members to increase the list of Subscribers to the E. E. Text Society. It is nothing less than a scandal that the Hellenic Society should have nearly 1000 members, while the Early English Text Society has not 300!

Before his death in 1895, Mr. G. N. Currie was preparing an edition of the 15th and 16th century Prose Versions of Guillaume de Deguilleville's *Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*, with the French prose version by Jean Gallopes, from Lord Aldenham's MS., he having generously promised to pay the extra cost of printing the French text, and engraving one or two of the illuminations in his MS. But Mr. Currie, when on his deathbed, charged a friend to burn all his MSS. which lay in a corner of his room, and unluckily all the E. E. T. S.'s copies of the Deguilleville prose versions were with them, and were burnt with them, so that the Society will be put to the cost of fresh copies, Mr. Currie having died in debt.

Guillaume de Deguilleville, monk of the Cistercian abbey of Chaalis, in the diocese of Senlis, wrote his first verse *Pèlerinage de l'Homme* in 1330-1 when he was 36.<sup>1</sup> Twenty-five (or six) years after, in 1355, he revised his poem, and issued a second version of it,<sup>2</sup> a revision of which was printed ab. 1500. Of the prose representative of the first version, 1330-1, a prose Englishing, about 1430 A.D., was edited by Mr. Aldis Wright for the Roxburghe Club in 1869, from MS. Ff. 5. 30 in the Cambridge University Library. Other copies of this prose English are in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, Q. 2. 25; Sion College, London; and the Laud Collection in the Bodleian, no. 740.<sup>3</sup> A copy in the Northern dialect is MS. G. 21, in St. John's Coll., Cambridge, and this is the MS. which will be edited for the E. E. Text Society. The Laud MS. 740 was somewhat condensed and modernised, in the 17th century, into MS. Ff. 6. 30, in the Cambridge University Library:<sup>4</sup> "The Pilgrime or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World," copied by Will. Baspoole, whose copy "was verbatim written by Walter Parker, 1645, and from thence transcribed by G. G. 1649; and from thence by W. A. 1655." This last copy may have been read by, or its story reported to, Bunyan, and may have been the groundwork of his *Pilgrim's Progress*. It will be edited for the E. E. T. Soc., its text running under the earlier English, as in Mr. Herrtage's edition of the *Gesta Romanorum* for the Society. In February 1664,<sup>5</sup> Jean Gallopes—a clerk of Angers, afterwards chaplain to John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France—turned Deguilleville's first verse *Pèlerinage* into a prose *Pèlerinage de la vie humaine*.<sup>6</sup> By the kindness of Lord Aldenham, as above mentioned, Gallopes's French text will be printed opposite the early prose northern Englishing in the Society's edition.

The Second Version of Deguilleville's *Pèlerinage de l'Homme*, A.D. 1355 or -6, was englished in verse by Lydgate in 1426. Of Lydgate's poem, the larger part is in the Cotton MS. Vitellius C. xiii (leaves 2-308). This MS. leaves out Chaucer's englishing of Deguilleville's *A B C* or *Prayer to the Virgin*, of which the successive stanzas start with A, B, C, and run all thro' the alphabet; and it has 2 main gaps, besides many small ones from the tops of leaves being burnt in the Cotton fire. All these gaps (save the A B C) have been filled up from the Stowe MS. 952 (which old John Stowe completed) and from the end of the other imperfect MS. Cotton, Tiberius A vii. Thanks to the diligence of the old Elizabethan tailor and manuscript-lover, a complete text of Lydgate's poem has been given. The British Museum French MSS. (Harleian 43997, and Additional 22,937<sup>8</sup> and 25,594<sup>9</sup>) are all of the First Version.

Besides his first *Pèlerinage de l'homme* in its two versions, Deguilleville wrote a second, "de l'ame separee du corps," and a third, "de nostre seigneur Iesus." Of the second, a prose

<sup>1</sup> He was born about 1295. See Abbé GOUJER's *Bibliothèque française*, Vol. IX, p. 73-4.—P. M. The Roxburghe Club printed the 1st version in 1893.

<sup>2</sup> The Roxburghe Club's copy of this 2nd version was lent to Mr. Currie, and unluckily burnt too with his other MSS.

<sup>3</sup> These 3 MSS. have not yet been collated, but are believed to be all of the same version.

<sup>4</sup> Another MS. is in the Pepys Library.

<sup>5</sup> According to Lord Aldenham's MS.

<sup>6</sup> These were printed in France, late in the 15th or early in the 16th century.

<sup>7</sup> 15th cent., containing only the *Vie humaine*.

<sup>8</sup> 15th cent., containing all the 3 Pilgrimages, the 3rd being Jesus Christ's.

<sup>9</sup> 14th cent., containing the *Vie humaine* and the 2nd Pilgrimage, *de l'Ame*: both incomplete.

Englishing of 1413, *The Pilgrimage of the Soule* (with poems by Hoccleve, already printed for the Society with that author's *Regement of Princes*), exists in the Egerton MS. 615,<sup>1</sup> at Hatfield, Cambridge (Univ. Kk. 1. 7, and Caius), Oxford (Univ. Coll. and Corpus), and in Caxton's edition of 1483. This version has 'somewhat of addicions' as Caxton says, and some shortenings too, as the maker of both, the first translator, tells us in the MSS. Caxton leaves out the earlier englisier's interesting Epilog in the Egerton MS. This prose englishing of the *Soule* will be edited for the Society by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner after that of the *Man* is finisht, and will have Gallopes's French opposite it, from Lord Aldenham's MS., as his gift to the Society. Of the *Pilgrimage of Jesus*, no englishing is known.

As to the MS. Anglo-Saxon Psalters, Dr. Hy. Sweet has edited the oldest MS., the Vespasian, in his *Oldest English Texts* for the Society, and Mr. Harsley has edited the latest, c. 1150, Eadwine's Canterbury Psalter. The other MSS., except the Paris one, being interlinear versions,—some of the Roman-Latin redaction, and some of the Gallican,—Prof. Logeman has prepared for press, a Parallel-Text edition of the first twelve Psalms, to start the complete work. He will do his best to get the Paris Psalter—tho' it is not an interlinear one—into this collective edition; but the additional matter, especially in the Verse-Psalms, is very difficult to manage. If the Paris text cannot be parallelised, it will form a separate volume. The Early English Psalters are all independent versions, and will follow separately in due course.

Through the good offices of the Examiners, some of the books for the Early-English Examinations of the University of London will be chosen from the Society's publications, the Committee having undertaken to supply such books to students at a large reduction in price. The net profits from these sales will be applied to the Society's Reprints.

Members are reminded that *fresh Subscribers are always wanted*, and that the Committee can at any time, on short notice, send to press an additional Thousand Pounds' worth of work.

The Subscribers to the Original Series must be prepared for the issue of the whole of the Early English *Lives of Saints*, sooner or later. The Society cannot leave out any of them, even though some are dull. The Sinners would doubtless be much more interesting. But in many Saints' Lives will be found valuable incidental details of our forefathers' social state, and all are worthful for the history of our language. The Lives may be lookt on as the religious romances or story-books of their period.

The Standard Collection of Saints' Lives in the Corpus and Ashmole MSS., the Harleian MS. 2277, &c. will repeat the Laud set, our No. 87, with additions, and in right order. (The foundation MS. (Laud 108) had to be printed first, to prevent quite unwieldy collations.) The Supplementary Lives from the Vernon and other MSS. will form one or two separate volumes.

Besides the Saints' Lives, Trevisa's englishing of *Bartholomeus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, the mediæval Cyclopædia of Science, &c., will be the Society's next big undertaking. Dr. R. von Fleischhacker will edit it. Prof. Napier of Oxford, wishing to have the whole of our MS. Anglo-Saxon in type, and accessible to students, will edit for the Society all the unprinted and other Anglo-Saxon Homilies which are not included in Thorpe's edition of Ælfrie's prose,<sup>2</sup> Dr. Morris's of the Blickling Homilies, and Prof. Skeat's of Ælfrie's Metrical Homilies. The late Prof. Kölbing left complete his text, for the Society, of the *Aneren Riwle*, from the best MS., with collations of the other four, and this will be edited for the Society by Dr. Thümmel. Mr. Harvey means to prepare an edition of the three MSS. of the *Earliest English Metrical Psalter*, one of which was edited by the late Mr. Stevenson for the Surtees Society.

Members of the Society will learn with pleasure that its example has been followed, not only by the Old French Text Society which has done such admirable work under its founders Profs. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris, but also by the Early Russian Text Society, which was set on foot in 1877, and has since issued many excellent editions of old MS. Chronicles, &c.

Members will also note with pleasure the annexation of large tracts of our Early English territory by the important German contingent, the late Professors Zupitza and Kölbing, the living Hausknecht, Eikenkel, Haenisch, Kaluza, Hupe, Adam, Holthausen, Schick, Herzfeld, Brandeis, Sieper, Konrath, Wülfing, &c. Scandinavia has also sent us Prof. Erdmann and Dr. E. A. Kock; Holland, Prof. H. Logeman, who is now working in Belgium; France, Prof. Paul Meyer—with Gaston Paris as adviser (alas, now dead);—Italy, Prof. Lattanzi; Austria, Dr. von Fleischhacker; while America is represented by the late Prof. Child, by Dr. Mary Noyes Colvin, Miss Rickert, Profs. Mead, McKnight, Triggs, Perrin, Craig, &c. The sympathy, the ready help, which the Society's work has cald forth from the Continent and the United States, have been among the pleasantest experiences of the Society's life, a real aid and cheer amid all troubles and discouragements. All our Members are grateful for it, and recognise that the bond their work has woven between them and the lovers of language and antiquity across the seas is one of the most welcome results of the Society's efforts.

<sup>1</sup> Ab. 1420, 106 leaves (leaf 1 of text wanting), with illuminations of nice little devils—red, green, tawny, &c.—and damnd souls, fires, angels, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Of these, Mr. Harsley is preparing a new edition, with collations of all the MSS. Many copies of Thorpe's book, not issued by the Ælfrie Society, are still in stock.

Of the Vercelli Homilies, the Society has bought the copy made by Prof. G. Lattanzi.



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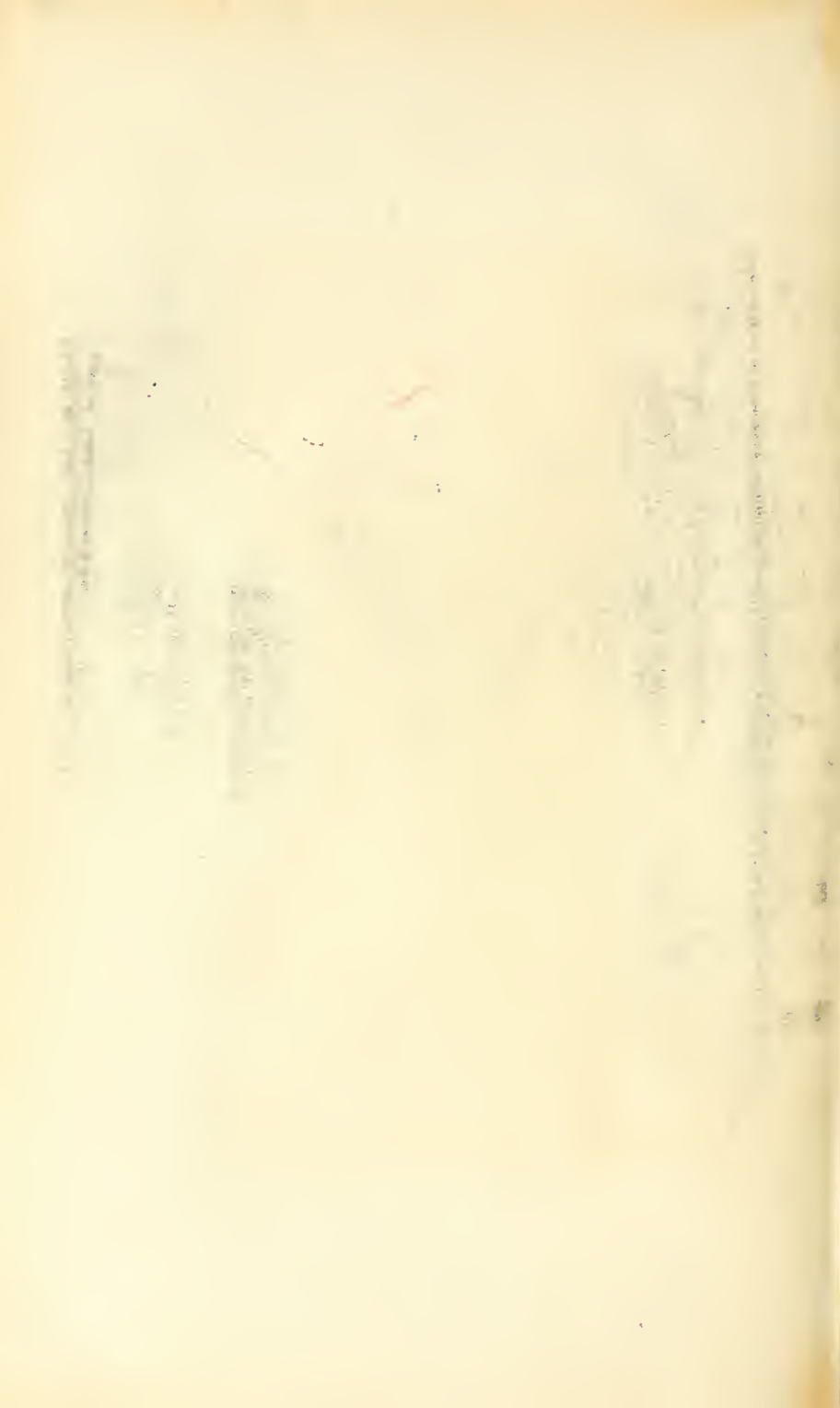


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